

PHOTOPLAY

HOLLYWOOD'S
FASHION
AUTHORITY

25¢

MARCH

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
By Paul Hesse

BOOK-LENGTH
MOVIE NOVEL

It All Came True

By LOUIS BROMFIELD

COMPLETE
IN THIS ISSUE

AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF A
COLD OR SORE THROAT—
**LISTERINE—
QUICK!**

THIS prompt and frequent use of full strength Listerine Antiseptic may keep a cold from getting serious, or head it off entirely . . . at the same time relieving throat irritation when due to a cold.

This is the experience of countless people and it is backed up by some of the sanest, most impressive research work ever attempted in connection with cold prevention and relief.

Eight Years of Research

Actual tests conducted on all types of people in several industrial plants over 8 years revealed this astonishing truth: That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and milder colds than non-users, and fewer sore throats.

Kills "Secondary Invaders"

This impressive record is explained, we believe, by Listerine Antiseptic's germ-killing action . . . its ability to kill threatening "secondary invaders"—germs that live in the mouth and throat and are largely responsible, many authorities say, for the bothersome aspects of a cold.

Reductions Ranging to 96.7%

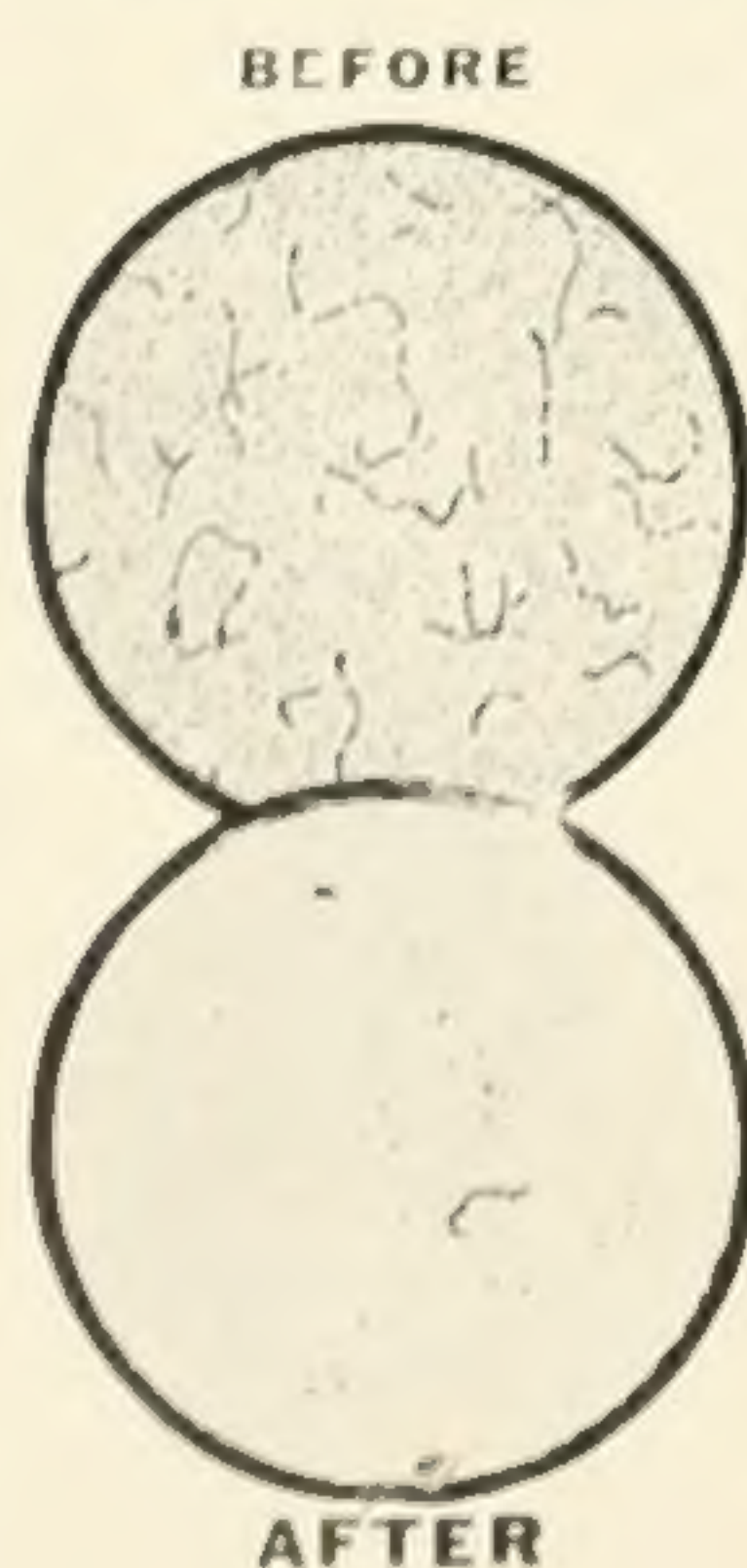
When you gargle with Listerine Antiseptic, that cool amber liquid reaches way back on throat surfaces and kills millions of the "secondary invaders"—not all of them, mind you, but so many that any

major invasion of the delicate membrane is often halted and infection thereby checked.

Even 15 minutes after Listerine gargle, tests have shown bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%. Up to 80% an hour afterward.

In view of this evidence, don't you think it's a sensible precaution against colds to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic systematically twice a day and oftener when you feel a cold getting started?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri



NOTE HOW LISTERINE REDUCED GERMS!

The two drawings at left illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.



**"IT TAKES A LOT TO
MAKE ME LOVE A MAN**

**In The Face Of All
I Know About Them!"**

The world's most famous doctor rips the veil from hidden lives of those bitter women who know men too well — yet must somehow find love in the midst of terror, toil and disillusionment. Revealed in this deeply moving story of two sisters and a doctor who defied an age-old code to find the love their spartan calling would deny them!

THE AUTHOR OF 'THE CITADEL'

**Writes His Greatest Drama of the
World's Most Dramatic Profession!**

Only a doctor could tell this startling, "off-duty" story of the cloistered, repressed world of nurses... Only the author of "The Citadel" could tell it so vividly, absorbingly that three great stars reach new dramatic heights in its portrayal.



**CAROLE
Lombard**

**BRIAN
Aherne**

**ANNE
Shirley**

In

"VIGIL IN THE NIGHT"

From the Brilliant New Novel by
A. J. CRONIN

With JULIEN MITCHELL • ROBERT COOTE • BRENDA FORBES • PETER CUSHING
Produced and Directed by **GEORGE STEVENS**
PANDRO S. BERMAN In Charge of Production... **RKO RADIO PICTURE**
Screen Play by Fred Guiol . . . P. J. Wolfson . . . Rowland Leigh



FRED ASTAIRE ELEANOR POWELL

IN
"BROADWAY
MELODY
OF 1940"

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DANCERS IN THE
WORLD'S GREATEST MUSICAL SHOW!

with
GEORGE MURPHY • FRANK MORGAN
IAN HUNTER • FLORENCE RICE
LYNNE CARVER

Screen Play by Leon Gordon and George
Oppenheimer • Lyrics and Music by Cole Porter
Directed by **NORMAN TAUROG**
Produced by **JACK CUMMINGS**
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



PHOTOPLAY

THE PHOTOPLAY
MAGAZINE-MEDAL
THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

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On the Cover—Olivia de Havilland, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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Behind the Scenes

MANY a great film becomes a vital force in the lives of the people who see it—but more impressively so in the lives of the people who make it.

"Gone with the Wind" has changed the life and deeply influenced the personality of the lovely girl on our cover, Olivia de Havilland. She has told me about it. Her interpretation of Melanie surprised even those of us who admired her handling of the many anemic roles that preceded this difficult assignment. In the quiet of your study, Melanie is a believable saint; but how easily, in the harsh perspective of the silver sheet, could she have become too good to be true! The danger was amazingly avoided; Melanie as she was portrayed was never cloying; in fact, she was strangely inspiring. "Doing Melanie has changed my whole viewpoint," Olivia de Havilland told me. "I face so many issues in my life with the same question I had to ask myself on the set: 'How would Melanie act in a situation like this?'" Faith and great kindness escape us in our hurried life; somehow they did not escape Melanie!

A career is changed by such a vital force (and let's hope that this unexpectedly promising one will be fostered by Warner Brothers), perhaps a vista is changed—and then again, as in the case of Margaret Mitchell, sometimes a whole life is changed!

Last May Miss Mitchell wrote me these startling lines: "It has been almost three years since 'Gone with the Wind' was published and, with the exception of letters, I have not written a line since then. I sometimes wonder if I will ever have the opportunity to do any more writing." When she dropped into my New York office one typically hot June afternoon, I had the rare opportunity of hearing, from this charmingly soft-spoken woman the story of the change which her success had brought to her and her husband, John Marsh. Although they hadn't moved from their modest home, there was even then that prodigious mail, those constantly mounting details of fourteen foreign language editions, the tremendous demands made by visitors from all over the world. "Often I was glad," she told me, "to get four hours sleep a night. Well, when the picture is finally shown we should get some rest."

When you look behind the scenes of a great movie, you find human beings struggling for personal happiness, each according to his lights, but whether for money or for soul-satisfaction, always for some semblance of peace.

Ernest V. Heyn

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HOW THE TELEPHONES ARE RINGING

—to tell of Tampax!



**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

NO WONDER Tampax is traveling fast and Tampax users growing. In addition to the new converts to Tampax, many part-time users have now become whole-time users, in view of the new *Super Tampax* size, 50% more absorbent than Regular Tampax.

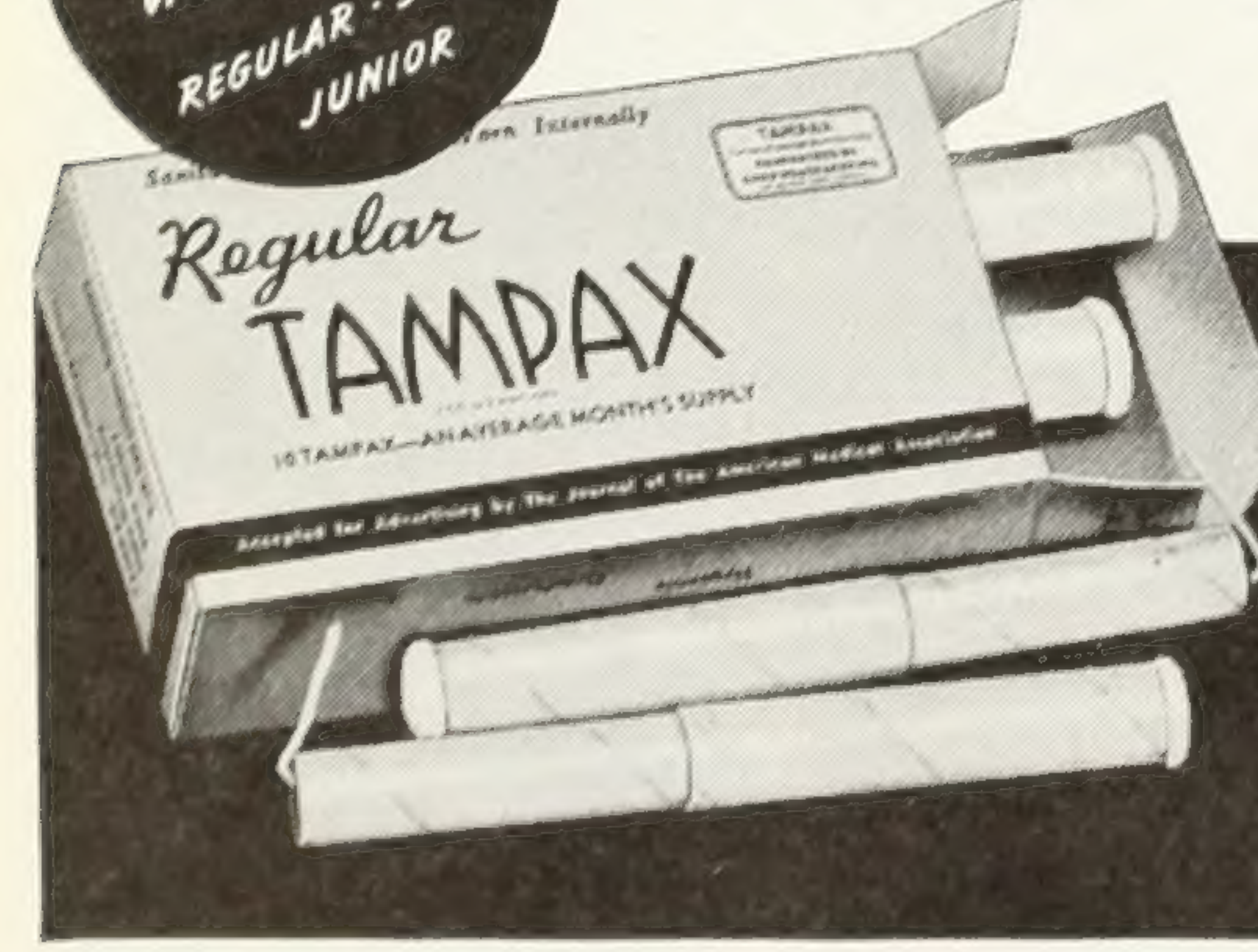
Perfected by a physician, Tampax is worn internally for monthly sanitary protection. The wearer is not conscious of it, but can keep up her regular activities without fear of any chafing, wrinkling or showing of a "line." No odor can form; no disposal problems.

Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, hygienically sealed in individual containers, so neat and ingenious your hands never touch the Tampax at all! Comfortable, efficient, compact to carry in your purse.

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the Journal of the American
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Address _____

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"Hand me down my broomstick—I'll go into an act what is an act!" says Alice Faye, whose witchery highlights "Little Old New York"

BOOS AND BOUQUETS

PHOTOPLAY INVITES YOU to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents' worth to one of the comments chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here! Or, better still, is there some topic you've never seen discussed as yet in a motion-picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we welcome your views. All we ask is that your contribution be an original expression of your own honest opinion. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

GOING TO WASHINGTON

SO "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington"! Probably a number of Mr. Smiths have gone to Washington, along with many others from various parts of the country. But among them there has never been one who was so totally ignorant of what it was all about. No young man who has been a leader of boys in his community, and consequently possessed of at least average intelligence, could possibly be so ignorant about governmental affairs. Neither would it be necessary for him to have secretarial coaching from the gallery. Sure, we understand that this was supposed to be comedy. It turned out to be more ridiculous than comical, and also more or less distasteful to anyone who has some respect for the average American citizen.

The doings of the Senate, the operations of political machines and political

bosses, and the ethics of newspaper men also come in for their share of overdrawn comedy. No one questions the existence of political machines and bosses. There are far too many of them for the good of the country. Yet one is reluctant to believe that the whole thing is so ridiculously rotten as depicted. Not that we expect our pictures to be true to fact, but at a time like this there is little to be gained by holding the whole body up for ridicule. If we need reform, let each of us start in his own community and be a little more concerned about who goes to Washington.

HARL ZIMMERMAN,
Salina, Kans.

DREAM GIRL

WE have a son who, I believe, can claim the record of being the most enthusiastic fan of Sandra Henville. He is two

years of age. We have the November Photoplay which has the picture of Sandy on page forty-eight. We keep this edition in among our other magazines, but every time David wants a book he gets the November issue and turns to Sandy's picture. He kisses it, talks to it, and will sometimes just sit and look at it. He very seldom touches the other books—he is interested in Sandy, a great actress.

FRANK DI VITO,
Pitcairn, Pa.

A BOO FOR BESS

CHALK me up as saying that the worst performance of the year should be credited to Bette Davis for her role in "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex." To say that she acted to the point of insanity is putting it mildly. Never before have I heard such uncomplimentary

remarks made by one film audience. Since when was Queen Bess so afflicted that she had no control over her head and hands? Those mannerisms Davis thrust upon us in the picture were so unbearable as to almost drive the audience into hysterics.

I am a forty-nine-year-old woman, as was Queen Bess, and I defy anybody to say that a person of that age could be such a decrepit old fossil as the screen presented!

So Bette Davis is an "Oscar" winner, is she? Well, how about reversing the idea this year and giving a little "Oscar" to everyone who had the sheer courage to sit and witness such a nightmare of a queen?

MRS. ANN BRYSON,
Des Moines, Ia.

AWARD "PREVIEW"

AS an ardent movie patron, I suggest the following films, in order, as "The Ten Best Pictures of 1939" (all of them having been generally released between November 1, 1938, and October 31, 1939):

1. "Dark Victory," because of its intense suspense, sustained interest, and Bette Davis' brilliant acting.

2. "Five Came Back," for its excellent characterizations in all major roles and its dramatic originality.

3. "Only Angels Have Wings," for its inherent interest and Thomas Mitchell's realistic performance.

4. "Stagecoach," for its superb direction of every character and scene involved and its mounting suspense.

5. "Blind Alley," because of its dramatic situation, originality of plot, and Chester Morris' fine portrayal.

6. "The Dawn Patrol," for its realistic suspense and fine direction.

7. "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," for James Stewart's Academy Award acting, its direction, and its Americanism.

8. "Pygmalion," because of its human interest and Leslie Howard's sterling characterization.

9. "The Old Maid," for Bette Davis' fine performance and its sustained interest.

10. "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle," because of its aliveness.

RICHARD STOLL,
Marion, O.

HOW WAS OUR FEBRUARY COVER?

I AM writing to tell you how much we, in far-away England, appreciate PHOTOPLAY.

It might interest you and your American readers to know that, since the outbreak of hostilities in Europe, we have—apart from trade papers—only two movie magazines in this country! They are meagre weeklies, all our other screen books having been either amalgamated or discontinued "for the duration," and whenever one of your grand PHOTOPLAYS appears there is a general rush to obtain copies!

PHOTOPLAY has long been my favorite magazine, and I consider it to be the best twenty-five cents' worth of intelligent movie news in the world. It will be a wonderful consolation to all British movie fans, in these troubled times, to know that this magazine will continue to uphold its high traditions for years to come.

In conclusion, I have a request: Could you please print another colored photo of Clark Gable on your front cover again soon? I still treasure your last one dearly!

JOYCE B. CLEGG,
Rochdale, Lancs., England

OPEN LETTER

Dear Miss Holcombe:

Your letter, dear Dorothy, has all the

earmarks of having been written by a tall, big-boned brunette. How you black heads envy the dainty blonde!

If Kay Francis were as good an actress as Carole Lombard, she would be playing leads instead of second leads. The public knows fine acting and appreciates it, showing their appreciation by making a star—their disapproval, by breaking one.

You say Miss Lombard lacked chic in dress in "In Name Only." Would it ever occur to you that a designer was engaged by the studio to dress the two women according to their separate roles? Therefore, Miss Francis wore slinky, seductive clothes. She portrayed one of the filthy rich with nothing on her mind but how to make herself attractive to men. Miss Lombard was kept very busy earning a living for her small daughter and herself.

Miss Lombard is not only a very good actress, but she has an unusual beauty which comes from within, as well as physical charm and attractiveness.

Miss Francis *should* be an experienced actress—she's had plenty of experience.

BARBARA KNOX,
Slingerlands, N. Y.

GOLDEN WESTERNER

MOTION picture producers spend thousands on imported matinee idols with handsome faces and brawny physiques. That's all right, but there is one good actor who is handsomely rugged (with the best physique of all) and has the personality that is demanded of a great star, yet he has been galloping through horse operas for years. He is well-known only to children and neighborhood theaters, and his pictures are not classified as A productions.

The person I am referring to is George O'Brien. Come on, some wise producer! Get busy and find a suitable story for this talented player and, in due time, he will become the sensation of the nation!

DON KAISER,
Leesburg, Ind.

ANY DAY NOW

MAY a faithful reader of your magazine enter a plea for his favorite actor—Tom Neal?

I have watched for pictures of Mr. Neal in your magazine, but in vain. Mr. Neal is rapidly forging to the front out at Metro, and I would enjoy an interview with him and a picture or two of him in your magazine.

BILL MOORE,
Oak Grove, La.

YOUNG BEERY'S THE BERRIES

HE'S a chip off the old block—and I do mean Noah Beery, Jr. Yessiree, he's been the one bright spot in many a weary Western and insignificant B production (that is, if B pictures can be called productions!). It was not until his expert handling of a supporting role in "Only Angels Have Wings" that he graduated with appropriate flying colors from the protective eye of the neighborhoods to BIG TIME!

A swell guy, this young Beery. He accomplishes the highly intricate feat of reminding movie-goers of both his father and his uncle. There's much of both Noah, Sr. and Wally reflected in the screen personality of Noah, Jr. He takes to the screen like a duck to water, and the fans take to him just as naturally.

Confidentially, if you hear any whispering in the side lines, it's just the elder Beery's urging Noah, Jr. not to crowd . . . to take it easy. After all, son, there must be plenty of room at the top for three Beerys!

HELEN E. NIGRA,
San Francisco, Calif.

Lady Esther asks

"Is GRIT in your face powder robbing you of your loveliness?"



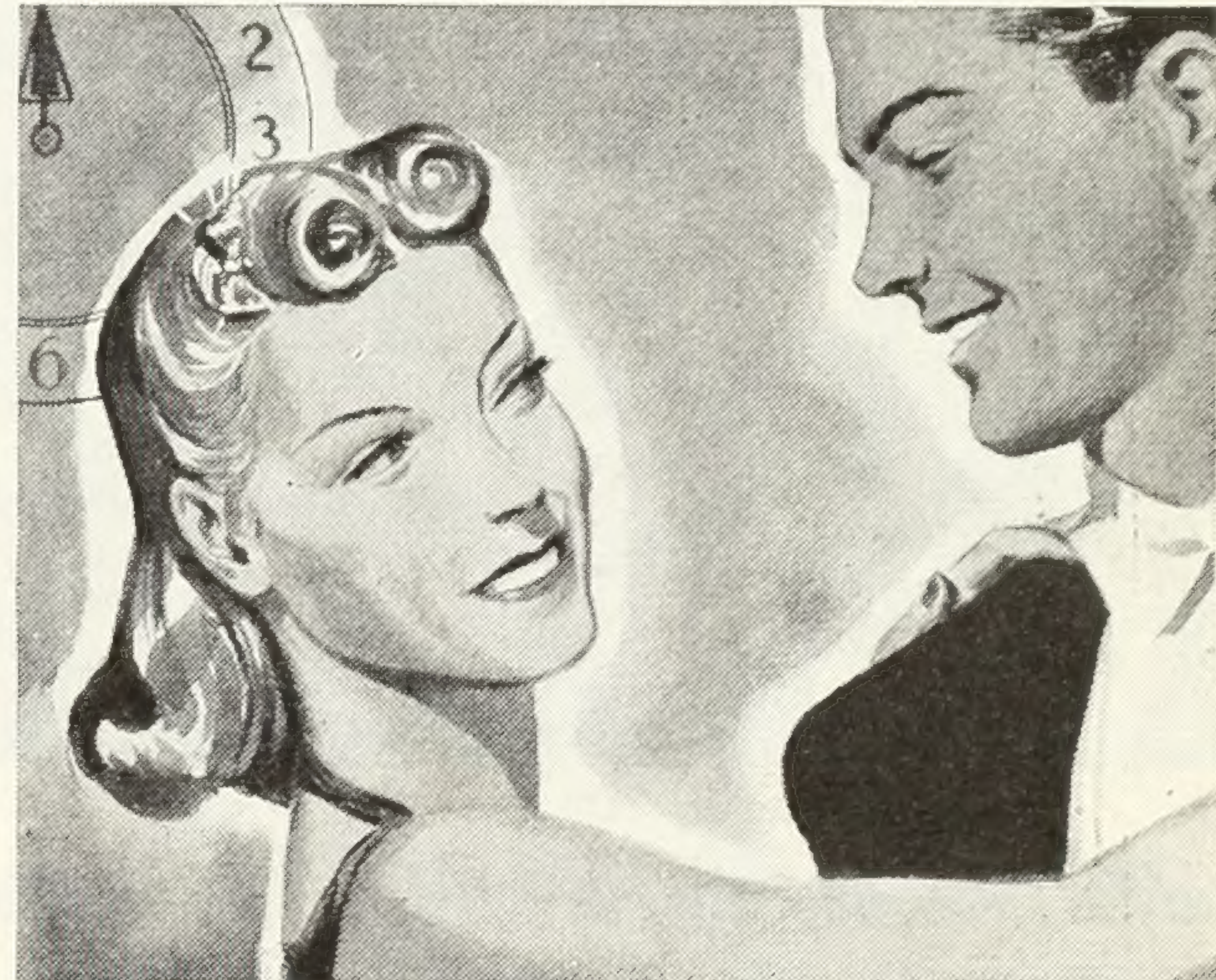
Unpopularity doesn't just happen! And no one thing takes away from your charm as much as a face powder that won't cling smoothly—that gives you a "powdery look" *because it contains grit!* Why not *find out* about your powder?



Right in your own teeth you have a testing laboratory! Grind your teeth slowly over a pinch of your present powder (be sure they are even) and your teeth will detect for you the slightest possible trace of grit! But . . .



What an amazing difference in Lady Esther Face Powder...not a trace of coarseness or grit! That's why it gives your skin a luminous, satiny look—a new loveliness!



Smooth on Lady Esther Powder after dinner, say at 8 o'clock, and at midnight—*4 long hours later*—your skin will still look exquisite. Send today for all ten shades of my powder, *at my expense*. See for yourself that this superfine powder contains no grit. Find your *lucky shade*, too!

Try the famous Lady Esther "Bite Test"!

THERE'S a very simple way for you to find out if your face powder is robbing you of your loveliness...if it *contains grit*. Just compare it—*no matter how expensive it may be*—with Lady Esther Face Powder by making my famous "Bite Test"!

Place a pinch of your present powder between your teeth. Make sure your teeth are even, then grind them slowly upon the powder. Don't be shocked if your teeth find grit!

Now, brush away every trace of this powder and the grit it might contain, and repeat the test with Lady Esther Face Powder. Your teeth will quickly tell you that my face powder contains *no trace of coarseness or grit!* You'll find it never gives you a harsh, flaky, "powdery" look . . . but makes your skin look satin-smooth . . . flatters you . . . gives you new loveliness.

Find your Lucky Shade, too! For the wrong shade of powder can make you *look older*. So send today for all ten thrilling new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, *at my expense*. Try them all . . . don't skip even one. For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one *right shade* for your skin—*luckiest for you!*

★ 10 shades FREE! ★

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (53)
7118 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.



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Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

ALLEGHENY UPRISING—RKO-Radio

Before the American Revolution the Allegheny Valley settlers worked up a rebellion to keep industrialists from selling ammunition to the Indians. John Wayne plays the leader of the protesting settlers and Claire Trevor adds the romance. Recommended with reservations. (Jan.)

ALL WOMEN HAVE SECRETS—Paramount

A college picture in which football gives way to the problems of undergraduate marriages. The story revolves around the marital woes of Joseph Allen, Jr., and Jean Cagney; John Arledge and Betty Moran; Peter Hayes and Virginia Dale. (Jan.)

★ AMAZING MR. WILLIAMS, THE—Columbia

Melvyn Douglas carries off his role of a slap-happy detective with much zest, but Joan Blondell, his sweetheart, can't be too happy when every date is broken because of a murder. Edward Brophy, a convicted criminal, Ruth Donnelly and others add to the fun. Full of laughs.

★ ANOTHER THIN MAN—M-G-M

Bill Powell's first since his illness—and it's amusing. As usual, the Myrna Loy-Powell family, now blessed with a baby, sparkles with smart talk. Bill, of course, gets mixed up in another murder mystery in which C. Aubrey Smith is the victim and his daughter, Virginia Grey, complicates the plot. Otto Kruger is the D. A., aided and hindered by Nat Pendleton. (Jan.)

★ BAD LITTLE ANGEL—M-G-M

It's a touchy subject, religion; but Virginia Weidler has made this an inspirational film. She's an orphan whose faith has its effect on adults. Gene Reynolds foils for her; Guy Kibbee, Ian Hunter and Henry Hull contribute. (Jan.)

★ BALALAIKA—M-G-M

The title is the name of a café in Russia in 1914 where Cossack Prince Nelson Eddy comes upon the stunning Ilona Massey of the gorgeous voice. There's a revolutionist plot, the war, and Paris after the war. Eddy does a fine job and is in perfect voice. Ilona is a discovery and an important one. You'll like this. (Jan.)

BEWARE SPOOKS—Columbia

Rookie cop Joe E. Brown is assigned to catch Marc Lawrence, bank robber, but Joe's off on his honeymoon with Mary Carlisle. At the resort, however, he runs up against some murders, and there's a climax in a spook house. Bool (Jan.)

BIG GUY, THE—Universal

Jackie Cooper, working on his inventions in a garage, manages to stay out of trouble until he gets involved in a jail break which uses warden Victor McLaglen as a shield. Power, emotional appeal and the Cooper-McLaglen teamwork raise this above the average prison picture. (Feb.)

BLACKMAIL—M-G-M

A morbid but thrill-packed movie revolving around oil-well fires and the methods of fighting them. There's an escaped criminal, a chain gang, and Edward G. Robinson, who does a swell job. Gene Lockhart and Bobs Watson are good, too. (Dec.)

BLONDIE BRINGS UP BABY—Columbia

Dagwood Bumstead loses his job; Baby Dumpling loses the dog Daisy and goes off to find her. Whereupon the original catastrophe pales into insignificance. Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake and Larry Simms remain the Bumpsteads. (Jan.)

CAFE HOSTESS—Columbia

There's a lot of action (including a fine brawl) in this rather sordid story, which presents Ann Dvorak as "hostess" who picks the pockets of her partners—until sailor Preston Foster catches her at it. Then the fun begins. (Feb.)

CALL A MESSENGER—Universal

The Little Tough Guys and the Dead End Kids merge in this story of a telegraph official (Robert Armstrong) who thinks he might work some regeneration by giving the kids jobs. It clicks. Anne Nagel, Victor Jory and Mary Carlisle support. (Dec.)

CALLING ALL MARINES—Republic

Here's a strange story of gangsters who attack the U. S. Marines to steal a bomb. There's plenty of blasting and noise, but Helen Mack, Donald Barry, Robert Kent and Warren Hymer all seem mildly bewildered at what they're doing. (Dec.)

★ CAT AND THE CANARY, THE—Paramount

A thriller—and funny! Paulette Goddard is heir to the estate of an eccentric millionaire, but there's a second will in case she should die or become insane within a month. With a dangerous lunatic loose, uncanny noises and clutching hands, there's plenty to keep you screeching. Paulette makes a convincingly frightened heiress and shares a hectic romance with Bob Hope. (Dec.)

Team that took Atlanta by storm—Rhett and Scarlett in "Gone with the Wind"—Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh in person

★ CHALLENGE, THE—Denham Films

The villain of this melodrama is a mountain; the hero, the breathtaking escapes from snowslides in the Alps in the 1860's. The rivalry of an Italian and an Englishman (Luis Trenker and Robert Douglas); the rivalry of three countries to be the first to scale the Matterhorn is the basis of the plot. It's intense drama. (Dec.)

CISCO KID AND THE LADY, THE—20th Century-Fox

Cesar Romero fills Warner Baxter's boots as the Cisco Kid with grace and humor, Virginia Field is fine as a dance-hall girl, and Gloria Ann White is a pleasant child. But they didn't have much to work with in this story of how the Kid and his band save a mine for a little orphan. (Feb.)

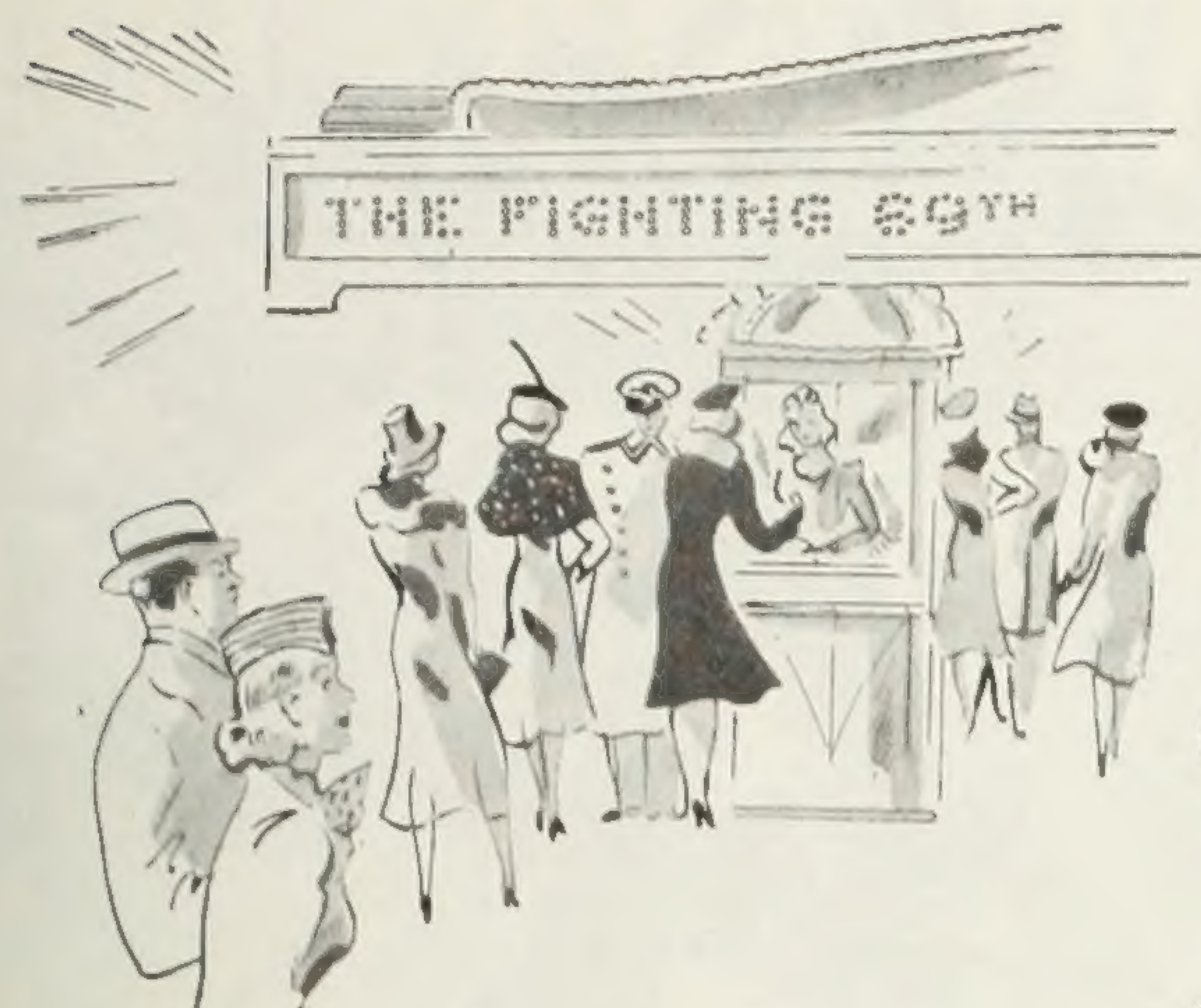
CITY IN DARKNESS—20th Century-Fox

Just another Charlie Chan picture, with Sidney Toler solving mysteries in Paris during the blackouts. Lynn Bari is in it, too, but the result is only fairish. (Feb.)

(Continued on page 90)

One Day Soon

they'll all be saying



"LET'S GO SEE



'THE FIGHTING 69TH'"



Let's see 'THE FIGHTING 69TH'! Because if ever a movie *moved* this is the one! There've been exciting films before—but not *this* kind of excitement! You've laughed loudly and long in the theatre before, but never louder nor longer than this time. And there will be a teardrop too... but the kind of tears that bring cheers when it's over!

Let's see 'THE FIGHTING 69TH' and see grand screen stars like **JIMMY** ☆ **CAGNEY** and **PAT** ☆ **O'BRIEN** and **GEORGE** ☆ **BRENT** give to their parts from their hearts; for of all the roles they've portrayed, of these they'll be proudest ever!



Let's see 'THE FIGHTING 69TH' because 'The Fighting 69th' brings you history's heroes—the story of their glory, which, once seen, no girl can help but cherish.

JAMES CAGNEY • PAT O'BRIEN
GEORGE BRENT

in 'THE FIGHTING 69TH'

with
JEFFREY LYNN • ALAN HALE • FRANK McHUGH
DENNIS MORGAN • DICK FORAN
WILLIAM LUNDIGAN • GUINN "BIG BOY" WILLIAMS
HENRY O'NEILL • JOHN LITEL

Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

Original Screen Play by Norman Reilly Raine, Fred Niblo, Jr.,
and Dean Franklin • A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

A new Warner Bros. success



Twentieth Century-Fox presents
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S production of

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

A spirited belle of the brawling waterfront, headlong in love with handsome Robert Fulton, fighting the whole town to win his heart and share his glory... in those boisterous, romantic days when little old New York was new and life was really living!

Alice *Fred* *Richard*
FAYE • MACMURRAY • GREENE

and
BRENDA JOYCE
ANDY DEVINE
HENRY STEPHENSON
FRITZ FELD

Directed by **HENRY KING**
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith
Screen Play by Harry Tugend
Story by John Balderston
Based upon play by Rida Johnson Young

Spectacular entertainment from the producer and director of "In Old Chicago",
"Alexander's Ragtime Band", "Stanley and Livingstone", "Jesse James"!

BY RUTH WATERBURY



Garbo's "Ninotchka" proved again what the stars need to stem the rising tide. . . .



Three newcomers ride the crest of that tidal wave of star material sweeping into 1940 . . . one of them is Mary Martin

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

IN 1929 . . . just before sound got going in a big way . . . there was, considering the general prosperity of those days . . . quite a slump at the movie box office . . . not until sound got really going did the box-office receipts recover and mount to dizzying heights . . . creating a prosperity that was due not alone to the exciting novelty of hearing lines spoken from the screen . . . that was wonderful, of course, but it was almost as thrilling and refreshing to see a completely new set of faces . . . to experience the charm of utterly fresh personalities . . . to get acquainted through the mere purchase of a movie ticket with an entirely different generation of actors. . . .

TODAY, eleven years after . . . we are going through a similar box-office slump . . . really fine pictures are not earning what they should . . . here at the beginning of 1940 there seems to be no invention about to spring forth to jolt attendance figures back to where they should be . . . (don't count on television to be around in a commercially acceptable form for another five years at the earliest) . . . nonetheless the signs of a new vitality for Hollywood are here . . . signs spelled out by way of hitherto unknown names . . . personalities still sufficiently unfamiliar to be mysterious and provocative to us . . . it may be hard on the veterans . . . but the truth is that the new generation of players is here . . . trained, willing and able to take over. . . .

Hedy Lamarr, Vivien Leigh, Laurence Oli-



Ruth Waterbury

vier, Brenda Joyce, Richard Greene, Robert Cummings, Brenda Marshall, Priscilla Lane, Lana Turner, Linda Darnell, Ann Rutherford . . . these you already know and you've probably discovered their charm for yourself . . . with the exception of Laurence Olivier most of them are in their twenties and a few of them are in their teens . . . now, just as the year 1939 closed, three more names were added to this group of conquering young troupers . . . the three most promising names, perhaps, in the whole lot of them . . . three girls as different from one another as satin is different from silver fox . . . or silver fox from rain . . . girls of startling originality . . . yet each of them alike in that they are unmistakably fashioned from those sensitive, dynamic qualities of which stars

are made . . . I speak of Mary Martin, Ilona Massey and Jane Bryan. . . .

It has always seemed to me that an actor's or an actress' fame is too much like the algebraic axiom about the whole being the sum of its parts . . . an actor's enduring fame must forever depend upon the sum of the parts he has played . . . and that too often leads to tragedy . . . he may be the greatest performer ever born, but consistently miscast him and he will lose, not only all popular appeal, but also that bright luster within himself by which he is inspired. . . .

THINK of Gary Cooper . . . handsome, distinctive, intelligent Gary, the current example of the blight a fine actor can suffer . . . Gary will most certainly come back *when he gets the right role* . . . but such a role he hasn't had since he signed with Samuel Goldwyn some three years ago . . . Gary had every reason to assume that the Goldwyn contract would be perfect for him and undoubtedly Sam Goldwyn intended it to be, too . . . it is often impossible among the multitudinous details that go into making a picture to fix the blame for its turning out to be not an intended success but a dull failure . . . but while the producer suffers in his pocketbook for such errors, the star suffers in every way . . . Gary proves how little control even the wisest actor has over his final, artistic destiny. . . .

EVEN absolute independence of action isn't any guarantee of security . . . this past year for the



Most unusual of the star dust triplets . . . and most typical of her sponsoring studio . . . Jane Bryan

first time under his contract terms with Warners, Paul Muni, an actor who has always striven with the utmost sincerity toward the very best things . . . this year Muni has had absolute authority to choose stories, dictate casts and guide almost every detail that has had any influence on his productions . . . thus while it was Warners, in co-operation with Muni, who chose "Zola," it was Muni alone who selected the dreary "Juarez" . . . in other words, he got the role that he wanted . . . but that didn't necessarily make it a good one for him to have played. . . .

ON the other hand when you get the right collaboration, what a blessed result for everyone all the way from the producer to those of us who pay our way into the theaters . . . consider "Ninotchka" . . . a perfect script for Garbo to play in . . . a flawless M-G-M production . . . the perfect director, Ernst Lubitsch, to get the full flavor from such a script . . . well, there was Garbo being discussed in

Hollywood, up until the time of the release of this film, as one of the great war casualties . . . the gossip ran that since Garbo had lost a great volume of her American public, the loss of the European market would finish her. . . .

So along comes "Ninotchka" and proceeds to make so much money in this country alone that if it never shows in Europe the studio book-keeping department can still keep right on writing its earnings down in black ink . . . thus because an organization had the good sense to let Garbo laugh, instead of keeping on crying, even though she cried magnificently, she is back on the heights of popularity again . . . she has always been there artistically . . . but until this picture she had become pretty remote to us as a human being. . . .

(Right here I want to ask again: Dear Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences: How about an Academy Award for Garbo this year? I'll concede, if you insist, that perhaps, fine as it is, "Ninotchka" isn't necessarily Garbo's greatest performance . . . but then, neither was Bette

Davis' "Dangerous," for which you gave her her first Academy Award, representative of that brilliant girl's greatest work . . . Bette got that award, really, on the strength of her unforgettable *Mildred* in "Of Human Bondage" the year previously . . . so in memory of "Camille" and "As You Desire Me" and even silent pictures like her love stories with John Gilbert, you had better dust off an Oscar and give it to the greatest Greta, before it is too late and you have to bow your heads eternally in shame for your oversight). . . .

BUT getting back to the new Big Three . . . Martin and Massey and Bryan . . . it is both intriguing and amusing to realize how each of these girls represents in her presentation to us exactly the most outstanding characteristic of each of the studios involved. . . .

Paramount, for instance, has always had a way with musicals . . . therefore Paramount became most quickly aware of the possibilities of pretty Mary Martin when she did a strip tease on Broadway and slyly told audiences that her heart belonged to Daddy . . . to cover her up from chin to toe as they did in her debut film "The Great Victor Herbert" doesn't seem to have been the most imaginative thing to do . . . but then it probably did little harm . . . for Mary's clear voice . . . her warm, sweet personality and her laughing eyes registered so enchantingly that there will be a bigger crowd at the box office next time, waiting to see more of her. . . .

Contrariwise, M-G-M, with the exception of "The Great Ziegfeld" and "Babes in Arms," usually flops on its light musicals . . . but given an operetta where finer voices are needed . . . where the seductive Metro opulence in staging, costuming and casting can get fuller play . . . the results are supreme . . . thus for two years M-G-M has been grooming the golden-haired, golden-voiced Ilona Massey . . . you will read her amazing story on page 12 of this issue . . . so I will only add here that she is quite the most glamorous figure to be discovered since Hedy Lamarr . . . a girl in whom success brings out only greater generosity, more charm, more graciousness . . . besides her gift of beauty, she has the ability to both sing and act . . . she is still very young . . . if she continues to get the right roles . . . (there I go again) . . . I am willing to prophesy that she will be one of the greatest of all stars before another year rolls around. . . .

And then Jane Bryan of Warners . . . not glamorous in the usual sense . . . not beautiful in the usual sense . . . but with a force to her . . . with a vitality . . . with a searching after the hidden meanings in roles such as no other young player on the screen today represents . . . Jane is so like Warners . . . it is so typical of them to have discovered her . . . and it is also typical of them that, as I write this, they are having a quarrel with her . . . or she with them . . . over Jane's not taking the lead in "Saturday's Children." . . .

Warners, above all other studios, have a sense of "today-ness" . . . their pictures are like dramatized newspaper headlines . . . quickly conceived, to be quickly experienced, and yet hidden beneath all their swiftness touching the inner forces that make such headlines possible and necessary. . . .

Warners always seem to have to go through a preliminary squabble with their players, and right in the middle of this battle, Janie has up and married Justin W. Dart, a drugstore tycoon . . . she has even announced she intends to give up her career . . . perhaps Jane really believes that now . . . but I doubt if she can stick to retirement . . . she is naturally too fine a trouper to be able casually to give it all up . . . so personally I hope she and the Warners will make peace and that Jane will return . . . for if she does, watch the rise of the next truly great dramatic young actress. . . .

Only RUDYARD KIPLING could write such a romance...

Only RONALD COLMAN could play such a role!



To those who believe in romance, Paramount dedicates this glorious film re-creation of Kipling's never-to-be-forgotten story of Dick Helder, artist, adventurer, gentleman unafraid. For this is romance, the romance of far places, Abu-Hamed, Khartoum, Port Said, London, and of the men who fought for glory beneath the desert sun...but more than that...the romance of that strange wilderness which is the heart of man.

Ronald Colman's Scottie, Mr. Binkie, a severe critic, a loyal friend.

Ronald Colman

in RUDYARD KIPLING'S

"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED"

A Paramount Picture with

WALTER HUSTON

Ida Lupino • Muriel Angelus • Dudley Digges

Produced and Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN

Screen Play by Robert Carson

Based on the Novel by Rudyard Kipling

See "THE LIGHT THAT FAILED"... Coming soon to your favorite theatre!



From the routine of a dressmaking shop in post-war Budapest to stardom and sunshine—that's the journey blonde Ilona Massey has made in only a few short years.



Only a baby, grave and sweet—yet, almost from first consciousness, always in love!



Her amazing heritage of simplicity and noblesse comes directly from her Hungarian parents, so unlike in background

THIS WOMAN HAS LOVED!

Beginning the biography of a girl

whose heart knew no rest and whose

fate was inevitable—Ilona Massey

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



In her, the lust for life burns flamelike and true

"GET out and live!" That's what the old maestros in the opera houses and the theaters used to tell those they were grooming for fame. "And if your heart gets broken, be glad! It'll make a better actress of you!"

Ilona Massey is like that. She's been completely absorbed by living ever since she was a little girl . . . ever since she bound the shine of her hair under a funny cap so she could play with boys on an equal footing and know better what it would be like to be one of them . . . ever since she fell in love with a friend of her father's—a man sixty years old, almost half a century her senior—and flushed with happiness every time he patted her cheek.

Ilona's father is a printer, a simple man and good. Her mother's family was wealthy, with a name made proud by the "von" that preceded it. And her mother, in her youth, was a woman known for her beauty even in Budapest, a city of beautiful women.

Ilona remembers little of the war fought in Europe when she was a child. It didn't penetrate very far into her young consciousness. She remembers only that her father didn't return to their little flat at supper time as he had before . . . that her mother went off every morning to teach in the school . . . and that when she asked why her mother wept in the night she was told it was because her father was at some vague place called "The Front." While Mrs. Hajmassey (Ilona has dropped the first syllable of her name) taught school Ilona's sister, Dodo, ten years older, took care of her. This had decided drawbacks. Dodo had ideas. She was very strict about Ilona's manners and the kind of children she played with.

Important in Ilona's life soon after this was Albogen Arpad. The strain that came down to him from ancestors of the Far East allowed him to look on the world with eyes as romantic as

Ilona's. Albogen appeared faithfully every afternoon. He and Ilona would go down into the courtyard and sing "Tosca," Ilona carrying a towel to wave in the dramatic scenes. They planned to marry when they grew up and to sing together in the opera house.

DURING the dark period of the Reconstruction which followed the war the Hajmasseys were very poor. Ilona's father came home injured. Because of his injury—which was in his lungs—he could not work as long or as hard as he had before. And before there had been only enough—no more. Sometimes Ilona's grandmother, who had a little farm, managed to send some manner of food into the city to them. But most of the time their bread was black and meat on the table was an event—something looked forward to beforehand and talked about afterwards.

One day Ilona's teacher explained that many rich families in Holland had invited Hungarian children to come there to live for a season. The children who wished to go and would ask their parents' consent were told to raise their hands. Ilona's hand rose swift as a white bird startled into flight.

The boys and girls who were to have refuge in Holland traveled on the same train. Tickets fastened to their coats gave the name and address of the people with whom they were to stay. The tag on Ilona's coat read "Jacob Boss—Ottoland—Holland."

"I was just twelve," she says, with a trace of accent and that occasional misplaced word which colors her speech. "I was frightened and I cried very much but I also found a lot of fun on that train and they gave me a banana which I never had seen before. . . ."

Jacob Boss had a big farm. His children had grown up and married, and he and his wife were glad to have Ilona with them. Again and again she must count the cows stabled in their barn.

Sixty of them! Surely, then, they were very rich and had so much milk they would not miss what her seven cats drank!

They loved to watch her. She was so adaptable, so quick. Readily she came to speak their language. She skirted their family differences so intuitively that it was hard to believe she hadn't lived with them always and had heard the loud words from which those differences were born. They found it unusual that anyone as lively as the little Hungarian should be so conscientious about coming in the back door. She never forgot to remove her shoes so they wouldn't smudge the tile floors.

When the six months which Ilona had been invited to stay with Jacob Boss were up he asked her to remain. She was glad. She liked living in another land and another house. All her childhood had been lived in the same flat, a flat of three little rooms and kitchen and bath where she and her sister slept in the salon. Now, in Holland, she looked forward to skating on the little rivers where she had fished during the summer. Besides, she was not yet ready to leave John. John, who was eighteen, never had spoken to her. But every day she waited at the window for him to pass. He was a thin boy and very serious, the son of a teacher at the school.

"He was," she says, "very ugly. But for me he was very beautiful!"

She stayed in Holland long enough for all the seasons to repeat themselves. By then the golden sands of romance had run through the glass and she saw that John was as all other young men, and that he even was ugly. By then also her desire to see her people had grown so strong that she could not sit back properly in her seat as the train carried her across the borders of Holland, Germany, and Czechoslovakia and brought her at last to Hungary.

Jacob Boss and his wife wept when she left
(Continued on page 68)

MATINEE



ILLUSTRATED BY GALBRAITH

I forgot my English accent. "You butt out of this," I stormed. "Mr. Olivier has been a perfect gentleman"

Like the Boy Scouts, our Jane was prepared for anything—except what happened with Laurence on Broadway

NANCY & I fight all the time on acct of our sharing the same bathroom. Also I maintain that one cannot borrow perfume . . . one takes it or leaves it. But when it comes to an international crisis like her first *grande passion* all barriers are flung to the winds and I only remember that we are sisters under the skin (which is where she gets).

It was hard for me to realize that little Nancy had blossomed into adolescence. It seemed only yesterday that she had been running around in pigtails and a pinafore. (I speak figuratively as her hair is bobbed and I'm not quite sure what a pinafore is.)

Nancy and I are diabolically opposite types,

she being simple and wholesome while I'm sophisticated and urbane (from Lat., city). She loves the great Outdoors which I think is a bore unless a couple of interesting people are scattered on it. I adore swing while she goes in for classical, like Friml. She is very unsympathetic toward my life work (collecting autographs) and to her all stars are alike except Johnny Weissmuller.

So it was to be expected that her Puppy G.P. would be a Boy Scout. Donald is only 4 ft. 9 in his thickest socks and he talks like a ventriloquist on acct of his voice hasn't made up its mind. His greatest asset is that he can make a fire without matches. But *chacun à son goût* as the French say at weddings. Nancy thinks they will get married and live happy ever after and I wouldn't disillusion her for the world.

Things began last spring, when I first saw "Wuthering Heights." I was just sitting looking at the screen and not thinking of anything in particular when all of a sudden HE smiled, and I realized my search was over. I had been waiting all my life for I didn't know what and there it was. So I sat through the whole show again on acct of it would have cost 55c to come back. I made up my mind then and there that I would meet him in person if it was the last thing I did on this earth.

The first thing I did when I got home was to start a special Laurence Olivier Scrap Book, because no other star was worthy of being pasted between the same covers, not even Bette.

Then I got six photos from United Artists and sent them to the Coast for his autograph. Did intensive research in all newspapers and fan mags. Got information as follows:

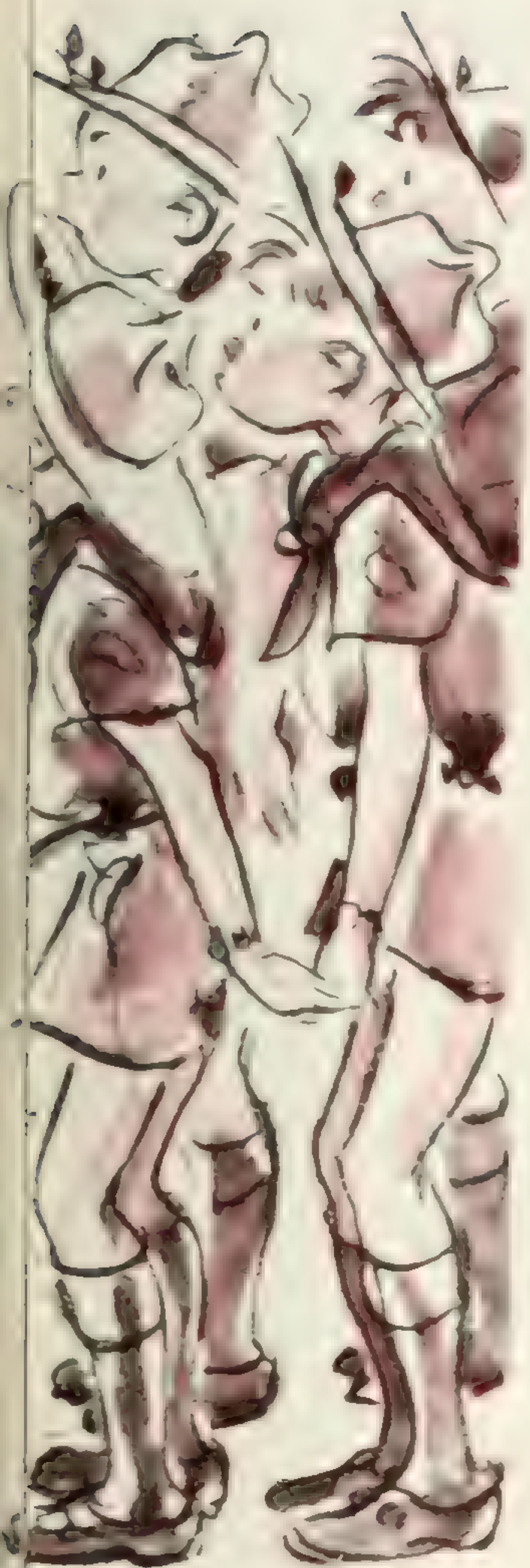
He is a true gourmet (not gourmand) and loves nothing better than to cook his favorite recipes for a few intimate friends. (Have photo in apron.) He is a connoisseur of wine and only has to taste it to know if he likes it. He has a wonderful sense of humor and is always kidding but can be serious too. Sometimes he is the life of the party but at other times is a Lone Wolf and likes to take long walks on the Moors with his dog. He has a talent for drawing and knows all about art and music and literature. His hobbies are playing the violin and painting. He is a carnivorous reader, is athletic and adores Nature. He is very democratic always saying a cheery word (Cheerio) to the electricians, etc. on the lot. His passion is The Drama. He thinks the Cinema has a great Future.

Certain events happened last summer which might have changed the course of history, if they had had a chance, so I want to get them down in long hand from my journal which I call "My Day," before I forget how to read the notes. I'll just transcribe them and put in the style later.

Transcription of Notes from
My Day, of last spring.
As follows:

MADNESS

BY LILLIAN DAY



HOT POMME DE TERRE.

HE is coming to New York IN PERSON.

He is going to act in a play called "No Time for Comedy." K. Cornell has been awarded role opposite him. Shall go to opening if I have to mortgage my album.

There has been a slump in my allowance ever since *mon père* (my father) discovered about roses sent to Brian Aherne. Pops is mid-Victorian about who should send flowers to whom.

Calling all members of GUIDING STARS, INC. to a special session tomorrow to discuss means and ways of my meeting HIM. It won't be easy as he's down on the official list of the Federation of Fan Clubs as a D.T.L. (Difficult to Land.)

Nancy disapproves of my going to actors' dressing rooms. She says Donald says: "How do I know they are gentlemen?" I told her to tell him if he wants to get into our family he'd better start minding his business right now. So we had a fight.

Went out with Henry last night. He's oke to step with as he is beginning to look 18. But as far as my emotional life, he is not even a faint heart-beat. He said he didn't want to see "Wuthering Heights" again. I told him it was up to the lady to decide what picture to see. When it comes to certain things I'm quite mid-Victorian. Donald took Nancy window shopping on acct of

A SCOUT IS THRIFTY

Held meeting of GUIDING STARS, INC. *chez-moi*, (at the house of me).

Pres. (ye scribe) opened meeting.

Sec'y read minutes.

Sent telegrams as follows:

Judy Garland—Birthday No. 2

Errol Flynn—Speedy Recovery No. 1

Elaine Barry—Condolence No. 7

Pres. raised question of How to meet HIM.

Dot suggested I hire Western Union outfit and bring him a telegram; Muriel said I should faint at stage door; Adele thought I ought to bribe someone; Mary suggested I get cards printed, *Representative of New York Times*.

I rejected all these routine methods. I don't want to be kicked right out, although even that would be a precious memory. Will simply have to think up something original. Might write a scenario and ask him to read it.

Meeting adjourned to dining room.

Donald came to supper.

HIS play opened last night without me. Sent him red carnations and 2 telegrams. Pops simply won't let me out week nights during exams, for some reason.

Cut Lat. and Hist. this a.m. to read the reviews which were wonderful. Can't wait until Sat. matinee.

My little sister has joined the Girl Scouts. She is now making friends with the Trees and the Brooks and the Little People of the Woods. She and her inamorato (Lat., love) send messages to each other in Indian Sign language.

After he left last night I kidded N. Said I'd give her twin sleeping bags for a wedding present. I said it was nice having interests in common, like making a tourniquet. (I can be very sarcastic when I'm in the mood.)

"What's wrong with making a tourniquet?" she said. Nancy has no s. of h. "It's a lot more use in the world than collecting silly autographs."

"You leave my autographs out of it," I cried furiously, because that's one subject I'm sensitive about.

So we had a fight.

SCHOOL closed.

Flunked French.

Now I can devote myself to my collections and writing the scenario and meeting the trains.

Pops and I had a conference about my homework interfering with my other activities. I explained to him that school isn't the only place to get education, there's Life itself. He didn't say anything for a long time. Guess I started him thinking.

Went to Fair with Henry Saturday. After standing in line before General Motors for 2 hrs. thought I saw Marlene's legs going by in a wheel chair. So I dashed down and it wasn't her at all, so we had to get on the tail of the

line again & Hy was furious. He's quite unreasonable at times.

N's swain invited her out for the day yesterday. They went to Central Park and he bought a bag of peanuts for the squirrels. She took the sandwiches and he got a bottle of pop and 2 straws on acct of

A SCOUT IS SANITARY

It's all too buccolic (from Greek, sheepish). Then he came to the house for dinner on acct of a scout is always hungry. They conversed about feathered creatures and fur-bearers. After dinner he took her up to the roof to show her Polaris and he's so dumb he probably did.

Yesterday was THE DAY, LE JOUR, DER TAG, IL GIORNO. (Have no Spanish dictionary.)

I saw him HIMSELF. It was the thrill of my life (so far). Wore my yellow dress and brown hat. Dot says she never saw me look older. We were in tenth row balcony so he couldn't see me. After final curtain we rushed around to the alley and naturally it was jammed. Some of them were Cornell fans. We told the Sour Puss at the stage door that we were The Press, but he didn't believe us. We hung around an hour and then had to go.

Am going again and sit in the first row orchestra if I have to break a bank (Nancy's).

Pasted program in Scrap Book.

HOLY HERRING! HOT POMME DE TERRE! JUMPING BEAN!

I have solved the problem. Luck is with me. Read in the paper that he lives in Whistler's
(Continued on page 84)

We had a fight because Nancy disapproves of my going to actors' dressing rooms



Play Truth and Consequences



This month—with Ronnie Colman. Remember we said we would make talk those hard-to-interview stars. We've lived up to our bargain in most cases. Now we're doing a bit of bragging. At last, we've broken down one Mr. Ronald Colman—in the most humorous, most revealing article yet done on him

1. (Q) When have you ever deliberately tried to steal a scene in a picture?
(A) During scenes with animals and babies. It's a fair fight, with the odds against you.
2. (Q) How would you classify yourself as an actor?
(A) Lucky.
3. (Q) What is your honest opinion of Hollywood women?
(A) Most beautiful in the world . . . but usually overtired and nervous, (if you mean the popular players). They're more natural though than stage players.
4. (Q) Who is the most beautiful girl you have ever seen?
(A) The girl who used to live across the street—but that was before your time.
5. (Q) Who makes the decisions in your family, you or Benita?
(A) Nice weather we've been having lately.
6. (Q) Would you object to your wife's having a career of her own?
(A) Not if there were sufficient reasons for it—a definite urge, a grand opportunity, or real necessity.
7. (Q) If you were forced to seek some other vocation, what would be your choice?
(A) Writing.
8. (Q) Do you believe the public has any claim on the private life of a star?
(A) What private life?
9. (Q) What characteristic, not generally

Nostalgia? Or is it just a hangover of a youth's tendency to magnify any predicament he is in? Anyway, Mr. C. refuses to tell what youthful mistake caused him the most embarrassment—so, as a forfeit on question No. 11, he does his favorite card trick



Refusal on question No. 18 is a true indictment of Ronald Colman's character—we are rewarded with this picture of Benita Hume, which he took, developed and printed himself



Always the diplomat—we knew that, but we asked question No. 32 anyway. As a penalty, a picture of Ronnie in stage days

"What memento from your past means most to you, and why?" we asked as question No. 44—but Mr. Colman (do you suppose he was being a sentimentalist) decided it was none of our business—but we give you a most informal snapshot of a very formal gentleman



Game Conductor: KATHARINE HARTLEY

Tut, tut, Mr. Colman. We didn't know that this poised gentleman ever lost his temper (unless it was with too inquisitive interviewers). But we couldn't let him get away with a refusal on question No. 48. So we demanded (and got, what's more) a picture of him all dressed-up, riding in his best bicycle form

known, gives a cue to your private personality?

(A) I'm afraid I chase fire engines.

10. (Q) What is your description of "umph"?

(A) Something not to write home about.

11. (Q) What youthful mistake, when recalled, causes you the most embarrassment?

(A) Too embarrassing to repeat even at this late date. (Mr. Colman took the consequences.—Do your favorite card trick.)

12. (Q) What do you do when autograph fiends spot you?

(A) If caught, I sign—but keep on the move.

13. (Q) What kind of a child were you?

(A) Very irritating.

14. (Q) What bores you most about your daily work?

(A) Stills; portraits; and answering questionnaires.

15. (Q) In keeping with your position, how many suits of clothes must you have, for a complete wardrobe?

(A) Besides evening clothes, my "position" necessitates only a couple of suits; but my professional wardrobe is considerable—and provides the moths with no end of fun.

16. (Q) As a top star of both eras, would you say that today's pictures are better than those of the silent days?

(A) On the whole, yes—a few of the old ones, however, have never been beaten.

17. (Q) What is your opinion of ladies' hats?

(A) They'll never replace the old horse and buggy.

18. (Q) In what type of investments are you most interested?

(A) Refuse to answer on the ground that I might be passing on my mistakes to others. (Take a photograph of Benita Hume. Develop and print it yourself.)

19. (Q) Do you enjoy attending previews and premières?

(A) No. (Continued on page 79)

"Consequences, please" is what Ronald literally begged for on question No. 51. But, we're the lucky ones—with this torrid love scene from an old picture with the lovely Vilma Banky. His latest film is "The Light That Failed"





He's forty-seven, famous and twice wed. She's twenty-one, her career only started. Yet that first glimpse of Diana on the edge of his swimming pool helped bring Bill out of the shadows into the sunlight

THE THIRD MRS. WILLIAM POWELL

Elopement with Diana Lewis was the last thing Hollywood expected, but then very few knew the romantic truth behind it!

BY RUTH WATERBURY



It was, of course, sheer fate that sent young, beautiful, tiny Diana Lewis to William Powell's swimming pool to make publicity pictures. She might just as well have been taken to any one of a dozen other Metro star's pools, and Bill might just as well not have been at home. In fact, the studio thought that he was away. But he wasn't. And thus it happened that one late winter afternoon he looked out into his garden and saw the vivid, unsophisticated girl standing there, laughing in the sun.

Less than a month later, he was married to the girl, by way of a surprise elopement to Las Vegas, Nevada, and a quick wedding performed by a justice of the peace before a hastily improvised altar under a spreading desert tree.

The announcement that twenty-one-year-old Diana Lewis was the third Mrs. William Powell knocked Hollywood silly. The "wise crowd"

was offended because it had all been on the wrong Powell trail. You could, until January 5th, take your choice of Powell romantic rumors. There was (1) Bill's supposed rekindling of the flirtation he had started, several years ago, with Ginger Rogers; (2) his supposed current infatuation with Loretta Young; (3) his inability ever to fall in love again because of his memory of Jean Harlow.

Hollywood, hating nothing quite so much as being caught with its rumors down, wailed several assorted moans to high heaven; (1) that Bill, with an added twenty-six years, was impossibly older than his newest bride; (2) that he simply couldn't have fallen in love so fast; (3) that he really should have chosen a woman more "suitable" to him.

But Bill's friends (and they are an army strong) saw this wedding as one of those tender

miracles that make life marvelous for those who possess both courage and imagination.

For if Bill didn't possess both courage and imagination, he wouldn't be alive right now. Being alive right now—well, that's the story.

When you say that anyone "nearly died," it seems very simple, unless you were the person who nearly did it. "Nearly died," you say, and dismiss the thought, because after all you do see the person's body recovering. There's no visible gauge as to the effect on the mind. There is little outward sign of the fever for life that swiftly rules the convalescent. But it's there, make no mistake. It is so keenly there that the simplest things in existence take on a new beauty.

The sick realize, more certainly than the well ever do, what an exciting, laughing, exquisite

(Continued on page 75)

E X P O S I N G

HOLLYWOOD'S

RED

MENACE



They harrowed him with tales of misery . . . bled him of a percentage of his weekly pay check

ACHASTENED Hollywood today is recovering from a nightmare which provided the most bitter disillusionment in its history.

For nearly three years numbers of its inhabitants have been systematically plundered. Blackmailed. Made the cats-paw and the tool of Communists in a conspiracy so callous that its full ramifications may never be entirely revealed.

Police and other investigators, some of them volunteers attached to patriotic organizations, have been canvassing the situation for some time. The trail of the Communists was an incredibly devious one. It led from studio to studio, into the very homes of the stars, into their political meetings, their luncheon parties, wherever a Communist could gain a foothold and wherever there was a film notable sympathetic enough to listen.

The investigation wasn't just a political gesture. The investigators weren't out to sling mud, create a sensational story, or persecute decent, hard-working artists whose only crime was

their desire to help America and give their time and money to relieve the suffering of their fellow humans.

There was, for instance, the group of fifteen outstanding male stars who gathered in the home of one of their number about two years ago to hear a talk by Ernest Hemingway. The celebrated author, fresh from a stay in war-ripped Spain, implored financial aid for the Spanish wounded. Most of the stars who heard his quiet, dramatic recital of war horrors could barely wait until he had finished before they had whipped out checkbooks and begun writing heavy donations. The money was to buy ambulances. They didn't care which side's wounded the ambulances carried. They wanted to buy ambulances. A wounded man to the sympathetic group was a wounded man, no matter what his political sympathies might have been before he was maimed. In that spirit they sent Hemingway away with fifteen thousand dollars. Questionless, Hemingway turned the money over to some group which handled donations of that sort. I wonder how much of it

With hearts and checkbooks the stars responded to the call of humanity—but an insidious plot lay hidden behind the campaign!

BY MORTON THOMPSON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

ever found its way to Spain in the way of ambulances? The State Department said recently that little more than ten per cent of American donations to Loyalist Spain ever reached the people for whom they were intended.

THAT'S one side of the picture. Here's another side. This is the case history of a well-known Hollywood actor who contributed money in a drastically different manner. Late in 1937 he was approached by three men. Two were fellow actors. One was a bit player with known Red sympathies.

"We want to talk to you," they said. "We want you to join us."

He laughed. He said he was too old to go around waving a Red flag, and he thought the whole Red business then intriguing Hollywood was just a fad, like badminton or pogo sticks. He said he hadn't much use for parlor pinks.

They started in to work on him. They showed him documents proving that American unemployment was becoming serious. They harrowed him with tales of misery, of oppression, did their best to rock the boat of his patriotic convictions. They pictured to him his country in the grip of munitions makers and war profiteers. They "proved" to him that the menace of Fascism was very real, that his country was being threatened more gravely each succeeding day by Europe's Hitler and Mussolini, that his duty as an American citizen was to join the growing movement combating these menaces by affiliating himself with any of a number of pro-Communist organizations.

He was shaken—weren't the two fellow actors his friends?—but still unconvinced. They began to talk union to him, and open-mindedness, and how labor was settling its problems, and

(Continued on page 78)



Once she was Sarah Jane Folks of the home Folks in Missouri. Now she's Jane Wyman of the films, in "Gambling on the High Seas"



Hollywood's a roller coaster to Burgess Meredith—star of "Of Mice and Men"



Raymond Massey of Canada is "Abe Lincoln in Illinois"—and rightfully so!

Round

BY SARA HAMILTON AND WILBUR MORSE, JR.

HERE they come, those familiar faces of the screen, those steadfast people who are slowly rising to new heights and new places. We've watched them rise from tiniest bits to meatier roles and on and on up the road to fame. And because we've appreciated them and become interested in them, as we know you have, we give you their stories.

Baby Babbitt of Hollywood

You've read and re-read of those glamorous couples of Hollywood, of their homes and lives and doings. But did you ever stop to wonder about those young couples in Hollywood who plan and work and struggle just like you and your Joe? No? I thought not. That's why I want to tell you about Bill Henry. Now Bill isn't a star or a glamour boy or a night-club devotee. Bill's a hard-working, sincere young fellow who could work in a garage or an office and be the same Bill Henry.

He's been married to Grace Durkin for three years, and the way Bill speaks of that marriage

Gingham girl roles have been the fate of Dorris Bowdon even in the gripping "Grapes of Wrath"



Few scenarios are as exciting as the life of John Carroll, hero of "Congo Maisie"

Dennis Morgan was a casting office castaway. Now he's in demand—for "The Fighting 69th," among others

"The Light That Failed" DIDN'T for Ida Lupino—she gets a chance to prove her theatrical heritage!

Home town boy who's making good—Bill Henry, for whom "Geronimo!" is only his current success

Up

OF FAMILIAR FACES

The "breaks" in Hollywood come in two styles—good and bad. The best of troupers get plenty of the second style before getting the first!

would bring a lump to your throat. Grace and Bill buy presents twice every month, on their engagement and wedding anniversary, for each other, and have for three years. They prepare their own meals, have their own group of friends in their own circumstances of life (no living above one's means), and they're going to have a baby any minute now.

When Grace first told Bill about the baby the first thing he did was telephone his foster brother in Honolulu, Duke Kahanamoku, the champion Hawaiian swimmer. "If it's a boy we're naming it after you, Duke," he shouted.

The way Duke came into the Henry family is interesting. Bill's father, who was president of

the Amateur Athletic Union, sponsored Duke's first appearance on the mainland and as a protective measure for the young Hawaiian, Mr. Henry took out adoption papers. Later, when Duke's mother died, the papers were legally signed. It was a good move for Bill. The swimmer spent hours with the lad, teaching him to swim and surfboard from the beach at Waikiki. In fact, Bill spent six years of his young life on the islands, and attended several schools there.

He just kind of gradually worked into the acting business. It seems logical he should, for Bill was born right here in Los Angeles. When Duke went into a picture, "Lord Jim," in 1925, Bill went in, too, in a small role. All through his Los Angeles and Hollywood High School days he played with the Burnham Players, a group of amateurs that gave plays at clubs and social gatherings. He met Grace when several of the young Hollywoodites were giving a play at the Pasadena Community Theater.

Bill's the best cook in all their crowd, wives included. His roast leg of lamb is a regular Saturday night treat when his wife's sister, Gertrude Durkin, and her husband, actor James Ellison, come over for dinner.

After dinner the four of them play penny ante like fury or talk about their babies to come. The Ellisons are having one, too. Sometimes Bill and Grace go to movies. The ones she wants to see. Their new house is being fur-

nished piece by piece as they have the money and see something they want.

Together they talk over Bill's hopes and failures. He didn't go so far over at 20th Century-Fox or at M-G-M where he was under contract. But with this new Paramount contract and such pictures as, "I'm from Missouri," and "Geronimo!" behind him, and "The Way of All Flesh," in the making, he's all set now.

"Anyway," Bill says, "Grace and I realize there will be big things, big troubles to think about in our life together, so we don't let the little ones seem too big."

He's shy, painfully shy. In a land of brassy forwardness, it's hardly believable. But as Bill says, if Grace likes him that way, and she does, it's all he cares about. And young as he is, for he's still in his twenties, he's realized one of his greatest ambitions—it was to have a wife like Grace.—S.H.

He's a Bad Boy!

To begin with, his name isn't Carroll. It's Julian Lafaye (pronounced Lafah), and he was born of French descent down in New Orleans. To sum it all up, he's mad as a hatter, has had more hell and adventure packed into his twenty-seven years than any ten screen heroes added up together, and what John hasn't done

(Continued on page 87)

MY FRIEND FRED!

BY GEORGE (MURPH) MURPHY—AS TOLD TO JERRY ASHER

It isn't easy to get a perspective on Astaire but this old friend got one (along with a kick in the pants)

ONE morning not so long ago, I was called to the M-G-M front office. Knowing how unpredictable this business is, I automatically expected the worst.

"Well, George," said the executive who sent for me, "something happened this morning that is pretty rare in Hollywood. We've been trying to sign Fred Astaire for the new 'Broadway Melody of 1940.' We finally received his answer. He will do the picture if we promise that it won't in any way hurt your position on this lot. I thought you'd like to know this. Also,

that you are going to be teamed in the picture with Fred."

That night I had a phone call from Fred. He didn't know the studio had already broken the wonderful news and he put it to me this way:

"Murph—guess what? After all these years, we're going to work together. I'm going to make a picture *with you!*"

My friendship with Fred started back in 1928. We met backstage when Fred and Adele were appearing in "Funny Face." Julie (my wife) and I were just starting out as a dance team. The Astaires came to see us at the Central Park Casino. When they took "Funny Face" to London, we went over and danced in "Good News."

It was at the Grosvenor House, where we all lived, that I first became conscious of the vital force that is a relentless part of Fred's nature.

Everyone in show business admires Fred Astaire; the number of people who really know him is limited. Instinctively, he is a shy person. Starting 'way back as an adolescent vaudevil-

lian, he was driven by an all-consuming desire to improve himself—to be the best. He has never had the time to devote himself to wholesale camaraderie, to get beyond a nice, casual acquaintance with the majority of those who come in contact with him.

That's why I consider it a privilege to tell this story—to be able to share with you my friendship with Fred Astaire. I like him. He likes me. We both know it. It's as simple as that.

Don't get the impression that Fred takes it all too seriously! He is a great worrier, but he has a topnotch sense of humor. Let me tell you about a different and, if possible, better Fred Astaire. In his pictures, Fred is always the nice young man—quiet, well-mannered, modest—which he is in real life. Out of this same mold comes another Astaire—a happy, relaxed clown. You have to know him well to get this side of him. Sometimes it comes out during a dance rehearsal. Fred breaks into a machine gun rhythm. "This is the way Cagney would do it," he volunteers. Then he changes into slithering snakehips movements. "Now I'm George Raft," he says.

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Even eighteen "takes" of this too-realistic (to Murph!) scene in "Broadway Melody of 1940" couldn't break up a friendship that has lasted a dozen years!

PRESENTING PHOTOPLAY'S

Movie Book of the Month

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE



A charming scene from the Warner Brothers' production starring Ann Sheridan and Jeffrey Lynn. On the following pages is a condensed version of the famous author's original novel on which the film is based

TWO HOURS OF DELIGHTFUL READING
ABOUT A VIBRANT GIRL WHO LEARNS THAT
TO MAKE ANOTHER'S DREAM COME TRUE
YOU MUST TAKE CHANCES WITH YOUR OWN

IT ALL CAME TRUE

By LOUIS BROMFIELD



Maggie (Una O'Connor) was dubious about the future of her daughter (Ann Sheridan), but Tommy's mother (Jessie Busley), an incurable romantic, had woven a story that would make everything come out all right

About midnight Mrs. Lefferty brought up a cold snack and then they all went to bed.

Mrs. Lefferty was an incurable romantic. Her imaginings had very little to do with what was known as "Life"; there was, even in the blackest moments of her "stories," no evil or bitterness but only the rather mechanical plottings of the "villain"; there was never any misery, nor any irony nor any real malice.

That was the way she felt about people in real life—they were never really bad. She was certain that some day luck would turn for Miss Flint and that once again Mr. Boldini would be "the sensation of three continents," that Mr. Salmon would be a famous writer, and that Maggie's daughter Sarah Jane would settle down and "get a break" and cease to be a burden and a worry. Mr. Van Diver was much too old to have any ending but the inevitable one, and Mrs. Lefferty, taking care of him, was planning as happy an ending as possible.

Only in the case of her son Tommy did she ever have any doubts, and those only came to her at times in the middle of the night when she lay awake, unable to sleep.

To ease her heartache she told herself that it was really not Tom's fault that he had neglected and forgotten her, but because poor Miss Minnie had paid for his music lessons and sent him to college.

And it was American ideas and those dancing lessons that poor Miss Minnie had given Sarah Jane that had sent her off into the chorus with ideas about becoming a famous actress, instead of being content with being a good typist and coming home regularly with her money. Sarah Jane was always coming and going, returning to live with her mother and Mrs. Lefferty when she was out of a job and dead broke.

MISS MINNIE had been dead for ten years, but she still lived so far as Mrs. Lefferty and Maggie were concerned. They had both gone to the funeral in Long Island, wrapped in yards of hired crepe, and seen her with their own eyes, laid away in the earth of the old cemetery. And when Maggie and Mrs. Lefferty came back to the empty house they wept and keened not only because poor Miss Minnie was gone but because, without her, the world itself seemed to have come to an end.

Poor Miss Minnie had been their mistress, their charge, the figure about which their whole world revolved since they had come from Ireland long ago.

Not only had they lost poor Miss Minnie but there would no longer be a house with fine walnut furniture and the remnants of beautiful china, and a beautiful linen closet, but Mrs. Lefferty and Maggie would have to find new places and perhaps be separated and Sarah Jane and Tom could no longer live at home.

And then the day after the funeral Miss Minnie's lawyer, old Mr. Prendergast, came to the house and called Mrs. Lefferty and Maggie into the long tunnel of a drawing room and told them that Miss Minerva had left the house to the two of them with everything in it and all the money she had left from the great fortune founded by her grandfather which, if everything went well, would be about enough to pay the taxes and insurance. Mr. Prendergast advised them to sell the house and its contents and invest the money, but neither Mrs. Lefferty nor Maggie would bring herself to do such a thing. Sell all that furniture they had always lived with? It would be like being evicted. Anyway neither of them wanted to retire.

Ten years afterward Mrs. Lefferty and Maggie still spoke of Miss Minerva as if she were still alive, calling her "poor Miss Minnie."

When Maggie and Mrs. Lefferty were left the house, there seemed only one thing to do in order to keep it going and that was to open a boardinghouse. It was all there, ready and waiting, furniture and all, in a good location, save that it was a little too near the elevated. And they knew, because they had known poor Miss Minnie for so long, that the plan would have pleased her. They talked it all out in terms of what poor Miss Minnie would have thought and said and done. It was Maggie's

IT ALL CAME TRUE

BY LOUIS BROMFIELD

CHAPTER I

BECAUSE they rarely had boarders who had to be in an office at eight-thirty or nine o'clock, Mrs. Lefferty and Maggie did not rise until nearly eight. Then by eight-thirty or a quarter to nine the boarders began to appear in the dining room—old Mr. Van Diver, Miss Flint, Mr. Boldini and Mr. Salmon who were always with them, and occasionally a transient or two.

The four star boarders—Miss Flint, Mr. Van Diver, Mr. Boldini and Mr. Salmon had been there for so long that their lives seemed to have become entangled, grown together, and beyond separation. Mrs. Lefferty and Maggie were both affectionate, easygoing and creatures of habit, all of which was a handicap in keepers of boardinghouses. The transients nearly always seemed to them violent creatures blown in by the wind from the strange hard outside world to be blown out again after a week or two, always mysterious and remote and cantankerous, never fitting the leisurely old-fashioned tempo of the establishment. None of that inner circle of boarders at Mrs. Lefferty's ever seemed to be in a hurry like the people one met outside the house, rushing for the bus or the subway or the elevated, dashing about in taxis and motors. In the middle of Manhattan Island Mrs. Lefferty's boardinghouse was an island where time seemed to have stood still. Mrs. Lefferty would never have taken transients save that the income from them gave her and Maggie a tiny margin that permitted them to keep the place going for Miss Flint, Mr. Boldini and the rest.

Together they got ready the evening meal and after supper Mrs. Lefferty left Miss Flint to serve the coffee in the parlor while she descended to the kitchen to have her own coffee off a shelf while she helped Maggie with the dishes. This she did in or-

Take a beautiful, hot-tempered girl, a sensitive young composer and a hard-boiled gangster; turn them loose in a boardinghouse full of living antiques. The hilarious result is just what you would expect, coming from the facile pen of an author whose every book is a delight. Photoplay is happy to bring you his most charming story

der to gain time so that she might get upstairs to the rummy game a little earlier. When the dishes were finished she put out the cat and Maggie turned out the lights and they went upstairs to find Miss Flint, Mr. Boldini and Mr. Salmon already gathered impatiently about the card table with old Mr. Van Diver dozing or reading a movie magazine in poor Miss Minnie's plush armchair by the fire.

There were no stakes in the rummy game because none of them could afford to play for money, but they kept a running score of the games, month after month, year after year and played with passion. Mrs. Lefferty, who was full of tricks and played every night, had eighteen hundred and thirty-four games, Miss Flint, who was less successful because there were times when she seemed foggy, had fourteen hundred and three. Mr. Boldini, who was handicapped by having to be absent when he had a professional engagement, had twelve hundred and forty-five, and Mr. Salmon, who was frequently called away by his muse, had eleven hundred and sixty-three. Because Mr. Boldini and Mr. Salmon were unable to play every night, they were each allowed the value of one and a half games for every game they won. As Mr. Salmon grew older, his muse called him less frequently and he had been able to catch up a little on the general score.

opinion that poor Miss Minnie had left them the house, hoping that they would go on living there.

So Mrs. Lefferty, because of her appearance and because she had been a housemaid all her life, was obviously the choice as nominal proprietress. She was plump and pleasant with humorous eyes and a kindly manner.

Sometimes, as in the case of Miss Flint, the seamstress, and the Great Boldini, weeks passed without any payment being made, but Mrs. Lefferty and Maggie knew that when they had money they would pay, and besides they were almost members of the family. Old Mr. Van Diver had only thirty dollars a month when he first came to them and when stocks began to go bad, this was cut to twenty dollars. He paid Maggie and Mrs. Lefferty everything he received, simply turning over to them the endorsed checks. The sum he paid them scarcely covered the cost of his food, but they could not turn him out. For forty years he had been devoted to poor Miss Minnie. For thirty years he had called three times a week and come to supper every Sunday evening. For thirty years he and poor Miss Minnie had waited for "the old gentleman" to die or give his permission for them to marry, and when at last he died it was too late and the habit of courtship had become fixed and agreeable. Not only were they too old, they were too poor to marry. And so one day, about five years after Miss Minnie died, old Mr. Van Diver came to the door and asked Mrs. Lefferty to take him as a lodger.

So they took in Mr. Van Diver and his few belongings—some books, a few worn suits of clothes, a gold headed stick and a photograph of Miss Minnie taken during her twenties in which she wore a dress with a bustle in a gentle storm of artificial snow. From the beginning the old gentleman was happy. He never went out save after nightfall, because his clothes were shabby and he lived in gentle terror of a world which moved too rapidly and too noisily for him. He was very gentle and retiring and, as Mrs. Lefferty said, "He gave class to the house."

AND so slowly they had come to be a shelter and a refuge for those who in the march of time had lagged behind.

That was why Miss Flint had come to them and why, after nine years, was still with them. All her life she had been a "sewing woman" who went out by the day to make the dresses of whole families in the days when the rows of brownstone houses lay monotonous and respectful in a gigantic gridiron across the whole of Manhattan north of Thirty-fourth Street. But slowly everything had changed for Miss Flint. People no longer had in "the sewing woman" spring and fall to stay day after day.

Miss Flint dyed her hair now in order to make herself look more "youthful," not discreetly, but a strange, flaming red, which resembled the color of no hair on land or sea.

There were times when the sight of poor respectable Miss Flint coming down the steps of the boardinghouse on her way to the Women's Exchange with a crocheted bag, was almost too much to be borne by Maggie, who said, "Sure and she gets herself up like a madame."

Lately she had returned home from the Women's Exchange again and again with the story that she had been "followed," twice the man dared to come almost to the door itself. When she recounted these stories, Mrs. Lefferty and Maggie listened sympathetically, pretending that they believed them.

And there was Mr. Boldini, whom Mrs. Lefferty and Maggie sometimes called with a kind of pride, "The Great Boldini." He was not much better pay than Miss Flint or Mr. Van Diver, but they were attached to him because long ago he had been their first boarder.

He was a tall man of about sixty, who looked rather like a bloodhound with large hypnotic eyes, a sallow skin and hair which he wore very long and, like Miss Flint, dyed, to give himself a youthful appearance.

His clothes, like those of Mr. Van Diver, showed signs of once having cost a great deal of money. It was the Great Boldini who, as the Original Boarder, occupied what had once been poor Miss Minnie's sitting room at the front of the house.

The shelves on which Miss Minnie's hats once stood were burdened with turbans, berets, Roman helmets and headdresses with plumes, carefully put away against the day when Mr. Boldini would stage his great "comeback" and be able to pay all he owed Mrs. Lefferty and Maggie. Luckily the house was old-fashioned and the closets were enormous, for Mr. Boldini had stowed away in them not only

his own costumes, but also those of a whole troupe.

Whenever he was embarrassingly far behind with his rent he got out the books and read aloud to Mrs. Lefferty the clippings about his invitation performances before the Kaiser and the King of Bavaria, and Mrs. Lefferty was impressed, never noticing that royalty had fallen to an estate very nearly as low as that of the Great Boldini. Nowadays his agent, hounded by Mr. Boldini, occasionally produced an engagement in some picture house in the "sticks," but the bulk of his income came from pulling rabbits out of top hats at children's parties.

In one corner of the room there was a large and shabby basket with a cushion in it. Here slept Fanto, Mr. Boldini's poodle. He was no longer a young dog, but despite his rheumatism, he was as clever as he had ever been and none of his tricks had been forgotten. Sometimes he performed with Mr. Boldini at children's parties where he always experienced a greater success than his master. On the occasions when the children, delighted by Fanto, shouted for more and more tricks from him, Mr. Boldini was always a little hurt and outdid himself to regain prestige and Fanto, aware of his success, barked and turned somersaults and heartlessly thrust his master into the background.

In the beginning Mrs. Lefferty had been dubious about allowing dogs in the house. But once Fanto was allowed inside the door he made forever secure not only his own place but that of his master as well.

Mr. René Salmon, né Joseph Solomon, was, financially speaking, the rod and staff of the establishment. Luckily, for he was a poet, he received three hundred dollars a month quite regularly from his father, who owned the extremely prosperous Boston Store in Great Falls, Indiana.

Mr. Salmon, like the others at Mrs. Lefferty's, was a relic, although of a vintage much later than Miss Flint and old Mr. Van Diver. He had begun his career a little before the turn of the century when Mouquin's was Mouquin's and poets were creatures full of light who dressed in such a way that there could be no doubt of their calling.

Despite his paunch and the bags under his eyes, René Salmon, nearing sixty, still had a life that was carefree. He still wore his hair long and "touched it up" but he was a little bald in front and, despite the flowing black tie and the large black felt hat which both screamed "Poet!" at every passerby, he no longer looked like a gazelle-eyed boy poet but a prosperous business man who needed a haircut. For a year or more he had written almost no verse but was engaged upon his memoirs.

INTO the quiet of this small lost world, Maggie's daughter came and went, sometimes appearing quietly, sometimes returning noisily in a burst of drama, for she was one of those personalities which appears to project excitement, to create disasters, calamity and farce.

Sarah Jane had a "career," spotty, checkered and full of ups and downs, a "career" which, somehow, no matter what the opportunities, never seemed to arrive anywhere. Luckily for the career she resembled the squat flat-footed Maggie scarcely at all. She had Maggie's quick temper, and her sense of

the ridiculous, but physically nature had been kind to her, permitting her to resemble her father, the big, florid, wild, handsome Mr. Ryan, the coachman, to whose charm even poor Miss Minnie had succumbed despite his drinking and his habit of overturning the victoria by running it into trees. She was tall, and even the most severe dieting, upon which she embarked spasmodically, could not make her beauty anything but one of curves.

At home she was known as Sarah Jane, a name suggested long ago by poor Miss Minnie, but when she crossed Sixth Avenue into the world of theaters and night clubs, she was known simply as "Sal" and sometimes as "Big Sal." Because she was at once bold and beautiful, hot-tempered, honest, provocative and virtuous, she was always in trouble and rarely able to hold a job.

At times she used language which would have startled a longshoreman, and there was nothing she did not know, but technically she remained "a good girl." Only the more experienced and hard-boiled denizens of Broadway believed this and they believed it only because they "knew," for Sarah Jane's appearance was scarcely that of a well-behaved young woman. Along Broadway some of the more flippant called her "Virgie" when they were well out of her reach, and flashy lady-killers had been known to make large wagers on the score of her assailability, but all of them had lost their money and some of them had lost teeth as well. There were even times when old Maggie, bewildered by Sarah Jane's clothes and behavior, did not believe she was a "good girl," and then between the two of them would break out a row which shook the whole boardinghouse. But it was true, because Maggie had put the fear of God into Sarah Jane as a child and because being Irish, and Roman Catholic, she had a wholesome terror of Hell, and finally because after she found out about the wagers, she made up her mind to "show them."

Her presence at the boardinghouse during those periods when, like Mr. Boldini, she was "at liberty," always brought troubles and disturbances of the somnolent peace which otherwise enveloped the place. She had a way of upsetting the "relics," of filling their heads with new ideas, of making them think, even old Mr. Van Diver, that they were young again. She never brought home any money because she never had any, and sometimes Maggie and Mrs. Lefferty loaned her a few dollars out of the slender store which kept them out of ruin.

ONE evening about eleven o'clock, while the rummy game was in progress in poor Miss Minnie's parlor, Sarah Jane had one of her dramatic homecomings. It was preceded by the sound of rushing footsteps on the steps of the brownstone stoop and of someone trying frantically to open the door. Then came Sarah Jane's voice crying, "Let me in! Let me in!" and the sound of a violent smack followed by a flow of sulphurous language. Fanto, barking wildly, sprang from his chair and ran to the door.

Mrs. Lefferty followed him and when she opened the door she discovered Sarah Jane and a small, dark, ugly little man seated on the floor with his back in the corner, shielding his face with raised hands. Sarah Jane held a revolver in one hand and was kicking him, saying, "You rat! I'll teach you to pull a gun on me."

At the sight of Mrs. Lefferty she rushed into the house and closed the door. Mrs. Lefferty double-bolted it and Sarah Jane threw the revolver down on poor Miss Minnie's table of teakwood inlaid with mother-of-pearl and said, "The rat! The White Slaver! He had the nerve to pull a gat on me," and without another word ran up to Maggie's room.

Mrs. Lefferty went to the parlor window and watched Sarah Jane's unfortunate admirer limp down the stairs, climb into a taxicab and drive away.

Then she turned and said, as if nothing had happened, "It's Miss Flint's deal."

But this was an attitude possible to carry out only so long as Sarah Jane herself remained in the background; once she came into the room handsome, reckless, glowing with the excitement of her violent homecoming, it was impossible to pretend that she did not exist or had never happened at all. While they went on with the game, Sarah Jane remained closeted abovestairs with Maggie. She remained, so to speak, in the background or at least out of sight, but to their ears she was violently present for fragments of the quarrel going on on the fourth floor kept penetrating the parlor . . . shouts from Maggie of "Sure, and I ought to shut you up with the sisters for a time. Your poor

THE CAST

Sarah Jane	Ann Sheridan
Tommy	Jeffrey Lynn
Grasselli	Humphrey Bogart
Miss Flint	ZaSu Pitts
Maggie	Una O'Connor
Eridget	Jessie Busley
René Salmon	Grant Mitchell
Victor Leontopopulos	Billy Gilbert
Boldini	Felix Bressart
Mr. Van Diver	Brandon Tynan
Doorman	Max Hoffman, Jr.
Police Captain	Jack Mower
Taxi Driver	John Ridgely
Mr. Prendergast	DeWolf Hopper

A Warner Bros.-First National Picture
Directed by Lewis Seiler

father must be rollin' in his grave" and "You're a bad girl! Don't tell me you aren't!" With Sarah Jane shouting back, "I'll do as I please and you can't stop me. No man has ever laid hands on me without bein' slapped for it."

When she came into the room something happened to everyone in it except Mrs. Lefferty, who had known her for too long and spanked her out of too many tantrums to be impressed by her now. Mr. Boldini became very Italian and full of old-world courtesy, quips and elegant speeches. Mr. Salmon smirked, deftly ruffled his hair and disarranged his flowing tie to give himself a more Bohemian appearance, and experienced a sudden return of youth which made him remember the ladies of his earlier days, none of whom was ever as young or as handsome as Sarah Jane. As for Miss Flint, instead of glowing and relaxing, she grew as rigid as the wife of Lot after she had satisfied her curiosity about the friends she had left behind in Sodom. Old Mr. Van Diver, who never joined in the games because he could never remember the cards that had been played, put down his moving-picture magazine, smoothed his hair and began to chuckle.

NOW Sarah Jane sat down in the midst of them, crossed her legs, lighted a cigarette and said, "Can you imagine? He was gonna make me into a torch singer. He took me to his studio to give me a lesson and after about five minutes, I said, 'Yeah, well I never heard that called a singing lesson before.' The dirty little White Slaver! And when I beat it, he followed me right to the door in a taxicab. Can you imagine? With a gat too . . . as if I didn't know enough to manage a guy with a gat?"

Breathlessly she went on with the whole story, about how Mr. Myers had "discovered her" and was going to open a night club and give her all sorts of "breaks." She threw away one cigarette and lighted another. "Breaks!" she said, "I know all about breaks! They always mean the same thing. All men are beasts!"

"You never said a truer word," said Miss Flint.

Then unbending a little, she told about her experiences, beginning with her earliest disillusionment and finishing with the story of being followed home from the Women's Exchange by a "young Italian-looking man about thirty" only yesterday.

Mrs. Lefferty, watching her, knew that Miss Flint had reached the second stage. First the presence of Sarah Jane made her bristle and then it made her feel fast and Bohemian. "The minute Sarah Jane comes home," Mrs. Lefferty thought, "everybody goes cockeyed." And in disgust scarcely able to stand the spectacle of Mr. Salmon's smirks and Miss Flint's bridlings and Mr. Boldini's fatuous compliments, she went off downstairs for sandwiches.

The party lasted until one o'clock and before going up to her room, Sarah Jane announced to Mrs. Lefferty's dismay that she thought that now she was home she might as well stay and have a rest.

And as she carried the remnants of the supper to the kitchen and put out the lights, there were tears in her eyes, tears of jealousy of Maggie at having Sarah Jane back in the house, sleeping in the room next to her where she could see her and talk to her and wait on her. Five years was such a long time. There were moments now when she thought that perhaps Tommy was dead and maybe buried some place outside consecrated ground with no one to care for his grave. Tommy, who loved her, wouldn't have stayed away so long without a sign, if he was still alive.

She felt so badly that she took a little drink of Irish whisky, "medicinally" like Miss Flint, and that warmed her, and by the time she had taken off her woolens and was in bed she was her old optimistic self again and knew that somewhere, out in the great world of which she knew nothing, Tommy was all right and would one day come back to her.

Sarah Jane would get her "break" and Tommy would come home in a big comfortable automobile with a cut-glass light in the top, rich and successful, to take her away to live in a fine palace. Once started on a story like this, she lay for a long time sleepless, building it up. It was a beautiful story. Tommy had gone away to South America and discovered a big mine full of gold and hadn't told her anything about it because he wanted to surprise her by driving up in front of the house in a big car. He would buy her a big house and she and Maggie would take all poor Miss Minnie's lovely furniture with them and then Sarah Jane would be discovered and become a great movie star and she and Tommy would get married. She was just at the end, with Sarah Jane and Tommy at the altar when, through

the half-waking dream, came the sound of the door-bell ringing violently, and she thought, "There he is now! He's come home at three o'clock in the morning to make the surprise better."

WHILE she put on a wrapper and twisted her thin hair into a screw on the top of her head, she knew that when she opened the door Tommy would be there. It couldn't be anybody else, ringing the bell at this hour of the night. The bell kept up its wild clamor, ringing the way it rang when Sarah Jane was on the stoop pursued by an admirer. As she went down the stairs, there was something in the desperate sound of the bell which frightened her. Suddenly she felt old and afraid and, with a feeling of sickness, she knew all at once that the whole dream had been made-up and foolish and that probably Tommy was dead and she would never see him again.



When Tommy (Jeffrey Lynn) came home he was so changed that his mother scarcely recognized him

But when she opened the door, cautiously on the chain, and called out, "Who's there? What is it?" Tommy's voice answered her, a voice she would have known anywhere in the world, a voice which she knew better than her own. It said, "It's Tommy. Let me in!" And suddenly Mrs. Lefferty was sure that when she opened the door she would find a beautiful automobile with a cut-glass light in the top, waiting at the curb.

But when she opened the door, she caught only a glimpse of a taxicab driving away. It was Tommy all right, but a Tommy so changed that for a moment she doubted the truth. And there was a man with him, a big man who was crosseyed and wore his hat pulled far down over one eye.

They came in and Mrs. Lefferty threw her arms about Tommy, crying out, "Tommy! Tommy!" over and over again and then she stood back a little and looked at him, frightened a little because he was so pale and thin and looked so sallow and shabby. He was still a good-looking boy with big dark blue eyes (like Mr. Lefferty's) and a big generous mouth, but his body seemed to have shrunk and shriveled inside his clothes.

And then somehow they were in poor Miss Minnie's parlor, with Tommy looking around at the furniture he had known all his life, and the big man said, "I guess it's a long time since you seen Tommy."

"Five years!" said Mrs. Lefferty, tearfully. "More than five years."

The big man was about forty with a red face and big shoulders. He stood now with his hat in his hand, a cigarette hanging from his lips.

Tommy was still shy and embarrassed. He didn't say anything but she knew from the way he looked at her that he was glad to be back. He asked, "Have you got anything to eat, Ma?"

"Sure, and what would you both like to drink?"

Tommy wanted beer and Mr. Grasselli, which was the name of the big man with the cockeye, wanted whisky.

"You set right down here, both of you and I'll go and fetch it. You're going to stay a while, ain't you, Tommy?"

"Yeah, Ma, I'm going to stay a while."

She kept staring at him, still not sure whether she was dreaming or not. He hadn't come back with a big automobile but it didn't matter now. The only

thing that mattered was that here he was back in poor Miss Minnie's parlor as if he had never gone away.

"My friend, Mr. Grasselli, wants a room for a time. Have you got one, Ma?"

"Yes. On the second floor at the back."

"Mebbe I could have the little room next to him."

"Sure, Tommy, anything you want."

"He doesn't like to be alone."

She thought it was funny that a big man like Mr. Grasselli didn't like to be alone. You'd have thought he wasn't afraid of anything.

"Well, I'll get some cheese and cold ham and some drinks."

"Sure," said Mr. Grasselli, "that would be fine."

She went downstairs thinking that she did not like Mr. Grasselli's face and wishing he wasn't there so she could talk to Tommy and hear about why he had never written to her. He was alive! He wasn't dead! She and Maggie would feed him up. In a little while he'd look like he used to as a little boy.

When she had gone, Mr. Grasselli went over and pulled aside the curtains to look out of the window.

"Sure," he said, "This is all right. It's great. Where did they find all this stuff?"

"It belonged to an old lady called Miss Randolph. She left it all to my mother." And for a second it occurred even to Tommy that it was odd to see his "friend," Mr. Grasselli, standing there in poor Miss Minnie's parlor among all her things.

"Well," said Mr. Grasselli, "it otta be worth a lot of money some day to a museum. They otta pay a big price for it."

And a moment later Mrs. Lefferty appeared with a tray burdened with cold ham and chicken and sandwiches, beer and whisky and glasses and a large pot of coffee.

In silence Tommy and Mr. Grasselli ate everything on the tray. At last they had enough and Mr. Grasselli thought it would be a good idea if they all went to bed, "Because," he said, "this is a kind of rest cure I'm taking. I'm gonna stay in bed a good part of the time. I'm not goin' out much."

Secretly Mrs. Lefferty regretted the news because it would mean a new interruption of the non-stop rummy tournament.

"Mr. Grasselli," said Tommy, "didn't bring any baggage. I'm going out in the morning to buy him some things and get my own stuff."

WHEN she had made up the beds and everything was ready and she had shown Mr. Grasselli to his room, she lingered for a moment in Tommy's room, watching him with a beaming face, thinking how much more refined he was than his friend, Mr. Grasselli, and how nice he talked. She wanted to stay and talk to Tommy, to find out where he had been and what had happened to him and why he'd never written to her, but when she saw how grey and tired he seemed, she had not the heart to keep him awake any longer.

She said, "You're goin' to stay awhile, ain't you?"

"Yes, Ma."

"And you'll never run off like that again?"

He looked away from her at the floor and at last said, "No, Ma."

"Why didn't you ever write and tell me where you was?"

"Because I didn't want to come home till I was successful. I wouldn't have come home now only . . ." He did not finish the sentence, save by a weary gesture.

"I know, Tommy."

She bent down and kissed him and he put his arm about her waist and leaned his head against her plump body. It was a tiny gesture, but it made Mrs. Lefferty feel warm and triumphant.

"Never mind," she said. "Everything's goin' to be fine. You're goin' to be a big success. What line have you been tryin'?"

"Writing songs . . . lately. I've tried a lot of things . . . too many things I guess."

She knew now, with his head resting against her side, that she was glad he hadn't come home in a big automobile with a cut-glass light in the roof. Now she could feed him up and see that he got plenty of sleep so that he'd get good and strong to start all over again. No, this was a lot better story than she had imagined.

As she said good night, she added, "Sarah Jane is home again."

Without interest, he said, "Is she?"

"She's out of a job."

"Too bad," said Tommy. "But it isn't news."

"She's had a bad time lately. She never gets a break. She had to sell that beautiful silver fox."

"I guess some of her bad luck is her own fault."
 "She's a good girl."
 "Yeah," said Tommy, "that's her trouble. She's made an issue of it. Even I can . . ." He didn't finish the sentence, so Mrs. Lefferty never knew what it was he meant to say.
 She asked him, "What were you going to say?" But he only answered, "I don't know. I've forgotten."

Then she left him, wondering that he showed so little interest in Sarah Jane who was like a sister to him.

It was nearly four o'clock when Mrs. Lefferty finally fell asleep, but she was up again at eight, helping Maggie and seeing that everyone got enough to eat at breakfast and that old Mr. Van Diver didn't forget to take the medicine for his heart. She had just finished clearing away the table and was on her way to do the rooms when Maggie appeared carrying a letter from old Mr. Prendergast, poor Miss Minnie's lawyer. Maggie always let her read all the letters because she wasn't very good at reading herself, and it was the day when a check from Mr. Prendergast was due, so she wasn't alarmed until she tore open the letter and found there wasn't any check in it. Instead there was a note from old Mr. Prendergast saying that there weren't any dividends from the stock poor Miss Minnie had left them and he did not know when there would be any. And he said there wasn't much use in trying to sell the stocks now as they weren't worth anything.

For a moment Mrs. Lefferty could think of nothing to say. At last she said, "Something will turn up. It'll be all right. It always is." But her voice was a little weak this time, because it was the first time she had ever had any doubts.

CHAPTER II

It was after two o'clock in the afternoon when Sarah Jane wakened at last, rose lazily, dressed and went down to the kitchen. It was too late to have lunch with the boarders but, that, she thought, was all the better for her figure. Now she wouldn't be tempted. She'd just have a cup of coffee with Maggie in the kitchen.

She found her mother dealing with the remains of lunch just sent down on the dumb-waiter by Mrs. Lefferty.

"You'll have to get up for your meals if you're goin' to get anything around this house," said Maggie.

"I don't want any meals. All I want is a cup of coffee."

But as she drank the coffee, the fragrance of hamburger steak was wafted to her nostrils and she traced the scent to the pan on the stove where Maggie was keeping warm what was left. "I guess I'll just have a bit of steak," she said.

"Sure," said Maggie, "I don't believe in this dietin'. How about some potatoes with the steak?"

"If there's any gravy I'll have just a bit," said Sarah Jane.

And then as she picked up the *Daily Mirror* she had another cup of coffee.

While she was eating, Maggie said, "Tommy's come home."

"Has he?"

"Yes. Sure. You take it as if he'd only gone away yesterday."

"It doesn't seem so long."

She wasn't listening very closely to what her mother said because she had gotten interested in a story in the *Mirror* about Monk Maguire, the Beer Baron, who was being sought by Federal Officials on an income tax charge. She had known Monk, off and on, mostly in the days when he was the head of a bootlegging ring, when he owned a couple of speakeasies and the Villa Paradise night club.

"Five years," said Maggie, seating herself before a large lunch she had constructed out of the remnants from abovestairs. "Five years it is . . . He ain't so well, Bridget says."

Sarah Jane, still lost in reading about Monk Maguire, said, "What's the matter with him?"

"I don't know. I guess he's just run down."

To this Sarah Jane made no response whatever.

"He brought a friend back with him. He's gonna stay as a boarder."

"Yeah?" said Sarah Jane.

"His name is Mr. Grasselli."

"Never heard of him."

Then slowly Maggie began to show signs of becoming irritated by Sarah Jane's lack of interest.

"I should think you'd be interested . . . with

Tommy brought up alongside of you like a twin."

"WELL, can you beat it!" exclaimed Sarah Jane.

"That's what I call fast work."

"What?" asked Maggie.

"About me and Mr. Myers and the vestibule. Imagine, already. And it ain't three o'clock yet!"

"I hope it ain't one of them scandals again."

"Listen," said Sarah Jane, reading from the *Mirror*. "It says, 'Early this morning Abe Myers was trying to explain away a black eye and a missing front tooth. Said he fell downstairs. Wiseacres say . . .'" (Here Sarah Jane stumbled for a moment) "'*Cherchez la femme* . . . a femme known around Broadway hot spots as Sal. Well, Abe's in good company. A lot of other fellows have lost bets on Sal, along with their front teeth.'" Sarah Jane threw down the paper. "If I'd known he was bettin' I'd have given him more than he got."



"If that ain't a scandal I don't know what you'd call it," Maggie told Sarah Jane

"Bettin' on what?" said Maggie.

"That he could make me. Why, the little rat!"

"Well," said Maggie, growing still redder. "If it ain't a scandal I don't know what you'd call it."

"It's only a coupla lines," said Sarah Jane. "Why the last time. . ."

"Your poor father ain't allowed to rest in his grave and poor Miss Minnie's. . ."

"Poor Miss Minnie is right. She never had any fun. . ."

And then Maggie exploded. Reaching across the table she gave Sarah Jane a slap that was heard by the boarders having coffee upstairs in the parlor. "I'll teach you to be disrespectful about the dead. I'll teach you to speak like that of poor Miss Minnie. . ."

Tears of pain came into Sarah Jane's eyes, but she took the slap. Maggie was the only person in the world who could slap her and not be knocked down.

ABOVESTAIRS in the parlor an air of dullness and futility hung over the boarders.

On the second floor, Tommy and his friend still slept. Three times Mrs. Lefferty went to their doors but each time she discovered only the unmistakable sounds of slumber. Mr. Grasselli, she discovered, had even locked his door, which she thought odd and even faintly insulting. Nobody in the house ever locked his door.

It was nearly five o'clock when at last Tommy did wake and have a bath and dress himself. When she heard him moving about, she went in to tell him that when he was ready, she would be in the kitchen with something for him to eat. He said that he didn't want much and that he was going out right away to buy a razor and a toothbrush for Mr. Grasselli and bring his own clothes.

"I forgot to tell you," he said, "that Mr. Grasselli would like to have his meals in his own room."

"Why can't he come down to the table like everyone else?"

For a moment Tommy hesitated and then said, "You see he's having a kind of nervous breakdown and he can't see people without getting upset."

"It'll make a lot of extra work."

"He'll pay extra for it."

Mrs. Lefferty was silent for a moment, considering. "All right," she said, "I guess I can manage."

"And he doesn't want to see anybody," said Tommy. "Will it bother you if he stays in his room while you make it up?"

"Yes, it'll bother me. I can't bear to have somebody sitting around in the room I'm working in. I always make all the others get out."

"I guess he'd pay extra for that too," said Tommy.

"He must have a lot of money to throw around . . . paying extra just to sit in his own room to watch his bed being made up. Maybe we can work that out too, but I should think he'd be better off in a hospital."

"No," said Tommy. "He can't stand hospitals. They make him worse."

"All right, being he's a friend of yours."

As she was leaving the room, Tommy asked, "Has Sarah Jane gone out?"

"Yes. She's gone to fetch her clothes."

"When will she be back?"

"I don't know. She's just gone."

Tommy went on arranging his tie. "Okay," he said without looking at her.

But Mrs. Lefferty was suspicious. She said, "What's the matter with you and Sarah Jane?"

"Nothing."

"Why don't you want to see her?"

"I didn't say I didn't want to see her. I just asked if she'd gone out."

But that didn't fool Mrs. Lefferty. She went downstairs to the kitchen, but she wasn't deceived. She knew there was some kind of a mystery.

AT the kitchen table something happened to Tommy. Perhaps it was the sight of the familiar kitchen itself, unchanged after so many years, with the same old-fashioned chairs, with Maggie's worn raincoat and battered hat with a feather hanging against the wall, with the same plates and tea cups which he had noticed for the first time when he was spanked for breaking one of them as a little boy of four in the kitchen of poor Miss Minnie's house . . . Perhaps it was that in all the suffering he had known during the five missing years, he had become more human and honest and much nearer to reality and truth, sloughing off all the pride and falsity and vanity which had corrupted him . . . Whatever the reason Tommy underwent a sudden change. He had become another person, a person who seemed, after those five hard years, almost a stranger, even to himself.

Mrs. Lefferty with a leap of the heart, saw it almost at once. He had come back to her, not only the Tommy who had gone away five years ago, but the Tommy he had been before poor Miss Minnie sent him away to be educated.

And presently, quite easily, he was telling her what had happened to him since he went away, how he had planned to be rich and successful and some day have enough money to buy a place in the country for her and Maggie. He told her about the fine job he had got in the mills belonging to the father of one of the boys he had known in college, and how quickly all that dream had vanished at the first sign of bad business; how, one by one, he had tried other college friends, how some had put him off with smooth words and others had simply told him to get out, and how he had wandered from job to job, trying to gain a foothold anywhere, even on the lowest rung of the ladder of success, and finally how he had been content to do anything at all simply to get a place to sleep and enough food to keep him alive, and how sometimes he went without anything to eat at all for days at a time, and how at last Mr. Grasselli had befriended him and given him a job as a secretary and manager of his personal affairs.

He did not tell her that he had disappeared because he was ashamed of herself and Maggie and the noisy Sarah Jane. He did not tell her that while he was in college he had pretended to be an orphan and the nephew of poor Miss Minnie. He did not tell her of his wild ambition to become rich overnight. And he did not tell her all the low things he had done from time to time simply in order to be able to go on living. And he did not tell her what Mr. Grasselli's business was.

Lately, he said, he had gone back to playing the piano and that he was more thankful now than he had ever been to poor Miss Minnie for the lessons she had paid for long ago. He told her that he was writing songs but that he hadn't had much success as yet because it was so hard to get a "break." And he asked her if they could have poor Miss Minnie's piano tuned so that he could work at home.

When he had finished, Mrs. Lefferty held her peace and did not tell him her own troubles and the letter from old Mr. Prendergast and the menace of taxes and insurance which hung over her and Maggie's head. Poor Tommy, she thought, he had enough to bear.

For nearly a year Sarah Jane had known that Tommy was alive; for most of that time she knew where he was and for a part of the time she suspected, at least, what he was doing. But Tommy had made her promise not to tell. It was a promise Sarah Jane would have broken if she had seen fit to do so; she kept it because she had no more desire than Tommy to tell Mrs. Lefferty and because, oddly enough, Tommy was the only person in the world, save Maggie, who could ever exert even the faintest control over Sarah Jane.

In the Fifties, not far from Eighth Avenue, there was a kind of all-night lunch with a false front. To the uninitiated it displayed a shabby, sordid façade with the legend THE EXCELSIOR CAFE AND LUNCH ROOM stenciled in chipped and fading paint on the dusty windows. If you didn't know the place the best you could expect was a bad snack cooked and served by a Greek known as "Pete." You could eat and go away again without suspecting anything.

Those who knew the place, entered, exchanged a word or two with Pete and then walked directly through a door which was marked "Lavatory." To a stranger this would have appeared a fabulous place, capable of swallowing up whole armies of people who entered and never came out. The secret was simple. There was a lavatory behind the door, but there was also a long hallway which led into a back room. This, unofficially, was known as The Excelsior Club.

Sarah Jane came and went, to and from the Excelsior Club, miraculously escaping any trouble more serious than an occasional scandal like that of Mr. Myers and the vestibule.

And then one night when she came in there was a new man playing the piano. She did not notice him at first. It was only when he began playing Irish tunes like "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "Mother Machree" that she noticed something different about the music, some quality which, together with the music itself, made her cry without quite knowing why. It made her think first of the good old days in poor Miss Minnie's house with herself and Maggie and Mr. and Mrs. Lefferty all sitting about listening to the miraculous Tommy playing tunes which brought tears to all their eyes. And then slowly, as she listened, it seemed to her that it must be Tommy himself or Tommy's ghost who was playing the piano because she had never heard anyone play "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" like that with little trills all through it.

RISING halfway out of her seat, she peered through the smoke at the back of the pianist's head. It was . . . no, it couldn't be . . . exactly like the back of Tommy's head. She knew the way the curly black hair grew close and vigorous. But it couldn't be Tommy . . . not the Tommy who had a college education and wanted to be a swell.

She pushed the table violently away from her, rose and went all the way across the room to make certain. Before she reached the piano she knew that the player was Tommy, a Tommy who looked tired and thin and played the piano dully, without enthusiasm, a cigarette hanging from his lips . . . a Tommy who she knew at once was crushed. The old gay, funny look wasn't there. He looked much older and his whole body seemed to droop.

She took a chair and placed it beside him and sat down and even then he seemed completely unaware of her presence. He went on playing absent-mindedly, as if his spirit had left his body there functioning mechanically and gone away.

She said, "Hello, smart guy!"

He turned and looked at her, not seeing her at first, as if he had to wait for his spirit to rejoin his mechanically functioning body. Then he said, as if he'd never gone away before, "What are you doing here?"

He went right on playing because that was his job and because he could do it without effort or concentration.

"Where have you been?" asked Sarah Jane.

Tommy raised one hand from the piano to chuck his smoked-out cigarette. Then he went right on again. "Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, Panama . . . a lot of places."

"Never sending a word to your poor old mother."

"Leave my poor old mother out of it."

"She's been nearly crazy sometimes."

"Yeah? You don't need to tell me about that."

He looked away from her and went into another tune.

"Will you come home with me tonight and surprise her?"

"No," said Tommy.

"Why not?"

"I've got plans," he said. "You keep out of it. I don't suppose you can, but anyway I'm warning you."

"I'm gonna tell her," said Sarah Jane.

"If you tell her, I'll go away again and never come back."

She wanted to say something to reach him but she did not know what to say or how to say it. He turned away from her. She saw cords at the back of his neck stand out and his jaw suddenly grow hard and then she knew there wasn't anything to be done, not right now anyway.

"Where'll I find you," she asked. "Here?"

"Yeah . . . off and on."

So week after week, month after month, they saw each other infrequently and nearly every time the encounters ended in smart cracks and insults. And then suddenly Tommy inexplicably came home, bringing with him the mysterious Mr. Grasselli, and the moment Sarah Jane heard of it, she grew suspicious. She knew her way about. She didn't like the smell of Mr. Grasselli and she determined to find out who he was and why he had chosen to become a pensioner of Maggie and Mrs. Lefferty.

BUT finding out who Mr. Grasselli was, was no easy matter.

None of the boarders ever saw him, not even Miss Flint, who found excuses to go up and down the stairs several times a day and even managed to linger on Mr. Grasselli's landing for an hour or two at a time in the pretense of mending the curtains. No one, not even Maggie, saw him but Tommy and Mrs. Lefferty.



Neither Sarah Jane nor Miss Flint (ZaSu Pitts) ever saw the mysterious new boarder

Tommy brought in newspapers for Mr. Grasselli, a good many of which Mrs. Lefferty had never seen before—*Variety*, *The Daily Mirror*, *The Daily News*, *The Racing Form* and *The Hollywood Reporter*. Tommy said he read them not so much for the international and political news as to keep in touch with his friends. Now and then, about once a week, Tommy went out and returned with a visitor for Mr. Grasselli, a short, rather plump Jewish gentleman with thick glasses, dressed very quietly and respectably, and always carrying a leather dispatch case with a gold lock on it. He would remain in Mr. Grasselli's room for a couple of hours and then go away again. Tommy told Mrs. Lefferty that his name was "Mr. Hirsh," but "you'd be surprised if you knew who he really was." That was the nearest Tommy ever came to giving away a hint of Mr. Grasselli's true identity.

Slowly the thing became an obsession with Sarah Jane. When she was not in bed eating chocolates and reading the *Daily Mirror* and the picture magazines and putting on weight, she spent all her time in trying to discover who Mr. Grasselli was. From Tommy she could gain not the slightest hint. They did not see each other very often even though they lived now in the same house, for Tommy, at the moment, was just a little afraid of Sarah Jane and Sarah Jane shrewdly divined that the time for breaking down Tommy would never arrive so long as Mr. Grasselli was there in the house troubling Tommy's conscience. For she knew almost at once that there was something shady about Mr. Grasselli and that Tommy was worried.

Now and then she encountered Tommy working over his songs at poor Miss Minnie's piano. She did not hesitate to attack him on the subject of Mr. Grasselli. One day she said, "If you want to get yourself into trouble, it's okay by me, but you haven't any right to drag your mother and Ma into it."

"Who's dragging them into anything?"

"What's he hidin' from?"

"He's not hiding from anything. Go on away and let me work."

"You might give me an idea of one of your songs."

"Sure," said Tommy. "I didn't know you were interested."

So Sarah Jane sat down and lighted a cigarette and listened while he played. At first she lay back in poor Miss Minnie's armchair, relaxed and not very sanguine in her expectations. Then slowly, as Tommy played, she sat up a little in the chair, and by the time he had finished, she was sitting on the edge.

"Jeez . . ." she said. "That's good! Where'd you learn to do that?"

"Haven't you ever heard about genius?" asked Tommy.

He handed her the manuscript and she looked over it. When she handed it back to him she said, "Well, what d'you know about that? It looks like the real thing . . . all written out and everything. I didn't know you were so smart. Where'd you learn to write out music?"

"Well, that's one of the things I learned wandering about."

The shoe was suddenly on the other foot and both of them were aware of it. Sarah Jane was not treating him now as if he were a naughty half-witted child who had to be taken care of. She was impressed, and in her simplicity she collapsed at once. The fact that she was impressed changed her, and Tommy saw that too right away. He swelled a little with pride. He lost the defensive air of indifference and defeat. His eyes became brighter and the color came into his pale face. It was as if the old Tommy had suddenly returned. Sarah Jane noticed it at once and thought, "Maybe that's done it. Maybe if I keep on telling him he's God himself, I can get through to him." The emotion wasn't false, either. The song, she thought was swell.

"Got any others?"

He played three others, singing the words in the husky tenor voice which she loved. When he had finished, she said, "You're wonderful. Maybe you'd let me take a crack at singing one of 'em?"

"Since when do you sing?"

"I've always sung."

"Yeah, I remember," said Tommy. "You and poor Miss Minnie's cats."

Miraculously Sarah Jane kept her temper. "Well, I do sing," she said. "I've sung in public even . . . twice . . . not very good places, but I got away with it."

"Okay," said Tommy without enthusiasm. "If you want to try."

"Sure I do."

So they chose a comedy song. "What Am I Gonna Do Now?" There was a great deal of difficulty over the key, but at last they found it and Sarah Jane sang from the manuscript leaning against poor Miss Minnie's piano, and when she finished, Tommy looked up at her.

"Not bad," he said, patronizingly. "Not bad at all."

"Thanks," said Sarah Jane. "Jeez . . . we ought to make a team. We'd be good."

"Yeah," said Tommy. "But not so good at starv-ing to death."

"We could get a break someplace."

"Where?"

"Well, I don't know. We could get somebody to take us on. Of course I can sing it better than I did. I'd never seen it before. I've got ideas about how to build it up."

"When did you take lessons?" asked Tommy.

"I never took any lessons. You don't need any lessons to sing a song like that."

"Thanks," said Tommy.

"I didn't mean it that way. You know what I meant. If a girl's got any talent, she ought to work a song like that out her own way. She ought to trust her instinct."

"I suppose you would take a few suggestions."

"Sure," said Sarah Jane, "from the composer. Give me a chance to work it up."

"Okay. Maybe that'll keep you from annoying Mr. Grasselli."

"Sure," said Sarah Jane.

She had never lost her temper once. Although a score of smart cracks came into her head, she had managed to suppress every one of them. When she went up to her room again, she couldn't quite believe what had happened, but she was glad, because for a minute or two she had recovered the old Tommy, quick, humorous, lovable. "Jeez . . ." she thought. "Mebbe love makes you keep your temper. Mebbe I'm in love. Mebbe that's the way it feels." And then suddenly a great revelation came to her. Maybe that was what had been her trouble all along. Maybe that was why she never seemed able to get along with men. Maybe you had to keep telling them that they were God himself.

BUT she didn't leave Mr. Grasselli in peace. She knew perfectly well that he wasn't having any nervous breakdown and that he was in the house for no good reason.

At first she began on Mrs. Lefferty, questioning her, but she didn't find out anything because Mrs. Lefferty really didn't know anything, except that one day when she had gone into the deep closet where he kept his clothes and picked up one of his suitcases to move it out of her way, it fell open and revealed three revolvers and a big complicated piece of machinery which must have been a gun. She couldn't say because she'd never seen anything like it before. When it happened, she said Mr. Grasselli got very mad and followed her into the closet and asked her what she was poking around in there for. Then she lost her temper and told him she wasn't poking around but only doing her work and if he didn't like it he could leave.

That was exactly what Sarah Jane had expected. And then she had an inspiration. Now and then Mr. Grasselli did have to go to the bathroom. These visits she discovered were made either late at night or early in the morning when there was no one about.

At the end of the bathroom there was a sort of shallow curtained alcove where Mrs. Lefferty kept towels and soap, and here one night, after pretending to everyone, including Tommy, that she had gone to bed, Sarah Jane concealed herself and waited. When Mr. Grasselli came into the room she would emerge from the alcove and pretend that she had come for a towel or a cake of soap.

A little after midnight she hid herself. She must have been there for more than an hour when she heard his door opening and his step in the hallway. Peeking out from between the curtains she saw the door of the bathroom open a few inches and one eye peer round the corner to make certain the coast was clear. When the eye discovered the room was empty the door opened and the rest of Mr. Grasselli came into the room, and she knew at once who Mr. Grasselli was.

Pushing the curtains back, she came out and as she emerged, Mr. Grasselli's hand went swiftly into the pocket of his dressing gown. And when he saw that it was only Big Sal, he took it out again.

Sarah Jane said, "So you're Mr. Grasselli!" "Yeah, and you've got a nerve spying on me. Iotta gone away," he said, "when I discovered you was livin' here."

"I'm not gonna bite you." Then she didn't pretend any more. "I only wanted to know what Tommy had got himself mixed up with."

"Well, don't worry. I'll beat it now. Anyway nobody would have got into any trouble. They only want me on account of Income Tax."

"Yeah, I read that in the papers. It was kinda dumb of me not to guess you and Mr. Grasselli was the same. Nice of you to get us all in trouble. I suppose we'll all get pinched now."

"No. None of you'll get pinched. I'm gonna give myself up when the time comes. Only the case ain't ready yet. We're just preparing it. When it's ready I'll beat it and nobody'll ever know I was staying here. They can't ship me up the river. They haven't got anything on me. Only we got to make everything tight before we take a chance."

"How was Tommy mixed up with you?"

"He wasn't mixed up with me. I liked the way he played a hot piano and I told him I'd help to get his music published, and then I asked him if he knew about a good hideaway. It had to be a place in New York where I could see my lawyer. I didn't even want any of the boys to know where I was. They're all kind of nervy just now and one of 'em might squeal to get himself off. And he said he knew a boardinghouse that would be the last place in the world anybody would think of looking for Monk Maguire. He was right, all right. Nobody would ever think of looking for me here. Only he didn't

tell me before I came that you was here in the same house."

"He didn't know it then," said Sarah Jane. "Did he tell you after?"

"No, I heard your voice. I'd know that voice any place. Well, what are you gonna do about it?"

"You must get awful sick of that one room."

"I am beginning to feel a little nuts from being shut up so much."

"Why don't you come down for meals, that would be a change?"

"I'm not so hot about being seen just now."

Sarah Jane laughed. "None of them would ever know. You oughta see the rest of 'em. Why, they ain't even alive. At least they don't live in New York. They're a lot of fossils." And she proceeded to give him a description of old Mr. Van Diver and Miss Flint, Mr. Boldini and Mr. Salmon. "You're safe as a church with them around. Sure, they'd make you laugh. . . ."

"Well, mebbe I'll think about it."

Sarah Jane opened the door and went out.

And then the worst happened. As she passed Tommy's door, it opened and Tommy's head was thrust out.

"Now you've done it," he said. "Spoiled everything with your spying."

"I haven't spoiled anything. I've just kind of cleared up the situation."

"Yeah?" He began to swear at her.

"Calm down! Calm down! He's not gonna beat it. He's staying right here and he's even coming down to meals. Leave him to me. I know him better than you do."

"He was going to give me a break," said Tommy. "He could have helped both of us."

"He mighta talked about it before," said Sarah Jane. "Now he's gonna do it. Believe me, he's gonna. Go on back to bed. I've been waitin' for years for a break like this."

THE next evening Mr. Grasselli came out of his retirement and appeared at dinner all dressed up in a dinner coat and a black tie, his sandy hair all oiled and shiny, and his appearance was the greatest moment in the history of Mrs. Lefferty's boardinghouse. Mrs. Lefferty put on her best dress and Miss Flint, making a supreme effort, hastily ran up a concoction made of the bottom of one dress and the top of another. She it was who appeared the most deeply affected by his presence. She giggled and bridled, shaking her earrings and whenever she talked, she was completely incoherent.

For two weeks, ever since the arrival of Mr. Grasselli, the idea of him had obsessed her. In the solitude of her own room she invented the wildest fancies about Mr. Grasselli—how after all these years he had come to her—the man for whom she had been waiting for all her life. So when Mr. Grasselli came down the stairs and entered poor Miss Minnie's parlor she had thought, "Here *He* comes."

He was not exactly what she had thought *he* would be. He was not handsome and she had not exactly expected him to be a little walleyed, but he had other qualities. Perhaps it was the hardness of his jaw and the cruel twist of the lips, the coldness in the shallow blue eyes, in which she found compensation. In any case *he* was a success, perhaps because his appearance was a surprise.

Mr. Boldini and Mr. Salmon bristled a little at the appearance of another male boarder, and Mr. Salmon became aware at once that Mr. Grasselli did not speak like a gentleman. At his corner of the table old Mr. Van Diver chortled and chuckled to himself, pleased and faintly aware through the haze of immense age that there was excitement about and that everyone was happy.

Oddly enough the only one at the table who felt uncomfortable was the newcomer. Never before had he seen such courtly old-fashioned manners as those of old Mr. Van Diver and Mr. Boldini, Mr. Salmon and Miss Flint and Mrs. Lefferty herself. And afterwards in the "drawing room" (which was a word Mr. Grasselli had never even heard) while Mrs. Lefferty sat pouring out coffee as poor Miss Minnie had done evening after evening for nearly sixty years, his fear and awkwardness increased. He became, also for the first time in his life, conscious of his own language, and aware that very often he expressed himself in words and expressions which the other boarders seemed to find quite as new as he found the name of the room in which they were sitting.

After dinner Mrs. Lefferty and the boarders were aching to return to the nonstop rummy game

but none of them was impolite enough to propose it until Sarah Jane, feeling that the atmosphere was becoming more and more arid and strained, asked Mr. Grasselli if he played rummy. He didn't, he said, but he played all kinds of cards and liked playing. He said that he guessed he could learn.

"They don't play for money," said Sarah Jane.

"Okay," said Mr. Grasselli.

So Mrs. Lefferty fetched "the old gentleman's" gaming table and they all sat down to play. The game relieved the atmosphere enormously and after a little while Mr. Grasselli, with the worn playing cards in his fat ugly hands, began to feel more at home. He picked up the game very quickly, and after the second hand, no longer needed the solicitous help and advice of Miss Flint. And when the second game went to him, Mrs. Lefferty took out the copy book in which she kept the running score and wrote "Mr. Grasselli," and under it the figure one.

"Now," she said to him, "you're one of us."

Mr. Boldini won the next game and while Mrs. Lefferty put away the cards and the score, he excused himself, and took Fanto for his nightly airing.

"That's a funny looking dog," Mr. Grasselli observed. "I've never seen one like that except on the stage."

"Fanto's been on the stage," said Miss Flint eagerly, "and he knows the most wonderful tricks. You'd never believe what he can do, Mr. Grasselli."

"Sure," said Mrs. Lefferty. "And Mr. Boldini is a magician . . . a wonderful magician."

"They ought to give a performance for Mr. Grasselli. About twice a year Mr. Boldini gives a performance just for us."

And then Mr. Boldini returned with Fanto who made his entrance walking on his hind legs, and Mrs. Lefferty suggested the performance.

"Of course," said Mr. Boldini. "What about the end of the week? We've got some new tricks we've been practicing. We'd like to try them out. How about it, Fanto?" And the poodle went into a outburst of happy barking.

"And Mr. Salmon could read his poems," said Miss Flint.

"Oh . . . no . . . not really . . . I couldn't," said Mr. Salmon.

"If you'll read your poems, Mr. Salmon, Tommy and I will play and sing for you all," said Sarah Jane.

This was not entirely an innocent remark. In the first place she thought Mr. Salmon's poems were the funniest things she'd ever heard, funnier than anything she ever found in the theater, funnier even than Mr. Boldini when he was giving a performance. And in the second place it would give her and Tommy a good chance to show Monk what they could do. By Friday they'd have four or five songs all worked up and ready.

AFTER that Mr. Grasselli came down every evening to dinner, and every evening there was a rummy game, and every evening he won more often than anyone else. After the second night they let him do all the dealing because it went so much faster, and so he became a kind of *croupier* in the gambling hell of poor Miss Minnie's drawing room. Sometimes Tommy stayed in and played the piano and once he went out with Sarah Jane to the pictures. Then on Thursday, the day before Mr. Boldini's performance, two things happened.

In the morning Sarah Jane came upon Mrs. Lefferty sitting on a chair in Mr. Boldini's room with a letter in her hand, weeping. When she questioned her, Mrs. Lefferty simply handed her the letter. It was brief. It said that the interest was overdue and that something would have to be done about it. The bank, said the letter, had been lenient and put up with delays in the past, but under present conditions, it could no longer continue such a policy.

"So that's it!" said Sarah Jane. She knew now that all along she had been aware that there was something wrong, but she hadn't imagined that it was as bad as this.

It struck her for the first time that Maggie and Mrs. Lefferty weren't so young any more. They couldn't go on working, looking after people forever. She didn't know exactly what she was going to do, but she meant to do something. The idea did not come to her until late that same evening when she was watching the rummy game.

Somehow the spirit had been going out of the game, slowly, bit by bit, night by night. In four nights Miss Flint hadn't won a game nor had Mr. Salmon. Mr. Boldini had won a single game and Mrs. Lefferty had won two. All the others had gone to Mr. Grasselli. And then Sarah Jane, watching,

discovered the reason. Mr. Grasselli was stacking the cards. Once she was suspicious, twice she was very nearly sure and on the third occasion there was no doubt.

For a second she very nearly lost her temper and made a big scene. Mr. Grasselli won the game, and after that everybody went to bed. While Mrs. Lefferty was putting away the cards, Sarah Jane said to Mr. Grasselli, in a low voice, "Wait a minute, Monk. I want to tell you something."

"Okay," he answered. "But lay off that name."

"All right, Mr. Grasselli." Then she said to Tommy and Mrs. Lefferty, "I'll be up in a minute. I want to talk to Mr. Grasselli about something confidential. I'll put out the lights."

Tommy looked at her curiously, and Sarah Jane's heart gave a sudden leap. This time it wasn't a look of anger, because she might be stirring up trouble for Mr. Grasselli. It was a look of jealousy. There was no mistake about it.

But Tommy and his mother went upstairs and when they were well out of hearing, she said to Mr. Grasselli. "Well, of all the cheap, lousy crooks!" "What's the matter now?"

"Palming the cards in a game with a lot of old women."

"Who was palming any cards?"

"Listen, I wasn't born yesterday. I saw you do it not once but twenty times."

"So what?"

"It would be bad enough if you were taking their money . . . but you're taking their fun from 'em . . . about the only fun they have."

"I never thought of that. My God, I've got to have a little fun myself. I guess it's a kind of habit. I guess I'm goin' nuts here anyway, bein' shut up all the time."

"You oughta be ashamed of yourself."

"I am ashamed of myself. I won't do it again, only I've got to have a little fun now and then." He was ashamed. She had never hoped for that—a Monk Maguire who was ashamed.

"Sure. Well, I can tell you how to have some fun. I can tell you how you can square yourself."

Mr. Grasselli looked at her with his one good eye. "What?" he asked.

"Sit down."

Mr. Grasselli sat down.

"The old girls are broke," said Sarah Jane. "They're gonna lose the house if something isn't done."

"What, for instance?"

"Some money."

"How much?"

"They got to have it right away. About two thousand."

"Oh," said Mr. Grasselli. "Two grand! I thought you was talking about real money. Sure, they can have it . . . tomorrow, as soon as Tommy can get it from my lawyer. What are they gonna do after that?"

The words of Mrs. Lefferty came to Sarah Jane's lips. "Something'll turn up." She didn't doubt it now.

Mr. Grasselli went upstairs, and when she had turned out the lights, she followed him. Just as she expected, Tommy's head appeared in the doorway of his room.

"What were you doing downstairs?" he asked.

"Business," said Sarah Jane.

"Don't pull that stuff on me."

"I'm not pulling anything on you."

"Well, take it from me. Don't get mixed up with that guy. I'll beat you up first. If Maggie isn't strong enough, I am."

In disgust she walked off and left him. It was only after she had gone that he remembered he still had not found out what her business with Mr. Grasselli had been.

She told him in the morning when Mr. Grasselli sent him with a note to "Mr. Hirsh," instructing him to pay over two thousand dollars. Mr. Grasselli hadn't any money or securities in the bank. They were all in the keeping of "Mr. Hirsh" where the government couldn't find out about them.

CHAPTER III

AT last the night of the performance arrived. Mrs. Lefferty arranged to have supper a little early so that she and Maggie could both be up in the drawing room by nine o'clock. Everybody was excited, even Mr. Grasselli, to whom the performance offered at least a change from the inevitable routine of rummy.

While Sarah Jane and Mrs. Lefferty arranged the room, Tommy, with a cigarette hanging from one corner of his mouth, played the piano in order to build up the mood. At the opposite end the audience seated itself. Mr. Van Diver, chuckling with an excitement which he understood only vaguely, Mr. Boldini a little nervous and Mr. Salmon with his tie and hair carefully ruffled, already getting into the mood. In the center of the audience in a large chair Mr. Grasselli had been given the seat of honor and next to him in a smaller chair drawn very close to his, sat Miss Flint like the Queen Consort. For the occasion she had tied a bit of black velvet about her throat and wore a butterfly of rhinestones given her long ago by one of her employers, pinned in her flaming hair. She clutched her handkerchief in her hand, and kept saying, "Oh, I've never been so excited." She kept smoking incessantly. The smoke of her cigarette drifted upward and mingled with that from the expensive cigar made especially for Mr. Grasselli in Havana.

Presently Mr. Salmon retired and everything was ready and Sarah Jane stood up and announced that the program was about to begin. Mr. Salmon, she said, would open his program by reading two or three of his poems. After that would appear the Great Boldini and Fanto, the wonder dog, and it would close with an act by Tommy Lefferty and Sarah Jane Ryan, "Ryan and Lefferty," she said, "in a few songs."

Then Tommy left the piano and came to sit in the audience, and Sarah Jane went upstairs to summon Mr. Salmon, and suddenly, as if they were in a real theater, the audience lowered their voices and conversed in whispers. "Oh, I'm so excited," said Miss Flint.

MR. SALMON chose two poems out of his "Village" period. One was called, "In Praise of Venus," and the other "The Tea Shop Under the El."

Long ago as a handsome ox-eyed boy with an open throat reading before the literary ladies of the days before the war, he had acquired a special and impressive technique, in which there remained traces of the Oscar Wilde influence.

For a moment he seemed to go into a trance, waiting for the audience to grow calm. Then clearing his throat, he began.

"Oh, Venus, born of hot and languorous seas,
Creature of breasts and buttocks and dimpled thighs."

At the second line Mr. Grasselli began to feel nervous. Something about Mr. Salmon's poem, recited in the genteel surroundings of poor Miss Minnie's drawing room, seemed to him indecent. By the middle of the poem he began stealing glances to right and to left to see how the ladies were taking it. The faces of Maggie and Mrs. Lefferty were perfectly blank and filled with that look of awe which they both felt at any demonstration of literacy. On the angular, sagging face of Miss Flint there was a look of rapture as if Mr. Salmon's ode was written to herself instead of Venus Anadyomene. It made Mr. Grasselli suddenly suspect the authenticity of that atmosphere of gentility which made him feel so ill at ease.

There was a faint patter of applause to which the shocked Mr. Grasselli contributed nothing as a way of showing his disapproval. Then Mr. Salmon, after a bow, cleared his throat again and announced. "The next verse was written a great many years ago when I lived in Eighth Street. Some of you never knew Greenwich Village when it was the American Parnassus. Some of you are not old enough to have known it. I hope my few lines will give you an impression of what it was like during those Golden Days. The poem was called, 'The Little Tea Room Under the El.' It is written in free verse."

He began:

"Beneath the El obscured by the grim shadow of a prison,
Nymphs and fauns disported by the light of ancient candles on tables of ebony and lacquer red
Venus, enshrined, gave blessing to the revels unseen,
reclining on her bed of clouds. . . ."

As he read, recognition slowly dawned on Mr. Grasselli. The second poem, like the first, was filled with references to the more unmentionable parts of female anatomy, still designated by those refined words which Mr. Grasselli found so offensive; but this time Mr. Grasselli was less shocked than translated to the realm of wonder.

At the close of the poem Sarah Jane seemed suddenly to be overcome by an attack made up of equal parts of coughing and sneezing and ran from the room. Maggie looked after her severely.

Mrs. Lefferty leaned forward and said. "Isn't he wonderful?" and Miss Flint echoed, "Wonderful!" and Mr. Salmon came toward them and sat down, beaming. After all nothing had changed in forty years since he first read as a boy of twenty in Mrs. Van Rensselaer's drawing room on Sixteenth Street.

Then Mr. Boldini excused himself to go and fetch Fanto, and Tommy seated himself at the piano and began to play. Sarah Jane, who seemed to have recovered her coughing fit, returned, and took her place in the audience, but traces of the attack still remained, for every time she looked at Mr. Salmon it began all over again.

The appearance of Mr. Boldini was heralded by the wild barking of Fanto.

The entrance came as something of a surprise to everyone, for even Maggie and Mrs. Lefferty, as often as they have seen him go through his repertoire of old-fashioned tricks, had never seen him in costume before. He had chosen to appear as a Roman and was dressed in a suit of mail made of *papier-mâché* and painted bronze. Here and there the *papier-mâché* had given way beneath some ancient strain and cracked, leaving the bronze paint chipped and missing in spots. On his head he wore a helmet of pseudo-Roman design with a plume of black horse hair which fell to his shoulders and became confused with his own long black, dyed hair. Beneath the coat of mail he wore a sort of kilt which left his bony knees exposed, and fastened about his throat, and hanging down the back he wore a long cloak of faded purple pierced by a great many moth holes. One thing about the costume he had either failed to notice or been blind to; the armor had been made, in the classic Roman fashion, upon the mold of a heroic warrior with all the muscles of massive trunk moulded in high relief. Looking at it, one expected it to be accompanied by limbs of massive herculean proportions; instead, there emerged from the openings in the armor only Mr. Boldini's own skinny withered legs covered with black, coarse hair. The effect was that of a spider with a large body rearing into the air.

The sight, after the strain of Mr. Salmon's embarrassing words, was too much for Mr. Grasselli. He grew red in the face and choked and then snorted and went into a coughing fit like Sarah Jane. While he coughed and stuffed a handkerchief into his mouth, the Great Boldini waited with an expression of resignation on his face. Beside him Fanto wriggled and wagged his tail in impatience to show off before an audience. When Mr. Grasselli had recovered himself, Mr. Boldini, in his spectral tragedian's voice enriched by a heavy Trieste accent, said, "Ladies and Gentlemen: This evening I am going to exhibit to you a few tricks which I hope will hold your attention. One or two of them have defied the efforts of whole committees to understand. I regret that I have not my troupe with me and the stage is too small to employ all the apparatus which would be necessary to give you such an entertainment as I should feel worthy of the Great Boldini. However, we shall do our best. And now I take pleasure in introducing to you Fanto, The World's Wonder Dog."

At the sound of his name Fanto stood on his hind legs and made a bow. He heard the faint discreet murmur of Miss Flint saying, "Oh, the darling! Isn't he cute?" and gave a faint wag of his short tail in answer to the flattery.

THE Great Boldini went on with his tricks. There wasn't anything extraordinary about them. He contented himself with the tricks he passed off at the children's parties, simple ones in which he produced odd subjects out of the plumed Roman helmet and from beneath the flowing moth-eaten cloak, and slowly as he worked, he became aware that a terrible thing was happening, the same terrible thing which happened nearly always nowadays when he and Fanto appeared together at children's parties. Fanto, his "stooge," was stealing the show. His audience was more interested in Fanto than in the Great Boldini; and worst of all, as Mr. Boldini noticed from the corner of his eye, Fanto knew it and was showing off. He was insufferable, wagging his tail and whimpering and looking to the audience for approbation. Pangs of jealousy attacked the Great Boldini. And slowly the jealousy transformed itself into fury and Mr. Boldini came to a decision. He knew what he would do. He would punish Fanto. The new and wonderful tricks he had been rehears-

ing depended more upon Fanto than upon himself, and Fanto, whimpering and impatient, was longing for the moment when he might show off. Desperately Mr. Boldini kept trying to annex to himself the success Fanto was having behind his back. Inwardly furious, he would turn suddenly and pat Fanto's head and murmur, loud enough for his audience to hear, "Good old fellow" and "Clever dog." He would give the poodle a patronizing glance over his shoulder and then chuckle, with bitter artificiality as much as to say, "Haven't I trained him well? Isn't he a clever dog?" And all the time he was longing to pinch the incorrigible Fanto's ear or give him a good smack to put him in his place.

Behind the frozen smile he turned on the poodle, he came to a decision. He thought, "Very well, young man, 'I'll fix you! We won't do the new tricks at all!" And so instead of withdrawing for a moment to put Fanto into a travesty of his own Roman costume for the new tricks, he went suddenly into the goldfish trick, the breath-taker with which he always finished his act.

Fanto knew the goldfish trick! He knew it was the end of the act. Vaguely he suspected that he had been betrayed. He did not move a muscle while Mr. Boldini returned to the stage, faced his audience and impressively paused for a moment before producing a bowl of live goldfish out of the air itself. Then he acted. With a swift jerk of his teeth he snatched the Great Boldini's moth-eaten Roman cloak and from beneath it fell the bowl of goldfish, water and all, on poor Miss Minnie's Axminster carpet. The score was even!

For a moment there was a dreadful silence while the startled goldfish attempted to get their bearings and swim away over poor Miss Minnie's faded carpet; then came the explosion. The sight of the goldfish was one too much for Mr. Grasselli. He began to laugh softly at first and then louder and louder, and at the first chuckle Tommy and Sarah Jane were with him. There on the front of the stage beside a Great Boldini who was shattered, stood Fanto on his hind legs barking joyously and taking his bow.

Nothing could check the laughter. Mr. Grasselli shook in a terrifying way, clapping his hands together at the same time to create an applause which was worse than if he had kept silent because each clap was patronizing. Sarah Jane began to grow red in the face and choke again. Tommy howled. Maggie and Miss Flint glared at the offenders but nothing could stop the awful mirth.

Mr. Boldini dashed suddenly from the stage but Fanto lingered for a moment longer to savor to the full his triumph and success.

"That's great," said Mr. Grasselli, gasping for breath, "that's one of the best acts I ever seen."

"It wasn't meant to be like that. It's a wonderful trick," said Miss Flint with a frozen dignity. "Fanto is naughty. I can't imagine what got into him."

WHEN the wreckage had been cleared and the panting goldfish rescued they waited for Mr. Boldini before beginning "A Few Songs by Ryan and Lefferty." They waited for five minutes and then ten and then fifteen and then Mr. Grasselli had some brandy and at last Mrs. Lefferty rose and said, "Maybe I'd better see what is the matter," and left to go up to Mr. Boldini's room.

Upstairs she knocked once and then twice but there was no response and alarmed, thinking that Mr. Boldini in his humiliation might have done something terrible, she pushed open the door. She saw that Mr. Boldini, still in his *papier-mâché* armor was lying on the bed. Mr. Boldini did not even turn his head when she entered and for a moment she thought he might be dead, but when she touched his shoulder he turned his mournful bloodhound face toward her and she saw that there were tears in his eyes.

"Sure," she said, patting his shoulder, "it was nothing at all. It was a great success. Mr. Grasselli said he never seen such a funny act."

At this Mr. Boldini gave a great sigh and a groan and turned his face to the wall.

"They're waiting for you . . . Tommy and Sarah Jane . . . to begin their act."

At this Mr. Boldini gave a great snort of anger. Mr. Grasselli and Tommy and Sarah Jane had laughed. He could still hear the awful sound of their laughing.

"No," he said, "I couldn't go down. I couldn't face them."

"Sure, and you'll spoil all the fun."

"No. Never again . . . never again." Tears began to come out of the large bilious eyes.

"You're taking it too hard. Maybe some brandy would make you feel better."

Mr. Boldini made no response, "Sure, I'll bring you some brandy and they can begin the act and then you can come down."

She fetched a fresh bottle of brandy and a glass and left them on the table by his side and then returned to the drawing room.

"I guess we'd better go on with the program," she said, "he's all broken up. Maybe he'll come down later."

So Tommy went to the piano and Sarah Jane retired to the dining room to make ready.

It wasn't easy. Both of them were aware of that.

Sarah Jane signaled that she was ready and Tommy began to play. Turning to the audience he said, "This one is called 'Tit for Tat.'"

NOBODY had ever heard one of Tommy's songs through to the end and nobody had ever heard Sarah Jane sing one of them. Now for the first time they presented the whole, and astonishingly, it was good. Even the 1890 faction admitted it grudgingly.

Sarah Jane had put on a black evening dress, cut very simply and very low and she wore about her throat, tied carelessly, an immense scarf of plain white silk. For the first time Mr. Grasselli thought, "The girl's got a face. She ain't just all body. She ain't just simply a show girl."

And when she began to sing, Mr. Grasselli discovered that Sarah Jane not only had a face, but also she had a voice. It wasn't exactly a voice for grand opera, although the volume would have filled any vast auditorium, but it was a voice that did something to you. Mr. Grasselli, at least, was aware that it did something to him. And it was good music too. It was the first time that Mr. Grasselli had ever really listened to Tommy's music, the first time he had really seen that there was something in it. "Tit for Tat" was a swell song. The rhythm of it not only penetrated the critical consciousness of Mr. Grasselli, who might have been expected to understand such things, but Maggie felt it, grudgingly for she was still out of temper with Sarah Jane, and Mrs. Lefferty and even old Mr. Van Diver who at the second chorus began to hum softly off the key to himself.

As for Miss Flint, she appeared to be enchanted by the song and began to sway a little in sympathy, to tap the tip of her slipper on the floor and set her oriental earrings to jangling.

When Sarah Jane reached the end, there was a burst of applause and she noticed that Mr. Grasselli was applauding loudly and was quite red in the face, although it was impossible to tell whether this had been caused by enthusiasm or by brandy.

Then they sang another called "Here We Are in Love" and put a great deal of feeling into it and Mr. Grasselli sat still farther forward in his chair and about the middle of the song it occurred to him that he didn't know Sarah Jane at all. She wasn't just "Big Sal" that he'd known about Broadway for five or six years, a big good-looking show girl who was always getting into some kind of scrape. She wasn't dumb; she couldn't be dumb and sing like that. He did not understand that for the first time in her life, Sarah Jane was in love, richly, deeply, violently in love and when she fell in love she did it in a big violent way as she did everything else. She wasn't only doing her best for herself; she was working to put over Tommy's songs as well. In her heart, although she wanted a "break," she didn't really care about herself. She was straining every nerve for Tommy's sake.

Then after the second song she retired to the dining room and there was another wait of five minutes and then suddenly she appeared between the dining-room curtains, a Sarah Jane none of them but Tommy and Maggie had ever seen before because she was made up as a siren, the way she had been the day she came downstairs and frightened Tommy into an idea.

The sight of her made the room very still until she again leaned against the end of the old square piano, and Tommy said, "This one is called, 'I'm Nada McSweeney, the Glamour Girl.'" And then the silence was broken by a laugh, a loud belly laugh from Mr. Grasselli who had seen the point.

The song itself was funny. Tommy had hit it and in the lyric he told the story of Mary McSweeney who had been "discovered" and put into pictures, and how they blocked out her mouth and stuck on eyelashes and changed eyebrows and taught her to speak in a bass voice, and altered her figure and changed her name to Nada. The gestures, the intonations were nothing at all, the mere set outlines,

but so skillfully were they done that in turn she created Garbo and Marlene Dietrich and Katharine Hepburn and Myrna Loy and a half dozen others so that everyone in the room except Mrs. Lefferty, even old Mr. Van Diver who only knew them from his movie magazines, got exactly what she was doing and began to laugh. Mr. Grasselli laughed hardest of all.

She had won her audience, even the hostile audience of the Nineties. When she finished there was a lot of applause and Mr. Grasselli kept saying, "That's great . . . Say, I'd never have thought it. Say, that's great!"

Led by Mr. Grasselli they called for more but there wasn't any more, because, as Sarah Jane said, "That's all we've got ready. Tommy's got a lot more songs but I haven't got them worked up."

"Sing them over again," said Mr. Grasselli, so Sarah Jane sang them again, but this time differently, imitating a different star with each verse, and Mr. Grasselli laughed so hard that Mrs. Lefferty became alarmed for fear he might injure himself.

IN his own room, Mr. Grasselli got into a bathrobe and as he opened the door to go for his bath he discovered Miss Flint waiting in the hallway outside. He said, "Oh, hello!" with exaggerated casualness for he was not at all sure what she wanted or what she might do. At sight of him Miss Flint giggled and said, "I've got a surprise for you."

"What d'you mean, a surprise?"

She shook her finger at him. "I know who you really are."

Mr. Grasselli didn't like this. He looked at her for a moment and then said, "Well, who am I?" and Miss Flint opened her beaded bag and pulled out a clipping from a newspaper.

"Look," she said, "I found it in the kitchen."

It was a picture of the missing Monk Maguire but how she had ever divined that Monk Maguire and Mr. Grasselli were one and the same man, Mr. Grasselli was unable to discover.

It was one of the usual pictures, perhaps a little more generous than most, for it showed about a quarter of his face with his bad eye.

"I knew by the eye," she said in a voice filled with romantic overtones. Then she put her finger to her lips and the long earrings jangled. "But I won't tell," she said, "nobody could drag it from me. I can keep a secret." And she left him suddenly and went on upstairs, still bridling and giggling, to the tiny room which had once been poor Miss Minnie's linen closet. In bewilderment, Mr. Grasselli stood there until she was part way up the stairway, long enough to see her lean over the rail, shake her earrings at him once more, put her finger to her lips and say, "Mum's the word." Then she vanished, shaking with romantic excitement. She was feeling young again and almost up to date. She knew a gangster.

Inside the bathroom Mr. Grasselli swore loudly and eloquently while he waited for the water to fill the tub. Now, he knew, he would have to clear out, for his instinct, if not his experience, told him that Miss Flint, despite all her breathless promises could never keep a secret like that.

When he had finished his bath, he got into bed, turned on the radio and took up the papers to read about himself. And while he read and looked, he listened to the radio, turning from one station to another, in order to get one torch singer after another for he wanted to see whether Sarah Jane was as good as he thought she was. He listened to four and then he decided that he was right. Sarah Jane was better than any of them and Tommy's music was a lot better than most of the stuff that was coming out of the air. And suddenly Mr. Grasselli's great idea came to him.

Once the inspiration had lost its novelty he was surprised that he hadn't thought of it before. It made him decide to stay on at Mrs. Lefferty's despite even the peril of Miss Flint. With the great idea under way, Mr. Grasselli wouldn't have to be bored any longer.

CHAPTER IV

THE next day neither Mr. Boldini nor Mr. Grasselli left their rooms.

This was a disappointment to Sarah Jane for she had meant to take Grasselli aside and press the question of Tommy's songs. He had, she knew, plenty of connections and plenty of influence along Broadway. He could get them sung and even published.

And then in the afternoon just as she and Tommy had begun to work, Mrs. Lefferty appeared with the news that Mr. Grasselli would like to talk business with her in his bedroom.

She found Mr. Grasselli surrounded by bicarbonate of soda, the *Daily Mirror*, *Variety*, and a lot of legal papers which "Mr. Hirsh" had just left. As Sarah Jane entered, he turned off the radio.

She sat down and Mr. Grasselli said, "Well I'm gonna become a permanent, I guess, unless Nutsy Flint chases me out."

"Why? What's she done?"

"She's found out who I am."

"How?"

"By the pictures in the paper."

"Never mind, I'll fix her."

"How?"

"I'll tell her that if she breathes a word they'll take her for a ride."

"Okay. I've got an idea. My givin' money to the old girls ain't gonna save the place. It's got to be put on a payin' basis."

"Yeah," said Sarah Jane. "How?"

"Well. What about a night club?"

"Are you crazy? Can you imagine Ma and Mrs. Lefferty runnin' a night club?"

"They wouldn't run it."

"Who would?"

"I would. I gotta stay shut up here at least another six weeks, and I gotta have something to amuse me."

"It'll take you six weeks to get it goin'."

"Not me. I've got a couple of guys that'll make all the changes it needs in ten days. Anyway, that's not so tough. I don't plan to make a lot of changes."

"What are you gonna do?"

"Well," he said, "I plan to keep it pretty much as it is. I'd kinda like to get the atmosphere we had last night . . . you know, kind of old-fashioned and cosy, a sort of homelike night club."

"And then I've thought of a good name, too." He looked at Sarah Jane with pride.

"What?"

"The Golden Nineties! It ain't exactly original. It was Mr. Salmon's poems that give me the idea."

"The place ain't big enough."

"Yeah, that's just it. I plan to keep it small and exclusive, see? And have specialties to eat . . . make it an eating place where you get good food, not just one of these dumps where you pay a lot of dough for bad liquor and garbage. I wanta make it small and classy, see? With just a couple acts to amuse the clients."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, you and Tommy doin' four or five songs. I'd like to put you and Tommy on and Mr. Boldini and his act."

"Mr. Boldini?"

"Sure. Just the way he was. I never seen anything funnier. We would make the dog the star of the act and let Mr. Boldini play straight. See? Make them speeches just the way he does with that long face of his and then have the dog spoil his tricks every time."

"You mean, make the Great Boldini into a stooge?"

"That's it."

"You're crazy. You'd never get him to do that."

"Not even if there was money in it?"

"I doubt it."

"You gotta bring the old girls around. I've got to have some fun or I gotta find a new boarding-house. And you might ask Tommy to write a coupla Nineties numbers. I can kind of see you all dressed up singing a couple of old sob songs."

SHE couldn't take the thing up at once with Maggie and Mrs. Lefferty because Maggie was asleep resting her feet and Mrs. Lefferty was across the street seeing the new Hepburn picture. And she knew that Mr. Boldini wasn't in any mood to discuss becoming a "stooge" for his own dog; so she went downstairs and told Tommy all about it.

He listened while she told him everything and when she had finished, he said, "Well, what's the answer?"

"What d'you mean? What's the answer?"

"Well, what's he gettin' out of it?"

"Nothing . . . I guess, but amusement."

Tommy looked at her sharply, masterfully, as if he were already married to her and beat her every time she looked at another man.

It was a look that Sarah Jane loved.

"What about working up a couple Nineties songs like he suggested? You know . . . something comic,

like 'In the Baggage Coach Ahead' or 'Down By the Wayside She Fell' only kind of modern with a good tune you could dance to."

"I can't turn out songs like sausages."

"Well, I guess it won't hurt your genius this once. It don't matter if they're lousy as long as they're funny. We've got three or four good songs already. If you listen to me, they'll be playing 'Tit for Tat' and 'Here We Are in Love' over every hick station all over the country before we're open a week."

"Okay."

"You get to work on the songs, I'll do the rest of it."

"Okay."

When she left Tommy she went down to the kitchen and went through the whole pile of *Daily Mirrors* that Maggie kept in the corner to start the fires with each morning. Near the bottom she found what she wanted. Then she poured herself a cup of tea from the kettle of black liquid Maggie kept stewing all day on the back of the stove and sat down at the kitchen table. In about five minutes, as she expected, Miss Flint appeared for her afternoon cup of tea, and from the way she entered, tossing her head a little, Sarah Jane knew that she was thinking about Mr. Grasselli.

"Oh, hello!" said Miss Flint, very flip and modern.

"Hello," said Sarah Jane, "I thought I'd join you in a cup of tea."

"That's nice," said Miss Flint, pouring herself a cup of Maggie's witch's broth.

"I just had an idea," said Sarah Jane, "I wanted to talk to you about it."

"Yes?" said Miss Flint, blowing on her tea.

"I want a coupla dresses . . . old-fashioned ones . . . you know, the kind they used to wear in the Nineties. It's for a number I'm building up. You'd know how to make them, wouldn't you?"

"I guess I haven't forgotten how," said Miss Flint.



Grasselli (Humphrey Bogart) told Sarah Jane his plans for starting a night club

"Can you draw?"

"Yes . . . a little bit."

While she talked, Sarah Jane kept turning the pages of her newspaper, looking up now and then to watch Miss Flint.

"Well," she said, "make me a picture of a coupla dresses. Only I want 'em funny. You know, everything a little bit exaggerated."

Sarah Jane turned a page of her *Daily Mirror* casually and took another sip of black tea. "Isn't it awful," she said, "what goes on in New York?"

"Why?" said Miss Flint, "what's going on?"

"Just listen to this" and Sarah Jane began to read:

"Workers on a North River dredge early yesterday morning made a gruesome discovery when the shovel of the dredge dumped on to the deck a barrel containing the body of a man who had been tortured, strangled and his body placed in the barrel which was filled with liquid cement. Late this afternoon the body was identified as that of Buzzy Leibowitz alias Buzz the Whizz alias Little Hermy,

a member of the notorious Valparaiso gang.

"The impact of the barrel striking the deck cracked open the cement which encased the body, exposing it, naked and mutilated, but in a remarkable state of preservation owing to the cement which shut out all air."

Sarah Jane looked up from her paper. "Isn't that terrible?" she asked.

"Horrible," said Miss Flint in a weak voice.

"But listen to this!" said Sarah Jane.

"An autopsy showed that the victim had been tortured before being killed. The head and feet were tied together and the body covered with small wounds. About the neck there still remained the wire with which the victim had been garroted."

"What is garroted?" asked Miss Flint in a whisper.

"I don't know exactly," said Sarah Jane, "but I think it means slow strangulation. Listen!"

"It is believed by the police that the victim was murdered for squealing."

"Squealing," said Sarah Jane, "means betraying somebody." With one eye she regarded Miss Flint and saw that she had gone quite white. The rouge stood out on her cheeks in hard spots and her lips were trembling a little. She had forgotten all about her tea.

"Aren't you going to finish your tea?" she asked.

"I don't feel like it," said Miss Flint in a whisper.

"Listen," said Sarah Jane. And this time, although she regarded the newspaper again, she allowed her fancy to insert a line of her own creation:

"It is believed," she read, "that little Hermy talked too much and let slip a clue by which the police were able to arrest two other members of the gang. The body was identified by certain scars and dental work. The gold teeth for which little Hermy was famous, had been wrenched from his jaws, probably while he was still alive."

Miss Flint's hand went quickly to her jaw, and little beads of perspiration came out on her forehead.

"Look," said Sarah Jane. "Here's the picture of the barrel." She handed the paper across the table but Miss Flint recoiled from it.

"No . . . no . . . I couldn't look at it," she said and then rising unsteadily, she added, "I think I'll go upstairs and lie down. I don't feel very well."

WHEN she told the plan to her mother, Maggie looked at her with a fishy eye untrained by Sarah Jane's enthusiasm, and said, "No good will come of it, and how can I go into the night-club business at my age?"

Mrs. Lefferty received the news with a more open mind, warmed, as always, by the romantic character of her imagination.

There was a look in Mrs. Lefferty's blue eyes, the look that came into them whenever somebody offered her tickets in a raffle, or sold her worthless stock that was going to make her a millionaire. Sarah Jane knew that look. Mrs. Lefferty was making up stories. She knew that she had won.

She left them and went upstairs to Tommy, whom she found working on the new songs. When she and Tommy had gone over the new songs a couple of times, she left him and went upstairs to report to Mr. Grasselli. She was proud of her progress. Everything was practically set.

Mr. Grasselli wrote out a telegram. "Take that out and send it to 'Mr. Hirsh'," he said, "that'll get things started."

Before Maggie and Mrs. Lefferty had time to consider what happened, three men appeared at the kitchen door. Maggie would have sent them away but for the sudden appearance of Sarah Jane who conducted them through the kitchen and showed them where they were to go to work. About an hour later a contractor arrived and Sarah Jane and Tommy took him through the first and second floors showing him what he was to do.

There weren't many changes. Poor Miss Minnie's Axminster carpet was to be taken up and a floor of hardwood put down in its place and the opening between the dining room and the tunnellike drawing room had to be widened.

As for Maggie, she took up an embattled position in the kitchen and surrounded by workmen and dust and debris refused to be moved.

Only old Mr. Van Diver and Miss Flint seemed to be disturbed, for even Mr. Boldini, once he had been brought round, grew excited, and Mr. Salmon seemed to take on a new youth, for he became aware presently that he was being brought up to date in spite of himself. Only Miss Flint seemed odd

and depressed. Except at rare moments, she no longer tossed her head until the earrings jangled, and when she went out to the Women's Exchange now she always wore a veil, a relic of the Nineties, so thick that Sarah Jane wondered how she could see where she was going. Once more she took to being "followed," only now it was not by young men who were attracted by her charms but what she referred to as "rough individuals" who were bent on dark and sinister purposes.

THE "bringing-around" of Mr. Boldini was accomplished by Sarah Jane. She did it craftily, waiting for two days until Mr. Boldini appeared a little less yellow and depressed. When the first workman had appeared in the house, she allowed Mrs. Lefferty to tell him that Mr. Grasselli was planning to turn the place into a night club. This news he received with dubious enthusiasm, for he was still feeling embittered about everything even faintly connected with the show business. Then Sarah Jane allowed him a day of reflection. And on the fourth day, Sarah Jane knocked and bustled into his room full of enthusiasm and excitement.

"I've got news for you, Mr. Boldini," she said.

"What?" he asked with indifference.

"I've got a job for you."

"What kind of a job?"

"A job as a magician . . . a regular job, seven nights a week."

He began to display a faint interest.

"Yes," said Sarah Jane, "Mr. Grasselli thought you were wonderful."

"Mr. Grasselli," said Mr. Boldini in a hollow voice, "laughed. He laughed the hardest of all."

"He wants you to put on the act just as it was, with a few small changes."

She saw from the way he looked at her that he was beginning to be suspicious. "What changes?" he asked, in the same hollow voice.

"Well, you see, it's like this." Then suddenly she found that she had begun without knowing where she was going. She coughed and said, "It's difficult to explain . . . but you see, he liked the finish. He wants to make it all like that."

"You mean the part where everybody laughed?" He glanced suddenly at Fanto's basket and Fanto cowered with shame.

"Well, not exactly, only he wants to make it into a laugh act. See? He thinks it would be one of the greatest acts ever."

For a moment Mr. Boldini stared at her as if he could not believe his ears.

"Do you know what you're asking, young woman? Asking me, the Great Boldini, to make a prostitute of myself!"

"All Mr. Grasselli wants you to do is to do your magician's act up to date and teach Fanto to be a clown."

Mr. Boldini gave Fanto another savage look and again Fanto cowered with shame. "That's easy enough. That's all he is—a clown! There isn't a drop of artist's blood in him."

"Clowns can be artists, Mr. Boldini, just the same as you and me."

"All right," he said, "I'll think it over."

"I'll tell Mr. Grasselli." She knew Mr. Boldini meant to do it.

As she left the room she noticed that there was a new expression in Mr. Boldini's melancholy face, an expression she had never seen there before. For the first time he looked as if he expected something a little better than the worst.

THAT afternoon Mr. Grasselli himself honored Mr. Boldini by a call in his room and there, after Mr. Boldini had gone through another fine performance of indignation and wounded dignity and breast beating, they got down to brass tacks and discussed the act. The trouble, Mr. Grasselli knew from the beginning, would be in forcing Mr. Boldini to play "straight," to suppress his jealousy of Fanto and abandon all attempts to horn in on Fanto's success.

They went to work at once and for days they rehearsed the act above the din of hammering.

With a patience he had never known before Mr. Grasselli labored with Mr. Boldini until he came to the verge of giving up the whole thing as a bad job, and then by accident he found out how he could get the effect he wanted.

"Listen," he said, with exaggerated patience. "Get this in your mind, Mr. Boldini. I know it's the hardest thing in the world to get a ham to play a ham. See? You're a broken-down ham magician and every time you do a trick your dog spoils it and that makes you mad. Get me?"

But while he was talking an expression came over Mr. Boldini's face that very nearly frightened Mr. Grasselli.

"So I'm a ham, am I?" he cried. "A broken-down ham magician . . . me! The Great Boldini! You tell me that?"

Mr. Grasselli held up his hand. "Now, listen, Mr. Boldini I didn't say you were a ham. I was just telling you you must think of yourself as a ham. That's what acting is, ain't it? That's what great art is. Now listen, be sensible and go ahead with the act."

Fuming, Mr. Boldini went ahead with the act and miraculously in his fury and wounded vanity, he gave exactly the effect that Mr. Grasselli wanted. Crushing out his cigar, Mr. Grasselli lay back in bed and laughed, very nearly as hard as he had laughed on that first night. "That's it!" he said, "that's exactly it!"

Mr. Boldini beamed and Fanto, the clown, aware that he had at last got the laugh he wanted, barked and wagged his tail frantically.

"You're a great artist, Mr. Boldini," said Mr. Grasselli, "when you do it like that. Let's do it again and see if we can hold it."

In the meanwhile Tommy and Sarah Jane were making progress with their songs and Miss Flint was making progress with Sarah Jane's dresses.

Tommy had written two Nineties songs. One was called "The Poorhouse with You" and the other "She Was the Bartender's Sister." Now they had five good songs. Sarah Jane worked at them giving them everything she had.

But Tommy didn't seem properly excited about their debut. When Sarah Jane questioned him directly he said it wasn't anything, but he always looked away from her and she was sure again that there was something troubling him.

CHAPTER V

AND then suddenly the alterations were all finished and the chairs and tables installed and Maggie's two assistants arrived and in the afternoon there was a final rehearsal of cooks and waiters, captained by Victor Leontopopulos, a head-waiter who had served Mr. Grasselli at the openings and closings of countless night clubs and speak-easies. And at three o'clock, behind closed and curtained doors in poor Miss Minnie's drawing room, the performers held a rehearsal under the eye of Mr. Grasselli, the impressario. The act of "Ryan and Lefferty in a Few Songs" went perfectly, but Mr. Boldini was terrible. Sarah Jane and Tommy, watching, were aware of this and it troubled Sarah Jane that Mr. Grasselli either did not notice how terrible it was or he did not seem to mind. When she drew him aside after the rehearsal and said, "Old Boldini is going to be terrible," he only grinned at her and replied, "Never mind. He's going to be great. You wait and see."

"You're nuts if you think that," said Sarah Jane.

Then the worst happened about eight o'clock in the evening when Tommy didn't come down to dinner. He sent word by his mother that he didn't feel very well and wanted to lie down for a while in the dark. When Mrs. Lefferty told her the news, Sarah Jane was aware that all along she had known this was going to happen. Her instinct had told her that Tommy was still a broken reed that might under pressure collapse completely.

When she had eaten a quick but substantial dinner (for Sarah Jane was so healthy that she could not work on an empty stomach and nothing upset her appetite) she hurried up to Tommy's room.

She found him lying in the dark on his bed. He didn't even stir and made no effort to speak until she said, "Well?"

Then he said, "It's no use. I can't do it. You've got to find another piano player."

Fury blazed up inside her, but in the next second, remembering what she had learned, she counted ten before speaking and then said, "You must be crazy. I can't get a piano player at this hour. And anyway he couldn't do those songs the way we do them. Not even Paderewski could do it."

"I can't," said Tommy, "that's all there is to it."

"What's the matter with you?"

"I don't know . . . nerves, I guess . . . jitters. What you call neurasthenia. I'm scared."

Quietly she came round to the end of the bed and sat on the edge of it by his side. "Listen," she said, "you can't do that. You can't let us all down . . . not now, when everything is ready."

"I can't," said Tommy in a low voice. "I guess I'm going nuts. I've been trying to think of the

music and I can't even remember it. I guess I'm going nuts. If I went on to play I wouldn't know what I was playing."

He said almost in a whisper. "I don't want to act like this. I can't help it. It isn't my fault, Sally."

Her heart suddenly leapt. He had called her Sally long ago when they played together in the back garden; but he had never called her that since he came home. She knew suddenly that she didn't care about "The Golden Nineties" or her career or anything. She only cared about Tommy. But she knew too that she had somehow, to make him go through with their performance for his own sake more than for any other reason. She had to make him do it in order to save him.

"Don't you see?" he said, "I'm nuts or something."

She had to think quickly and skillfully; she knew that she could not risk making a mistake. After a little silence in which she abandoned thought and allowed her instinct to tell her what to do, she asked, "Is it on account of something that happened while you were away?"

He didn't answer her, and after another silence she said, "Was it something you did?" and in a whisper, he said, "Yes."

Then suddenly she took his hand.

"Tell me," she said, "it'll do you good. You know, don't you, that I'm all for you? . . . that I'd do anything for you. You know that, don't you, Tommy?"

After a long silence, he said, "I was in jail."

That didn't surprise her, because it was what she expected. "What for?" she asked.

"Bootlegging . . . in Detroit."

She laughed. She couldn't, in her relief, help herself. "That doesn't matter," she said, "bootlegging wasn't any crime. Everybody did it . . . everybody was guilty . . . people who drank were just as guilty. Nobody cares about that."

"I beat it," he said. "I got out of jail by a trick and beat it."

"Well," said Sarah Jane, "that was very smart of you. So what? All that's finished."

"It wasn't only that," said Tommy. "It was a lot of other things I did."

"What?"

"It's no good telling you some of the things. I'm ashamed to. I'm ashamed because I was ashamed of you and Ma and Maggie. I thought I was too good for you all until I found out I wasn't good enough."

"It don't matter, now," said Sarah Jane. "It's all finished. You weren't the same as Ma and me and your Mother. You're kind of a genius too, I guess . . . sensitive like. You were kind of different and you got to know a different kind of people. That's all washed up now. We're both down to brass tacks again. That's why I know everything is gonna be swell for both of us. I'll bring you a drink and you'll be all right."

"No," said Tommy, with a sudden return of hysteria. "I can't! I can't sit up there in front of all those people. I can't remember anything. It's all kind of come back at once in a heap. I can't explain exactly—only all I want to do is to hide—like this in the dark."

SO now, she knew, there was only one thing left to do, and again she knew that she mustn't do the wrong thing. It had to be just right. Again, she abandoned thought and trusted her instinct.

"Tommy," she said.

Out of the darkness his voice answered her, tired and frightened, "Yes?"

"Tommy, would you marry me?"

There was a silence and then he asked, "Do you really mean that? You're not kidding me?"

"I never meant anything so much in my life. I've always been in love with you, I guess. Anyway since I was about sixteen years old. Now, there it is! How do you feel about it?"

He pulled her hand up to his lips and kissed it. "There," he said. "That's how I feel. I guess I always felt the same way about you, only I was a fool. I didn't know it till just lately . . . I wanted to ask you, only I didn't dare."

Then suddenly he put his arms about her. He didn't speak at all but only kept saying, "Sally! My God, Sally!"

Then they both knew that it had been waiting for them all along, all the time, for years, and now when it came to them it was better than anything they had dreamed of because they *knew* each other. They had known each other always. There wasn't any strangeness. There wasn't anything they had to find out about each other.

At about eleven-fifteen the first clients began to arrive, and about a quarter to twelve poor Miss Minnie's drawing room and dining room were filled to capacity. Victor Leontopopulos had even set up two small tables in the hall and one against the back of the piano itself. There was a special table reserved for Mrs. Lefferty and the boarders, and here early in the evening Miss Flint and Mr. Salmon had installed themselves.

Mr. Salmon, in a dinner jacket, but still wearing his flowing tie, sat by the side of Miss Flint at the center of the table. Mr. Salmon, watching her, from time to time out of the corner of his eye, noticed that her "subconscious" was troubled by something. Her mouth and eyes twitched, worse than ever.

A moment or two after they were seated Victor Leontopopulos came over to the table and asked them what they would have to eat, handing them a menu filled with a list of Maggie's specialties which made them feel all at the same time at home and very strange, because it was the first time in all the years they had been here that they had seen Maggie's dinners set down in cold print. When they said they would wait for the others, Mr. Leontopopulos invited them to have a bottle of champagne, tactfully adding that he had received instructions that they were to have everything and that it would all be "on the house." So they had a bottle of champagne, and presently Mrs. Lefferty, with old Mr. Van Diver in tow, appeared through the passage from behind the screen and joined them.

Mrs. Lefferty wore a fine purple dress with poor Miss Minnie's seed pearls and looked very handsome, handsomer than Mr. Salmon had ever seen her look, and Old Mr. Van Diver wore a white tie and an odd old-fashioned tail coat which had turned a little green along the seams and been restored to something of its original color by Mrs. Lefferty with the aid of a bottle of India Ink.

Mr. Grasselli, opener and closer of night clubs and speakeasies, had done his work well. The room was full of important people—agents and actors, motion-picture people, columnists and newspapermen, racketeers and chiselers, and people generally who were in the "know." Taken as an audience, as a picture as a whole they frightened Mr. Salmon and Mrs. Lefferty; made no impression whatever on Mr. Van Diver, and only added to the terror of poor Miss Flint, whose eyes and mouth took to twitching harder than ever at sight of them. And Mrs. Lefferty, with a sinking of the heart, suddenly understood what had happened. Suddenly it wasn't fun and exciting like making up a story. She didn't like any of their faces any more than Miss Flint liked them. They weren't poor Miss Minnie's kind or her own. They were cheap.

Mr. Leontopopulos brought another bottle of champagne. They were all enjoying it and Mrs. Lefferty said it was kind of him to think of them. It was the first time in her life that Miss Flint had ever tasted champagne and she thought it was lovely. Mr. Salmon filled her glass twice and then three times and then four. And then suddenly without warning, from behind the screen which hid the dumb-waiter just beside them, appeared a face which was at once terrifying and familiar. It was Miss Flint who saw it first and she gave a faint scream, which attracted the notice of the others. What she saw was like something out of a nightmare, out of one of these dreams which she had been having night after night, of late. It was Mr. Grasselli, but a Mr. Grasselli none of them had ever seen before. His hair and new-grown mustache were dyed black, not a natural kind of black, but the black of shoeblackening, and he wore a pair of dark glasses which made it impossible to tell that he was walleyed. The whole face resembled more than anything else, the face of a walking corpse.

Miss Flint stifled her scream and Mr. Salmon pressed upon her another glass of champagne, and then the spectral face of Mr. Grasselli disappeared.

IT disappeared at the presence in the hallway of Mr. Boldini in his Roman costume accompanied by a panting and whimpering Fanto, a number of wands and rings and colored handkerchiefs and a bowl of live goldfish. Fanto was scarcely more excited than Mr. Boldini, but the magician managed to conceal his excitement beneath an expression of such smugness that at sight of him Mr. Grasselli thought, "I'll have to make him mad as Hell or he's gonna be terrible."

Then Tommy appeared, looking, Mr. Grasselli thought, like a stranger. He looked very smart and he held himself very straight and there was color in his face and a challenging twinkle in his blue eyes.

Mr. Grasselli looked at him hard; this couldn't be the Tommy who a couple of hours before had been too sick with stage fright to join the others at dinner. Then he drew Tommy aside.

"Listen," he said, "I forgot all about a master of ceremonies. You've got to be it. You've got to introduce old Boldini."

Tommy gave a signal to the tiny orchestra that sat pressed against the piano and there was a roll of drums and he stepped forward into the tiny space left just before the widened doorway from the drawing room into the dining room.

With the greatest of professional airs, he waited for the murmur to die away. Then he said, "Ladies and Gentlemen: I thank you in behalf of the management, the performers, the staff and myself for coming here tonight. As you see (here he looked all around the room), we are crowded to the doors. In spite of every effort, we have had to turn away a large crowd. We are doing our best. I hope you will like the place and that you find the food as good."

From the back of the room a voice said, "Great!" and from another corner a second voice said, "Swell!" Listening behind the screen, Maggie heard these compliments and beamed.

Then Tommy went on, "I hope you will like our performers of whom," he said modestly, "I am one. In any case the management hopes to give you something new. The first number on the program will be The Great Boldini and his dog, Fanto." (From behind the screen came the sound of a joyous bark, quickly stifled.) "There he is now," said Tommy.

Then he made a little bow, received a round of applause, and retired.

Mr. Boldini did not come out at once, but that was because Mr. Grasselli was preparing him for his appearance. In the half-darkness behind the screen Mr. Grasselli said, "Now listen, you old ham. Remember you're a lousy, broken-down magician and this is your chance to come back. Get on there and do your stuff. And for God's sake, try not to ham it!"



After her second song, the audience called for Sarah Jane and Tommy to come back

A look of fury crossed the bloodhound face. The mouth opened to speak, but no words came out, because before he could speak Mr. Grasselli, with the aid of his foot, sent him through the doorway onto the tiny stage, preceded by a barking, joyous Fanto.

The entrance of Mr. Boldini savored less of pomp and dignity than of rage.

There was a wave of laughter, and when Mr. Boldini glared at the audience in rage, they took it as a part of his role and began to laugh all over again. In a fury he went through the whole act, feeling against Fanto the same genuine resentment he had felt on the night when Fanto ruined everything. And each time the audience laughed at his anger, the laughter served only to increase it. Fanto was perfect, for he liked an audience. He made all the men laugh and he charmed the women, and the minute Mr. Boldini turned his back for a moment, to make one of his pompous speeches, Fanto turned a somersault or stood on his head to attract attention to himself. The goldfish trick was a triumph, and when Fanto upset the bowl on the floor, there was a tempest of laughter and applause.

The act was suddenly over and Mr. Boldini and Fanto were called back again and again. It was only then that Mr. Boldini grasped the fact that he had

been a success, and he was never aware that all the time, while he was playing the act in a blind rage, the audience had believed that the rage was acting. And now as the lovely sound of applause came rolling back to him, everything was changed; he forgot his anger and convinced himself that he had meant it that way. He had not been really angry; he was only acting. He even forgave Mr. Grasselli.

As for Fanto, he was beside himself, and after Mr. Boldini had taken his last bow and was turning to go up the stairs, Fanto turned, ran past him and had a final bow in which his master played no part. It was, after all, his right as the star.

At the boarders' table everyone drank another glass of champagne to the health of Mr. Boldini and Fanto, and a moment later Mr. Grasselli appeared to take a chair exactly opposite Miss Flint with his back to the audience.

IN the corner, by the door, Mr. Malkowsky, the great foreign movie director and his assistant, took a sudden interest when Sarah Jane appeared. He noticed that when she walked, there was in her walk a kind of beauty which a lot of actresses spent their lives working to acquire. He noticed the shrewdness with which she had costumed herself, wearing a simple dress which revealed the beauty of her body, but threw the attention to her face, and when she began to sing, he noticed that her voice, which was not a great voice, had in it a quality that sent a thrill down your spine. He noticed all these things.

His assistant noticed none of them. He knew the signs of Mr. Malkowsky's enthusiasm. So when Sarah Jane had finished her first song, the assistant said it first. He said, "She's great, isn't she?"

"Yes," said Mr. Malkowsky, keeping his eye on Sarah Jane.

Then Sarah Jane sang, "Here We are in Love," the second of her numbers, and at the end they would not let her go away but kept calling to her and Tommy to come back. There were cries of "Sal! We want Sal!" They all knew her. They were friendly toward her as a Broadway character and now when they were surprised by what she could do, they were pleased.

When they would not let her go she retired for a moment, and returned with her special make-up to sing, "I'm Nada McSweeney, The Glamour Girl."

This came as a surprise to Mr. Malkowsky, who had not thought of her as a comedienne, but when she finished, "I'm Garbo, I'm Dietrich, I'm Hepburn, I'm Loy," he pounded his fat hands together hysterically, and his assistant pounded his in imitation.

Then Tommy announced that they would return shortly with a couple of more songs, and the public tried again to dance and again gave it up.

At their table in the corner, Mrs. Lefferty and Maggie and the boarders, all save Miss Flint, were delirious with excitement. It was all better than they had hoped, better even than anything Mrs. Lefferty had made up in her story. She turned to Mr. Grasselli and said, "Is it always like this?"

And Mr. Grasselli said, "No, I never seen anything like it before." Then he leaned over and whispered to Mrs. Lefferty, "Maybe you'd better do something about Miss Flint. She looks to me as if she was gonna be sick."

Mrs. Lefferty looked at her and had the same idea. Miss Flint was staring sullenly through eyes that were a little glazed, directly at Mr. Grasselli. She had been staring at him like that for a long time, her face frozen, except for the twitch of the eyes and at the corners of the mouth. It was rather a terrifying look, and it made Mr. Grasselli feel very uncomfortable.

"Maybe you'd better take her up and put her to bed," he whispered to Mrs. Lefferty.

"Maybe I had," said Mrs. Lefferty. Then she got up and bent over Miss Flint and suggested that they both go upstairs and have some bicarbonate of soda, and Miss Flint, strangely enough, agreed with docility. But once in the room that had been poor Miss Minnie's linen closet, she refused to go to bed.

"No," she kept saying, "I'll be feeling better in a little while. Just leave me alone." She lay down on the bed fully corseted and dressed. "No," she said, "I won't go to bed. I'll be all right."

So at last Mrs. Lefferty closed the door and left her, and as soon as Mrs. Lefferty had gone, Miss Flint rose and put on her raincoat over her evening dress and put on her hat and her thick veil right on top of the rhinestone butterfly. Then she opened the door a little way and peered out, and when she saw there was no one about, she went out.

At each turn of the stairway she executed the same reconnoitering tactics until she reached the first

floor where in an unsteady dash, she went through the door and down the front steps, to the astonishment of the doorman who had noticed no one who even faintly resembled her entering the house.

THE Nineties songs had the same success as the earlier ones, and in his corner Mr. Malkowsky's enthusiasm grew. At the end he turned to his assistant and said, "Vell, vot do you tink of her?"

"What do you think?" asked the assistant.

"She's vunderful. She's just vot ve've been looking for."

So Mr. Bergman, the assistant, went over to the boarders' table, where Tommy and Sarah Jane had gone to join the others. The table was surrounded now by old friends of "Sal," by people who pretended they were old friends, by people who wanted to know her, by people who had given her an extra push when she was on the way down, but Sarah Jane wasn't deceived by any of it, because she'd been in the game too long.

What she did know was that this was success. When they came running like that, it meant the real stuff, more than compliments and applause and everything.

Mr. Bergman, the assistant, made his way through the throng and bent over her. "Excuse me," he said. "I'm assistant director with Colossal Pictures. I've got Mr. Malkowsky, the great foreign director, with me, and he wants to know if you'll have a glass of champagne with him."

"Sure," said Sarah Jane, rising.

The moment she saw Mr. Malkowsky, she thought, "He's a phony." She could tell it by the black Assyrian beard, by the unctuous voice, by the way he rose and kissed her hand. But almost at once she thought, "So what? Even if he is a phony, mebbe I can use him. I'll feed him up. What's the difference, if he 'discovers' me?"

So she fed him up, playing up to the shiny beard and the hand-kissing and the unctuous voice, and when she left the table, Mr. Malkowsky said, "Vell, I expect you then to have lunch vit me tomorrow at vun at the Waldorf."

"I'll be there," said Sarah Jane.

When she had gone, Mr. Malkowsky said, "She's vunderful! I tink I make a discovery."

"She's marvelous," said Mr. Bergman, the assistant. "Colossal! You've got a wonderful eye for talent."

When she got back to the table Mr. Grasselli had disappeared, because success had attracted to the table too many people who knew him. People came and went. Agents suggested meetings and one revue producer talked about a show he had in the fall, if Sarah Jane was "interested." She said she didn't know. She could tell him later. She had a good many plans to consider.

Finally about four in the morning there wasn't anyone left in the room but Sarah Jane and Tommy and a couple of tired waiters. They had expected that Mr. Grasselli would return, but he never did, so Sarah Jane said, "Let's go up and see him."

In the upper hallway, Tommy suddenly put his arms about her and said, "Well, we pulled it off, didn't we?"

"I'll say we did."

"And none of 'em knew why we were so good."

Sarah Jane laughed and kissed him and he said, "There was even a song publisher playing around. . . . Old Herman from Beck and Herman."

She went to Mr. Grasselli's door and knocked, and when there was no answer, Tommy pushed it open. Still there wasn't any sign of Mr. Grasselli and when they turned on the lights, the room was empty.

"That's funny," said Tommy.

"Maybe he's in the bathroom."

But he wasn't in the bathroom. They went all over the house, but they couldn't find any trace of Mr. Grasselli. Then it occurred to Tommy to ask the doorman.

Tommy described Mr. Grasselli's appearance, his black hair and mustache.

"Sure," said the doorman, "I seen him goin' out. A coupla cops had him. He looked kinda familiar to me, only funny."

If the cops had him there wasn't any use pretending any longer that Mr. Grasselli wasn't Monk Maguire, so Tommy said, "You know who he was, don't you?"

"No, who?"

"It was Monk."

"Jeez!" said the doorman. "I knew he was familiar."

Tommy went off alone around the corner to the police station. He found the sergeant and a couple

of sleepy policemen, and when he asked for Monk Maguire, the sergeant said, "And what d'you wanta see him for?"

"Because I work for him."

"How?" asked the sergeant.

"I play the piano in his joint."

"Oh," said the sergeant. "Well, that's different. He ain't here."

"Where is he?"

"They took him to headquarters, but there ain't no use in going way down there. You couldn't see him. Better wait till the morning."

"Okay," said Tommy. "Thanks."

As he turned to leave, the sergeant said, "Wait a minute. Mebbe you could tell us about the old dame we've got shut up here."

"Mebbe," said Tommy. "What does she look like?"

The sergeant described her, dyed red hair, lots of paint, a heavy veil and a kind of diamond butterfly in her hair.

"Sure," said Tommy. "I know who she is. She lives at my mother's boardinghouse. How did she get here?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said the sergeant. It seemed that Miss Flint, in a state of hysteria, came into the police station and asked to be locked up. When they asked why she wanted to be locked up, she said it was because she was scared. When they asked by what, she said she was always being followed and that they were trying to take her for a ride. At first, because of poor respectable Miss Flint's appearance, they believed her story, only they couldn't think of any joint in the neighborhood that had a madame who resembled Miss Flint. They began to question her. At last, after a half hour of questions in which she nearly drove them crazy trying to follow her, they discovered that she knew where Monk Maguire was and that she was scared out of her wits by her knowledge. So finally they broke her down. She said nobody in the boardinghouse, but herself, had guessed the secret, but if they wanted to get him, they could go right over there now and pick him up, only they had to remember that he had dyed his hair and mustache, and was wearing dark glasses.

Then the sergeant thanked her and told her she might as well go home, but she begged instead that they shut her up. She wouldn't feel safe outside of jail. She wouldn't be able to close an eye. She'd heard, she said, that Monk's gang meant to strangle her and put her body in a barrel filled with cement. So in the end they yielded and locked her up in a cell and almost at once she had gone to sleep.

"Mebbe I'd better have a look at her," said Tommy.

They went along a corridor and at last came to the cell where Miss Flint was locked out of harm's way. She was asleep, very sound asleep. The police had taken off her hat and coat and veil and put a blanket over her. The butterfly of rhinestones still glittered jauntily in the flaming hair.

When Tommy returned, the sergeant said, "Better let her stay here tonight and sleep it off. We'll bring her home in the morning."

"Thanks," said Tommy. "Good night."

Tommy understood. The champagne and Mr. Grasselli's strange make-up had been too much for her. It would, he thought, have been too much for almost anybody.

TOMMY didn't wake until noon and by then Mrs. Lefferty and Maggie had already discovered the disappearance of Mr. Grasselli and Miss Flint. An elopement, they decided, was scarcely likely, so Mrs. Lefferty went round to the police station, and there for the first time she learned the true identity of Mr. Grasselli. It came as a shock, such a shock that she had to sit down and have some brandy and be fanned. They knew her at the station house, so they didn't have any suspicions that she had been consciously providing the notorious Monk Maguire with a place of refuge.

Then when she had recovered from the first shock, she found out all about Miss Flint. Miss Flint, the day sergeant said, was still sleeping peacefully, but by now, he thought, she ought to be able to go home. So, accompanied by Mrs. Lefferty, they went to the cell and roused Miss Flint. She waked slowly, and at the sight of Mrs. Lefferty, burst into tears and flung herself into Mrs. Lefferty's plump arms.

"Never mind, dearie," said Mrs. Lefferty, patting her back. "We're going home now. They've told me the whole story. It's going to be all right."

"Oh," cried Miss Flint. "We can't go home alone."

"Why not?" said Mrs. Lefferty.

"They'll surely get us now."

"Who'll get us?"

"Mr. Grasselli's mob," sobbed Miss Flint.

Here the sergeant, grinning, intervened. "Sure, don't you worry, Mrs. Lefferty," he said. "I'll send Officer Leibowitz around with you. That'll keep her quiet."

"Oh, I'm so ashamed of myself," sobbed Miss Flint. "I don't know what came over me . . . to get you into all this trouble."

"There ain't any trouble," said Mrs. Lefferty, continuing to pat Miss Flint's skinny back. "Sure, dearie, stop your worryin'."

Officer Leibowitz came forward to escort the two ladies home. He was a respectable Jewish policeman, with a large family, and after he had taken a good look at Miss Flint, painted and dyed and still bedecked in a ball gown, with the diamond butterfly in her Titian hair, he went up to the sergeant and began whispering to him.

"Sure," said the sergeant. "Take 'em home in a taxi. I guess the city can pay for it."

BUT at home there was a fresh calamity, one which to Maggie and Mrs. Lefferty was far worse than the scandal of Mr. Grasselli's identity and the night spent by Miss Flint in a cell at the police station, for in this new calamity there was a tragedy which touched them both and destroyed forever the few remnants of joy that remained over the success of the opening of the Golden Nineties.

After Mrs. Lefferty and Maggie had put Miss Flint to bed and given her calming medicines, they met Mr. Boldini on the stairs. He had been looking for them. His bloodhound countenance was the apotheosis of melancholy, and the tears streamed from his eyes.

"A terrible thing has happened," he said. Then he began to sob, and it took Maggie and Mrs. Lefferty quite a little while to calm him. Then he said, still sobbing, "Fanto is dead!"

"Dead!" said Mrs. Lefferty. "But what was the matter with him? He was in wonderful spirits last night."

She leaned against the stair rail trying to realize what it was that Mr. Boldini was telling her. Fanto couldn't be dead, not the Fanto who had been so joyous only last night.

"When I woke up this morning," said Mr. Boldini, "he was still in his basket, curled up the way he always was, but when I called him he didn't get up. He didn't even open his eyes and wag his tail. I went over to him and . . . he was dead!" And Mr. Boldini began to sob again. "He's been with me for fourteen years . . . ever since he was a puppy . . . my best friend!"

And then the three of them, without speaking, went softly along the hall to Mr. Boldini's room and opened the door.

There in his basket, curled up as he had always been, lay Fanto. He looked happy. He looked, Maggie said, as if he had died wagging his tail.

"Sure he had a good time," said Maggie, "and he had fun last night."

"Yes," said Mr. Boldini. "He never had such a success before."

"It must have been the excitement," said Mrs. Lefferty.

"Sure," said Maggie, "with his rheumatism. It was too much for his heart." She leaned down and touched Fanto's head. It was her way of saying good-bye to him. She and Mrs. Lefferty were thinking the same thing. Fanto wouldn't be there any more to help Mrs. Lefferty make the beds. He wouldn't ever again give them a performance, wagging his tail, and turning somersaults and standing on his head.

AFTER Tommy had risen and had some breakfast and heard about Miss Flint being home and Fanto being dead, he went to police headquarters to see Mr. Grasselli. He found him in a cell having a late lunch which he had sent out for, and he seemed to be taking the whole affair philosophically.

"It didn't make any difference," he said. "I was gonna give myself up anyway on Monday. It was all fixed. 'Mr. Hirsh' had it all arranged. He says everything is gonna come out all right. A coupla days don't make any difference. Say, but that was a swell opening, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Tommy.

"I guess you and Sarah Jane otta be pretty well fixed. You two got a break anyway. You otta be gettin' contracts right along now."

"It looks kinda good," said Tommy.

"I guess even old Boldini will get a break out of

this if he don't lose his head and ham it."

"No," said Tommy. "That's finished."

"How finished?"

"Fanto is dead."

"Dead . . . that dog?"

Something like a tear appeared in Mr. Grasselli's eye. "Say, that was a wonderful dog," he said. "That was the swellest dog I ever seen. He was almost youman."

There was a little silence and then Mr. Grasselli looked up from his lunch and said, "There's one thing I'd kinda like to ask you?"

"What?"

"What happened to you last night between eight o'clock and eleven? I never seen such a change in anybody."

Tommy grinned. "Well," he said, "it was like this." And he told Mr. Grasselli about what had happened between him and Sarah Jane.

When he had finished, Mr. Grasselli grinned back at him. "So that was it?"

Lunch scarcely happened at all that day. Both Sarah Jane and Tommy were absent, Miss Flint was indisposed, and Mr. Boldini didn't feel like eating anything, so in the end Maggie and Mrs. Lefferty sat down with old Mr. Van Diver and Mr. Salmon to a meal in which none of them save old Mr. Van Diver found any pleasure.

It was Maggie's brooding that worried Mrs. Lefferty. She hadn't brooded like this in years, and when she brooded, Mrs. Lefferty always knew that an explosion was certain to follow. Maggie, brooding, was a terrifying spectacle.

Even when Sarah Jane returned home filled with the news of her interview with the Great Foreign Director, Mr. Malkowsky, it didn't cheer her. She showed no joy at the news that Sarah Jane already practically had a contract for Hollywood and that she had already had two offers to sing in night clubs. Even when Tommy came in with the news that very likely three of his songs were going to be published and would be sung over the radio, she did not show any signs of joy.

And when at last Tommy and Sarah Jane told her and Mrs. Lefferty that they were going to be married at City Hall, she merely said grimly, "Well, it's about time you made up your minds. And you're not gonna be married in City Hall. No daughter of mine is gonna be married outside the church. You're gonna be married by Father McGuffy, a proper marriage that is a marriage."

Mrs. Lefferty did not brood. She was merely frightened. She was frightened by all that had happened and what still lay ahead of them and she was frightened by Maggie's brooding. But most of all she was frightened because the story she had made up had run away with her and she didn't like it. It made her nervous. And like Maggie, she didn't like the cheap, unhealthy people that success had brought into their lives . . . people like Mr. Grasselli, and Victor Leontopopulos and Mr. Malkowsky, the big foreign director, and all those people who had crowded about the table to congratulate Sarah Jane. Now she wanted to stop the story where it was. It had gone far enough.

CHAPTER VI

It was Maggie who stopped it!

The look in her eye became a little fiercer, and suddenly she left the room without a word and went directly to the kitchen.

At a table in the far end, her two assistants, a pair of men whom Victor Leontopopulos had engaged, were busy preparing corned beef hash. The sight of them was too much for Maggie.

She advanced toward them, "Get out of here, both of you, as fast as your legs can carry you."

The timider of the two rose and went to the sink to wash his hands. The bolder said, "You can't fire us like that. What have we done?"

But Maggie had already taken up a strategic position by the stove. She took up a kettle filled with boiling water and advanced on the objector.

"Don't argue with me. Get out of here before I scald you both."

That made him give in. The boiling water was bad enough, but the embattled look in Maggie's eye was worse. Both assistants reached for their hats and coats and, keeping close along the wall, well out of Maggie's range, they slunk out of the door into the areaway.

When they had gone, Maggie locked the door and then went to the stove where the Irish stew was boiling in three large kettles. One by one she emptied these into the large garbage cans that Mr.

Grasselli had had installed. When she had done that she took the corned beef hash and likewise did away with it. Then she poured herself a cup of "tea" from the kettle of black liquid on the back of the stove and rang the bell that she used to summon Mrs. Lefferty from abovestairs.

When Mrs. Lefferty appeared, she said, "Tell the boarders not to come down tonight."

"Why?" said Mrs. Lefferty.

"Because it ain't gonna be safe. I'll fix up some cocoa and bread and butter and jam and you can take it up to 'em. There ain't gonna be anything else to eat come out of this kitchen tonight."

"What about upstairs?" said Mrs. Lefferty.

"They might as well call it off. There ain't gonna be any night club. Anyway there ain't gonna be anything to eat."

"Oh," said Mrs. Lefferty. She knew now that the storm had broken.

IN a little while, as Maggie expected, there was the sound of footsteps on the stairs, the unmistakable sound of the feet of Mr. Leontopopulos, who had dared to put on airs and try to order her in her own kitchen. Stimulated by the black tea, she listened until his unsuspecting feet reached the bottom step and then, just as he opened the door, she flung a plate with all her might. But Mr. Leontopopulos saw it coming and ducked.

When the crash had died away, the head waiter opened the door an inch or two, but before he could speak, another plate struck it so hard that it was flung shut in his face. The third time he made no attempt to communicate with Maggie face to face, but spoke from behind the shelter of the door.

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Leontopopulos, very grand in his safety behind the door, "by discharging your helpers?"

"You'd better not come in here unless you want your head broke," said Maggie.

"Where's the supper?" asked Mr. Leontopopulos.

"In the garbage can," said Maggie.

Mr. Leontopopulos considered this disaster for a moment. Then he said, "Either you get the supper or get out and let someone else get it."

"Nobody is coming into this kitchen tonight," said Maggie. "There ain't gonna be any supper."

"What's the matter?" in a conciliatory tone.

"Never mind what's the matter. It's none of your business what's the matter."

Another silence and then Mr. Leontopopulos decided to take a firmer tone.

"I'm the manager of this place," he said, "and you're under my orders. Mr. Grasselli has left me in charge."

"That jailbird!" said Maggie scornfully. "He's in the cooler, where he belongs."

"Well," said Mr. Leontopopulos. "I'll get the police. A contract is a contract."

"Sure," said Maggie, "a contract is a contract, only there ain't any in this affair. This is my house and my kitchen and nobody's coming into it."

So Mr. Leontopopulos retired temporarily. A little later he returned and again tried arguing through the door, but with no greater success, and at last he appealed to Tommy and Sarah Jane, but this did no good whatever because in her brooding Maggie conceived the idea that after all they were to blame because it was on account of them that Mr. Grasselli and all these other people got into the house.

"Sure," said Maggie. "If it hadn't been for you that Grasselli would never have come here at all."

The siege continued, without result, until about eleven-thirty, when, not Maggie, but Mr. Leontopopulos gave in. He was forced to tell the arriving patrons that there wasn't any food but sandwiches which he sent out for at a neighboring restaurant; and at last, about midnight, he decided to surrender entirely and announce that "owing to a disagreement in the management" the place was closed.

So among all Mr. Grasselli's speakeasy and night club ventures, the Golden Nineties held a record. It had opened one night and closed the next, and never had a club had a greater prospect of success.

When Tommy, a little shamefacedly, told Mr. Grasselli the story in a cell at the tombs, Mr. Grasselli laughed hard and long at the story of Maggie in the kitchen drinking black tea and throwing plates every time Mr. Leontopopulos put his head in the door. He laughed almost as hard as he had laughed at Mr. Boldini's first performance.

"That's the first time anybody ever fixed Victor Leontopopulos. He's the toughest egg in the whole racket." Then when his mirth had died down a little, he said, "Well, mebbe it was a nut idea any-

way . . . the whole thing. The Nineties is buried and I suppose we otta let 'em stay buried."

Three weeks later Sarah Jane and Tommy were properly married by Father McGuffy. Nobody came to the wedding except Maggie and Mrs. Lefferty and the boarders.

The rest of the story came out just as Mrs. Lefferty imagined except for Mr. Grasselli. What happened to him was a surprise, and Mrs. Lefferty who knew that he wasn't really a villain but good at heart, thought they treated him badly. She didn't know exactly what she meant by "they," but anyway "they" wouldn't let him out on bail and after a short trial, "they" found him guilty of evading income tax and "they" gave him seven years in Atlanta. The truth, which Mrs. Lefferty never quite grasped, was that "mobsters" like Mr. Grasselli were already a little out of date. Juries and judges weren't afraid of them any longer. Like Mr. Salmon, Miss Flint and Mr. Van Diver, they had begun to belong to an epoch.

On the day he went off to Atlanta, just as he was boarding the train, a messenger boy came running along the platform shouting, "Mr. Maguire! Mr. Maguire!" He had two packages for Mr. Grasselli. One was a large box of cigars with Sarah Jane's card in it and the other was a tiny bouquet of flowers. When he opened them, Mr. Maguire found inside a card on which was written in precise, even finicky handwriting, "Bon voyage, from Malvina Flint."

Sarah Jane got her contract from Mr. Malkowsky and made a lot of money in the meanwhile singing in a couple of night clubs, and Tommy got his songs published and, largely through Sarah Jane's connivings, got a contract for the Coast. Two or three days before they left, the final chapter of Mrs. Lefferty's story "happened" exactly as she had pictured it. There was a ring at the door and Tommy was standing there all dressed in fine clothes and he said, "You and Maggie put on your hats and come on for a ride." And then she saw, waiting at the foot of the stoop, a fine, shiny new automobile.

It wasn't quite as big as she had pictured and the light in the top wasn't cut glass; it was only frosted. But Mrs. Lefferty thought maybe that was better. It kept the story in hand.

It was the first ride Maggie had ever had in an automobile, and the first Mrs. Lefferty had had if you didn't count the ride home from the station house with Miss Flint and Officer Leibowitz. On the way home Tommy said, "As soon as Sally and I get our bearings in Hollywood we're gonna send for you both. It's a wonderful place. I've been there."

"When?" asked Mrs. Lefferty.

"When I was away," said Tommy.

She and Maggie didn't talk much more but seemed to fall into a silence from which it was impossible to rouse them, and when at last they drove up again in front of poor Miss Minnie's house, Mrs. Lefferty said, "It's a wonderful automobile, and it's kind of you and Sarah Jane to think about taking us to Hollywood, but we couldn't go."

"No," said Maggie. "It ain't possible."

"What would become of Miss Flint and old Mr. Van Diver and Mr. Boldini?"

THAT night after supper Miss Flint poured the coffee while Mrs. Lefferty helped Maggie with the dishes, and as soon as dinner was over, Mrs. Lefferty got out "the old gentleman's" gaming table and the perpetual rummy score and said, "You begin dealing, Miss Flint."

The room was almost the way it had always been, save that beneath poor Miss Minnie's Axminster carpet there was now a floor of hard wood and the opening between the dining room and the drawing room was wider than it used to be. Mr. Boldini won the first game and Mrs. Lefferty the second. In his corner, Mr. Van Diver looked at the picture magazines and chortled to himself, and about eleven o'clock Mrs. Lefferty went downstairs to fetch beer and sandwiches. Nothing was changed except that poor Fanto wasn't there. There was a new poodle, a puppy called "Flic," which Sarah Jane and Tommy had bought to comfort Mr. Boldini. And now they had a radio because Mr. Grasselli said he wouldn't need the one he had in his room and they might as well keep it.

While they ate and drank Mrs. Lefferty turned to what was known as "Sarah Jane's station" and in a little while Sarah Jane was singing "Here We Are in Love" right there beside them—"just as if she was in the room."

"Isn't it wonderful," said Mrs. Lefferty.

"Yes," said Maggie. "If only poor Miss Minnie could be here."

E Camera SPEAKS

"Strange Cargo," title of the new Gable-Crawford film, might almost as well be the name of this superb Fink "on-location" shot—with that quota of whiskers Clark's carrying!

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING
PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU
HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST



Most Popular Girl—and Most Genuine: Ginger Rogers. "Physically and mentally attractive . . . a magnificent sense of humor...a good sport"



Most Popular—and Wittiest Man: David Niven. "Salvation from boredom, in impeccable white tie and tails . . . worth his weight in caviar to any occasion"



The Girl Most Likely to Succeed: Geraldine Fitzgerald. "A piquant beauty not common to the screen, great personal charm—and greater dramatic talent"



The Man Most Likely to Succeed: Lee Bowman. "All he needs is opportunity. To me, he's a tall, young edition of Fredric March—which is saying plenty"



Most Ambitious: Orson Welles. "This amazing young man wants to direct, write, produce and enact two or three roles in his pictures"



Most Beautiful Girl . . . "This depends on what you mean by beauty. No one can equal Hedy Lamarr—photogenically"



... "But, for spiritual beauty, Loretta Young comes first." Also the Best-Natured Girl—and probably the best off-screen feminine dancer



... "For character of face, Joan Crawford." Also the Most Ambitious Girl—the Most Generous Star—"and you will never catch her grandstanding about it!"



... "For allure, Marlene Dietrich." Also the Best Woman Cook—"Incredible for one so lovely, but you should taste her roulade of veal in white port!"



... "Claudette Colbert for the best figure. Also: Best Woman Alete—"It surprised me too, but she's a whiz"



The Handsomest Man . . . "Here, too, there must be classification. For perfection of feature, Ty Power is tops"



... "For strong character of face, Spencer Tracy." Also: Most Genuine Man—"He is what he is, take it or leave it; I'll take it" — and the Best Actor



... "For rugged individualism, Gary Cooper wins"



... "For dash, the masculine equivalent of allure, young Douglas Fairbanks"



The Wittiest Girl: Anne Southern. "Her wit is sheer delight—trig fast, and always a bit but never malicious"



Girl with Most Charm: Irene Dunne. "She has that magnetic something which inspires the genuine admiration of everyone about her"



Man with the Most Charm: Brian Aherne. "Like Irene, he has a blend of gentility, kindness, serenity, and tolerance—but spices it with Irish devilment!"



The Best-Dressed Woman: Constance Bennett. "This isn't just family loyalty—aside from her ability to wear clothes well, she has taste and judgment"



The Best-Dressed—and the Brainiest — Man: Adolphe Menjou. "Exceptionally well-informed; the world, not just Hollywood, is Dolphe's mental oyster"



Brainiest Girl: Bette Davis. "All of us are born with a brain, but she's taken the trouble to develop hers." Also wins as Best Actress



Most Tactful Star: Ronald Colman. "Always does the right thing, without losing sight of his objective—a major triumph in Hollywood!"



Laziest Girl: "It should be Joan Bennett; only my strong character makes me do anything! But if I ever abdicate, I'll pass the crown to Virginia Bruce"



Laziest Man: Bing Crosby. "Even Bing himself would never argue this, for it would be too much trouble—and he would be right!"



The Most Attractive Girl: Merle Oberon. "More than beauty, attractiveness is beauty combined with winsomeness, sweetness, and amiability. That's Merle"



Most Attractive Man: Clark Gable. "In a man it's good looks, charm and all-around appeal. That's Clark." (Also the Best Man Athlete)

JOAN BENNETT'S

YEAR BOOK

"Who's What in Hollywood?" Devastating ratings by "Editor" Bennett, transcribed—with a trembling hand—by Kay Proctor



Most Candid Star (our rating)—Joan of "House Across the Bay," who recently became Mrs. Walter Wanger at Phoenix, Arizona

SUPPOSE Hollywood were to publish a Year Book for 1939, who would win the nomination for the most popular personality? The most ambitious? The brainiest?

Joan Bennett knows the answers she would print if she were editing the book. The Hollywood Year Book was her idea. Secretly, I suspect, she was intrigued with the possibilities it offered to toss some fragrant bouquets at her fellow players.

You know, of course, what the ordinary Year Book is. Annually, at the close of the high school or college year the thick volume containing the record of the year's activities is issued. The highlight of the book, however, always is that section in which the editor dares to express his personal opinion of his fellow students. It is the real *Who's Who* of the class.

Joan's Year Book similarly is the low-down on Hollywood personalities as seen by a fellow star. Come what may, here are her selections and her reasons for them.



Man Cook: Eugene O'Neill. "Fat, jolly, is the personification of good living. His life at St. Moritz is a poem of ecstasy!"



Girl with Most to Live Up To: Ann Sheridan. "Photo-finish with Hedy Lamarr—both of them have been so overexploited that it's jeopardized their careers"



Man with Most to Live Up To: William Holden. "Bill faces the danger of other films being anticlimactic—through no fault of his—after 'Golden Boy' glory"



Best Off-Screen Masculine Dancer: George Murphy. "He's divine on the dance floor! A heavenly leader, as smooth as silk, with a perfect sense of rhythm"



Done Most for the Profession: Jean Hersholt. "His life has been exemplary; his acting, consistently fine; his relief work, inspiring"



It seems more than a year between Eddy-MacDonald films, as letters from many a wistful reader testify! But now "New Moon" reunites Nelson and Jeanette, cinematically speaking, for the first time since his marriage. In the meantime, he's been doing his screen singing to Virginia Bruce and—more recently—Ilena Massey, in "Balalaika"

Willinger

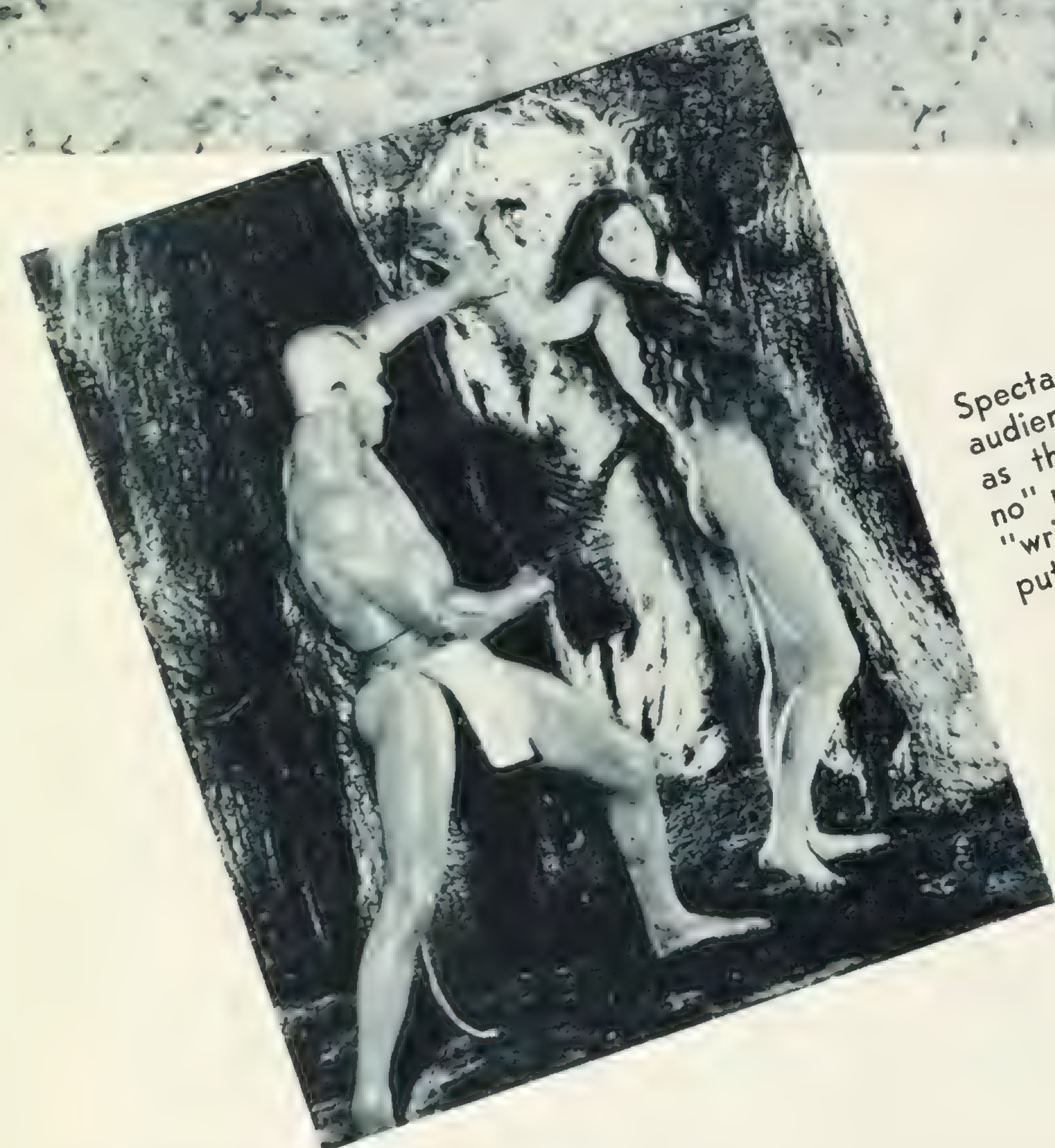


Casting of Merle Oberon in the Bette Davis role for "We Shall Meet Again" proved so inspired it stuck, even after B. D. and Warners' kissed and made up. It also upholds an Irish majority in the top roles, held by Pat O'Brien, George Brent, Geraldine Fitzgerald—and Miss Oberon (just another version of O'Brien!)



This opening scene of "Hula," some twelve years ago, was designed to show Clara Bow as a girl "who prefers the outdoors while her father engages in cinematic orgies"!

Before that, critics were already yawning over "Three Weeks," even though the story had beautiful Aileen Pringle running away from her beastly husband to get herself an heir (that's where Conrad Nagel came in)



Spectacle reached a peak and audiences swooned with glee, as the early "Dante's Inferno" paraded long sequences of "writhing, agonized nudes" to put over a highly moral plot

Once before, after the world had suffered slaughter and destruction, movie morals went hang—with the neurotic results pictured here. Will history repeat itself?

WILL WE LET

In "doughboy" days, "Cleopatra" (with Fritz Leiber as Caesar) had eye-happy spectators wondering if the few beads in each of Theda Bara's fifty-odd costumes were a question of "war economy"

A year or two later, a screen heroine wasn't even safe with her husband! Exhibit A: James Kirkwood, mad with jealousy, lust and drink, uses "The Branding Iron" on movie wife Barbara Castleton, before he learns that she hasn't been unfaithful—despite those post-war scenarios

At that same period, the risqué boudoir farce—familiar to more sophisticated Broadway playgoers—made its appearance on the screen, as in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," starring Eugene Palette





The censors' shears fell on Italian import "Quo Vadis"—with its "decadence of the Roman Empire under Nero"—but not as heavily as they might!

T H A P P E N A G A I N ?

Julia Faye throws in the sponge—to Gloria Swanson—in the first DeMille bathtub scene. The film's title was "Male and Female," showing what current tastes did to the Barrie play, "The Admirable Crichton." It was released just after the first Armistice Day celebration

The same year of the famed screen bath, Swanson was in the choreographic clutches of dancer Ted Shawn in "Don't Change Your Husband." After more than two decades, it's hard to figure out what this scene had to do with a "comedy" about an unhappy wife who had three marriages and two divorces in one scenario—but if a feverish world wanted movie orgies, it got 'em!

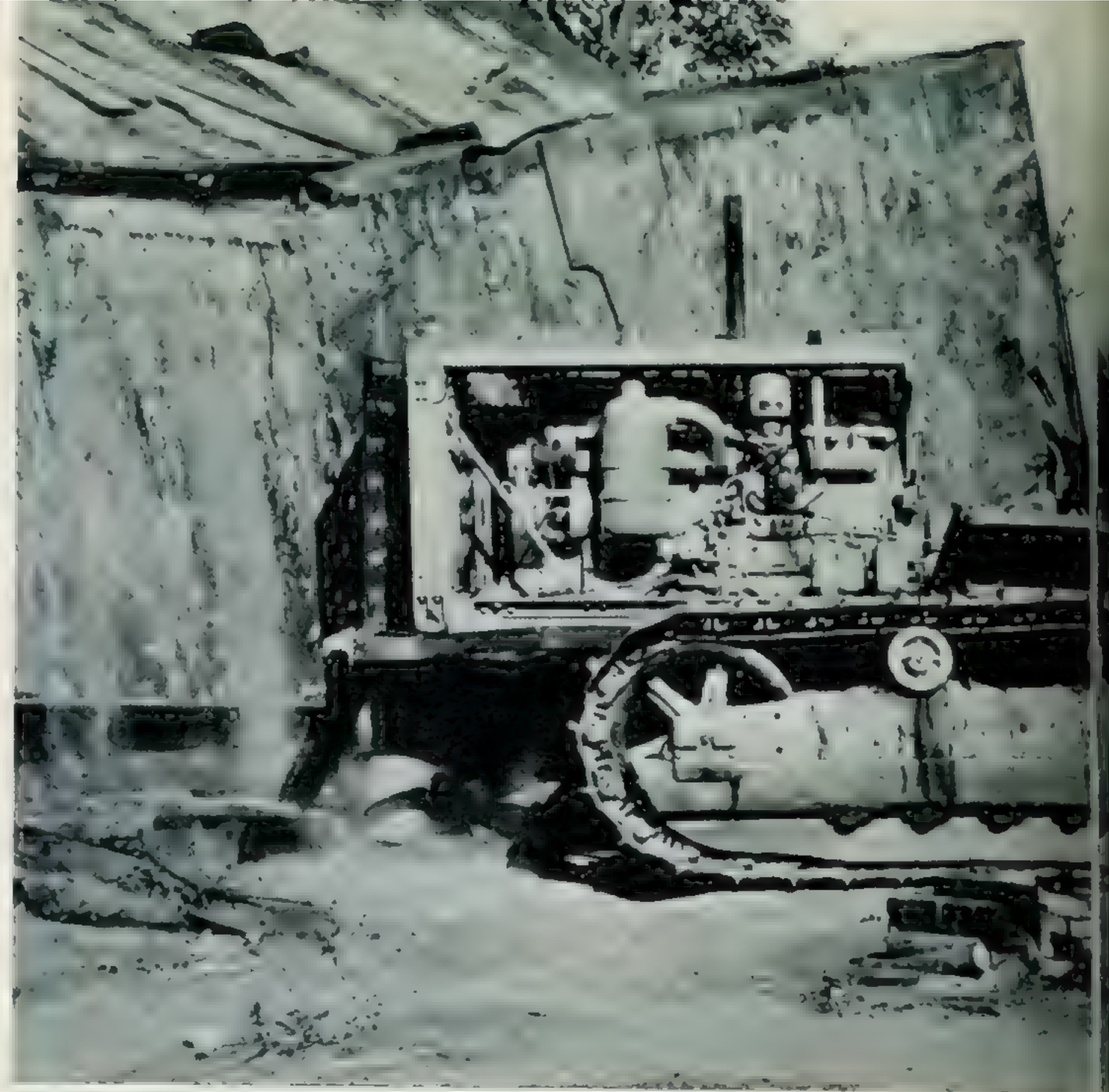


THE GRAPES OF WRATH

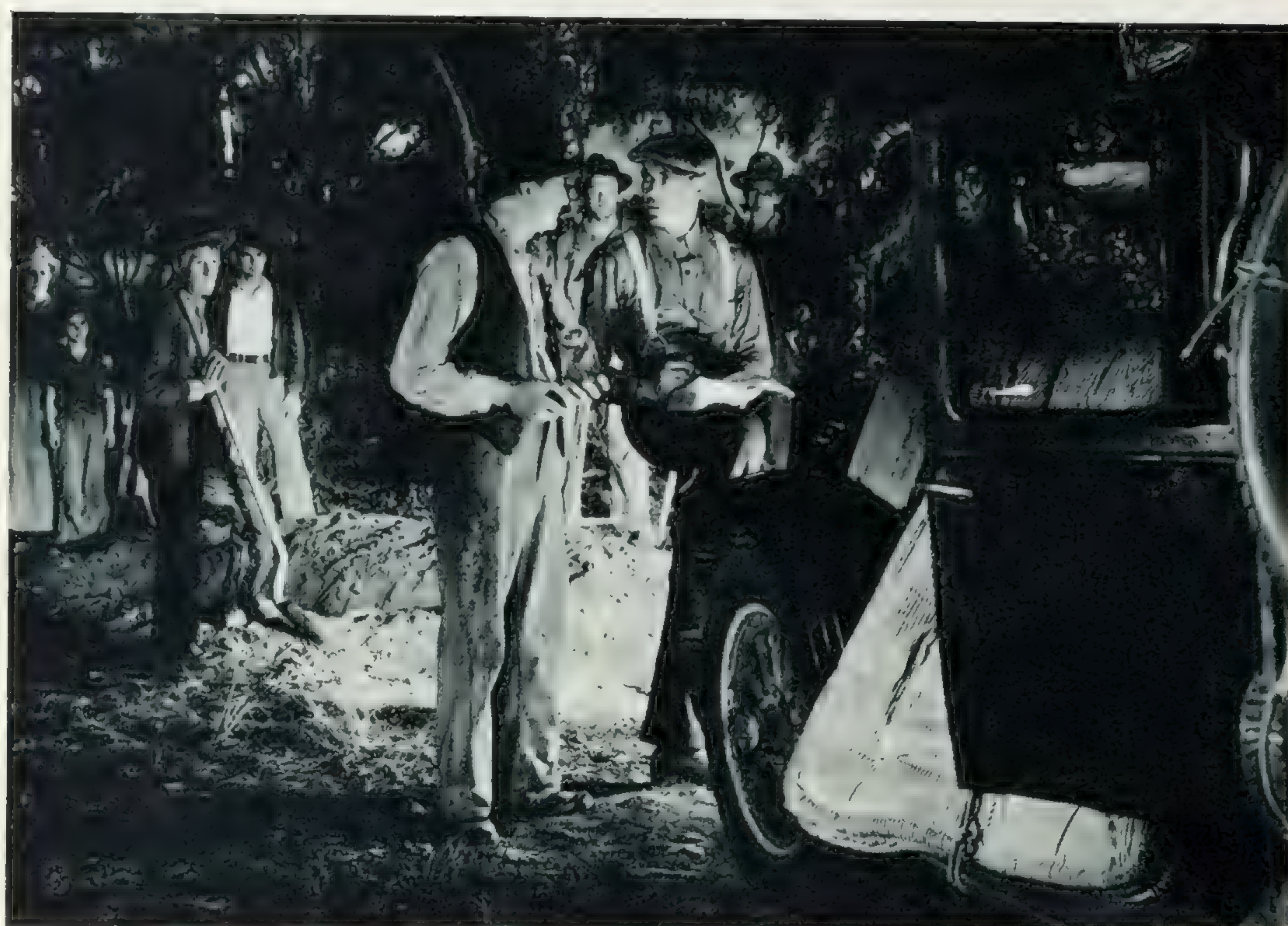
*Presenting a new Photoplay pre-
showing—the dramatic picture
story of the most vital documen-
tary book of many seasons and
the most discussed film of the
month, the 20th Century-Fox
production starring Henry Fonda*



His prison sentence finished, Tom Joad (Henry Fonda) headed for home. En route ex-preacher Jim Casy (John Carradine) joined him. But the house was deserted. From Muley (John Qualen) they learned why



Dust storms, year after year, had ruined the crop. The tenant farmers had been encouraged to borrow from the banks, but when they could not make payments, they were driven out—giant tractors pushed down the houses of those who proved recalcitrant.



For mile after mile they saw nothing but deserted farms—people in flight streamed along the highways—pitching their tents at night, camping near a stream. The first tragedy on the long trek was when Grandpa died. A legal funeral would have drained them of the money needed for food; their only alternative was to bury him in the woods



The little band that he set out with such high courage could not—would not—believe the tales of these men.



Treated as outcasts, tempers ran high, and when the deputy pulled his gun fists flew. Tom put out his foot to trip him; a woman screamed—her hand had been shattered by a bullet from the deputy's gun. As he attempted to fire another shot, the Reverend Casy kicked him. To protect Tom, because of his parole, Casy took full blame



But the government camps, where the Joads found haven for a time, were a different story. They were organized and clean. The camp manager looked over these poor unfortunates and a community spirit prevailed. These migrants, striving for just enough food to keep them alive, were eager for amusement—here they got it, with their own little dance bands, stories and jokes around the campfires at night



Tom's family had moved in with Uncle John preparatory to their migration to California—that land of plenty (or so they believed because of what the handbills said). But Mrs. Joad (Jane Darwell) was disturbed when she realized that Tom would be breaking parole by accompanying them

By selling their farm implements, they were able to buy a second hand truck that would accommodate all. Clothing, cooking utensils, bedding were sifted and resifted—only the bare necessities could go. All night they worked and by dawn they were ready to start their two thousand mile journey—with little more than hope



...men who had been to California and were now returning home with reports of poor wages, starvation that awaited thousands of migrants—because of those handbills

The long weary trip through insufferable heat and harassment by state border patrols reached its peak when Rosasharn (Dorris Bowdon) and Ma tried to make Grandma's last days comfortable. But just as they reached California she breathed her last

Realization came to the Joads when they were unable to find work and were forced to move from one camp to another—literally forced when contractors came with armed men and offered them work at starvation wages or removal from camp



Ma managed as best she could she could never satisfy the hunger of men who had all day—picking peaches, digging potatoes, on assistance they received

When work petered out they were forced to move on. At a peach ranch Tom ran into Casy, now released from jail. But Casy warned of trouble—a strike—for the men were being paid just half what they had been promised. That night Casy was killed by a strike-breaker, and Tom felled his assailant

It had been too dark for Tom to tell whether he had killed the man, but he told Ma that he must leave. It was a bitter end to their migration, yet there was hope in the future, for Casy's death had shown Tom that he must carry on the work of alleviating the suffering of his fellow migrants



Over on the "We Shall Meet Again" set, Pat O'Brien and George Brent get taken for a ride—in China.

Leaving behind her portrayals of Nurse Cavell and Queen Victoria, versatile Anna Neagle turns to song-and-dance in "Irene," abetted by Director Herbert Wilcox and Billie Burke

Cooper makes Tom Tyler "bite the dust" (figuratively speaking!) in "The Westerner." But then—believe it or not—a horse did the same for Gary!

A matinee idol takes up ballet, a comic takes to Westerns—in fact, all Hollywood's playing Turnabout

IF you think there's nothing new under the Hollywood sun, you should take a look around the studio lots this month. You'll get the surprise of your life!

Screen type casting traditions are tumbling like tenpins. Everybody's trying something new. Maybe Marlene Dietrich started it by trading poise for a punch in "Destry Rides Again." Maybe it's the war, maybe it's the weather. Anyway, when we find Ginger Rogers trying tragic drama minus make-up; Anna Neagle going gay and modern in a Cinderella story; Gene Autry getting kissed; and Jack Benny riding a bucking horse—well, all we can say is, "Comes the Revolution!"

We get our first surprise at RKO, where the biggest things in Hollywood are afoot this month

and more coming up every minute. One of them is "The Primrose Path," and the surprise package there is Ginger Rogers, who is doing a Duse in one of the most starkly dramatic screen chores of the season. She doesn't dance, she doesn't sing, she doesn't dress up, she doesn't even use good English. She just suffers and suffers in the pretty grim story of a gal whose mother wants to make a shady lady out of her until true lover Joel McCrea comes along with nobler ideas. Cute?

Doing "February Hill," superstrong stuff even as a book, was a joint daring inspiration of Ginger's and Director Gregory La Cava's, and when we see Ginger, we simply don't recognize the girl. Her hair is dyed dark. There's not a smudge of grease paint or lipstick or eye shadow

—or anything—on her plain little face. An outlandish costume, including a scarlet pancake hat and a skirt that's too terrible to mention, squares off with Joel McCrea's awning-stripe suit. Part of the time, too, she wears a boy's cap, pigtails and a sweat shirt!

"Ain't I a dish, kid?" grins Ginger. "I got the whole works for eighteen, seventy-three!"

After all the thousands spent on gowns for her dancing pictures, Ginger whipped over to a mail-order store and walked out with her wardrobe and change from a twenty-dollar bill!

THE STUDIOS

BY JACK WADE

All in all, it looks as if Ginger is taking her "drama" seriously. It makes us a little sad to contemplate a good girl gone dramatic, as we sit on a baggage truck at the railroad station where La Cava has his company getting some train shots. La Cava hands Joel and Ginger and Queenie Vassar some slips of paper. "All right," he says, "there's your scene." All of them walk over to their canvas-backed chairs, boxes, trunks and baggage trucks and go into brown studies. That's a trick of La Cava's. He won't let his actors know what they say, until right before they say it. A quick study hour and boom—the scene is over with spontaneity. La Cava yells, "Okay, let's do it!" But Ginger's

chair is empty! Then up puffs a switch engine with a grimy engineer leaning out the cab window and Miss Virginia Bernhardt Rogers at the throttle.

"Don't want to be no actress," shouts Ginger. "Want to run a switch engine!"

"Do you know your lines?" yells La Cava.

"Sure," replies Ginger. "I tried them out on Jake." And the engineer bobs his head, grinning.

In a minute they're deep in a scene. We have a hunch Ginger isn't taking her new dramatic status *too* seriously!

ON the other hand, Anna Neagle seems to have given period plays and tragedy a firm shaking in the gay, tuneful "Irene." Anna is not only one of the prettiest but one of the most fascinating of newcomers to Hollywood. And in her carrotty wig, daring low-necked and wasp-waisted satin gown she looks actually naughty. Since we always think of Anna and Queen Victoria in one frame, it's a little shocking.

Neagle's quiet, courteous British Svengali, Director Herbert Wilcox, who won't say whether they're married or not, is not at all reticent on the subject of "Irene." He shows us all around the dressy set and explains everything. It's the old-time Broadway musical immortal, you know, and you'll hear the classic, "Alice Blue Gown," "Irene," "Castle of Dreams," and "Something in the Air," in Anna's soprano. On the book side of the show, the plot is strictly Cinderella—Anna's a pretty shopgirl in New York, Ray Milland's a wealthy young Lochinvar. At a fashion salon he falls, secretly finances Anna in the luxury wrap business. Fame and fortune arrive but the love bubble bursts. Wilcox himself admits he's going in for straight love and sentimental romance in this one.

We see the ultramodern fashion salon set where Anna, Alan Marshall, Billie Burke and Roland Young are gathered. It's a decorator's dream, blue and white, with quilted cushions, satinesque walls, white moderne statuary and gorgeous full-length mirrors all over the place. Ray Milland walked into one of them the first day and now faces seven years of bad breaks, which doesn't seem possible for such a tall, handsome and clever fellow.

We surprised Ray in the fitting room next door, bobbing up and down on his toes like Pavlowa. He's taking ballet lessons he blush—
(Continued on page 72)



Baranova, new Russian ballerina, takes time out to rest her feet that with Franz Waxman, musical director of "Florian." Production held up because she suffered from a lack of spots before the eyes!



We'll start you off on an easy one: Don't look now, but this two-sided trio, very candidly photographed at the Trocadero, is made up of Loretta Young, Barbara Stanwyck—and, oh yes, Jimmy Stewart! Can your eagle eye detect the breach of etiquette?



Soft lights . . . a garden party . . . romance . . . and the Pat O'Briens dance to the lilting strains of Hollywood music. Maybe all the social rules are off when you've been happily married as long as Pat and Eloise have . . . and yet . . .



Joan Blondell certainly sticks her chin out for this one, with husband Dick Powell at a dinner party. You may discover you're guilty of this, too, when you spot it—but we wager you all (including Joan) will reform after looking at this object lesson!

Eti-Quiz

Are you better Emily Post-ed than the stars? Pick out the social errors that you would never make—but they did



They really ought to be dancing with fears in their eyes—still, Sandra Shaw (Mrs. Gary Cooper) and Ray Milland appear to be completely unconscious of what's wrong with this picture from the Trocadero. But maybe you're not



The Jimmie Fidlers, Andrea Leeds, Martha Raye (a blonde, at that moment) and her husband, Dave Rose, gather 'round for a dish of Hollywood low-down, at the Troc. It must be good—they're so oblivious of this blunder in etiquette. Gosh, are the girls going to be blamed for everything?



Well, this should soothe the girls down a bit if it doesn't break their hearts to find Tyrone Power guilty of a slight lapse of courtesy, as he and Annabella emerge smilingly from their honeymoon home. Ready to check your answers? Just turn to page 70

PHOTOPLAY *Fashions* BY GWENN WALTERS

Irene Dunne sets the rest of us a fashionable pace for the midseason in her chic dressmaker suit of grey woolen strikingly set off by black quilted silk jersey muff and visor beret. The skirt with gathered front fullness is contrasted by a fitted jacket which is belted and trimmed with black silk braid. Miss Dunne currently is at work in the RKO picture, "My Favorite Wife"

dyar-engstead



Going Places

Jane Bryan likes—for travel—the easy casualness of this bold grey, green and white plaid swagger coat designed for her by Milo Anderson to wear in the new Warner Brothers picture, "Brother Rat and a Baby." only Jane liked it so well she "lifted it" for her personal wardrobe. Its back pleats and shoulder yoke are decidedly new and smart. Jane also refused to be parted from the dress that goes with it—a childish misty grey wool jersey with ingenu collar, pert flap pockets and the new longer sleeves that are making fashion history this spring. To top it off, Jane wears a plaid travel toque to match her coat. Wouldn't you?





Merle Oberon, on the other hand, is the crisp "suit-type" who likes to travel "light" and is apt to turn up at El Mirador in Palm Springs or at the new Arrowhead Springs Hotel in this chic little beige tweed dressmaker suit, nipped at the waist, flared at the skirt, and picked up by Miss Oberon's own exciting accessories—a criss-crossing black crepe scarf with pocket-kerchief to match, and a staggering lapel clip of gold and diamonds to match her beautiful wide bracelet and her giant pinky ring. This—in case you want to know it—is how smart women make their suits look different from everybody else's. Merle will soon be seen in Warners' "We Shall Meet Again"

Hurrell

TIPS for Travel

PATRICIA MORISON, who is appearing in Paramount's "Untamed," satisfies her wanderlust with a trip to Sun Valley. As she started on her merry way we photographed her aboard the "Streamliner" to give you wardrobe hints for your travels.

"Adios," says Pat, in a Matara brown Alaska sealskin swagger coat (opposite page)—a casual knee-length coat you can wear for day or evening. From Willard George, Los Angeles. Around \$450.00. East or West, you'll find a fur coat indispensable in February and March. Pat purposely chose a small hat—a pert pillbox of brown, quilted suede jersey with gold clip and brown veil, a "Studio Style" originated by Style Millinery. Around \$12.50 at Bloomingdale's, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago, and The Broadway, Hollywood. Pat's snaky luggage is California-made and exclusive with J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles. Overnight case, \$47.50; hat box, \$75.00; 18-inch case, \$65.00; make-up case, \$40.00.

"Just perfect for travel," says Ann Sheridan—this two-piece suit designed for her by Howard Shoup to wear in the new Warner Brothers picture, "It All Came True." It's of navy crepe with a lively, flaring skirt and a smart little open-front cardigan jacket, button-trimmed from neck to hem, that hides a white crepe blouse. Shoup completes Ann's navy and white costume with a red straw breton and a navy envelope bag.



East or West, a fur coat is indispensable in February and March. Patricia Morison, who is appearing in Paramount's "Untamed," wears a sealskin swagger



A flannel robe (right) is a travel "must"

This sweater dress (below) does double duty



Under her fur coat, Pat wears Viola Dimmitt's sweater dress (below) of Shagrain (spun rayon and wool) in moss green with matching angora-type cardigan. Slot pockets, matching belt and binding add to its charms, with a Talon-fastener to permit the neck to be worn casually low or high. Around \$20.00 at Carson Pirie Scott and Company, Chicago, and Desmond's, Los Angeles. This little two-timer boards the train sans sweater under Pat's fur coat, but takes to its cardigan for lounge or dining car.

Pat relaxes in Linda's smart white rayon "Flannel-eze" fitted travel coat embroidered in colored yarn and trimmed and belted with flaming red satin (center). Around \$16.95 at Auerbach's, Salt Lake City; Denwitt's, Beverly Hills, and Crosby Bros., Topeka, Kansas. Pat chose white, but this dashing coat may be duplicated in black or navy blue. But make sure your coat is Talon-fastened from neck to hem, for you'll find it a great convenience when dressing in a hurry.

Pat's smart luggage contains more stunning clothes, as well as any number of things helpful for gadabouts: Mules without heels, to keep you from teetering . . . bed jackets for reading in bed . . . a folding iron . . . dark glasses to protect your eyes . . . a rain cape and toe rubbers . . . handkerchiefs, slips and stockings—you can't have enough of these when you travel . . . and tons of tissue paper—if you slip it in the folds of your frocks and stuff it tightly into the sleeves, you'll find no wrinkles when you arrive.

With all these travel tips to help you, why not call for travel folders and plan a trip?

Speaking of tips—though they are the *bête noire* of many women they are really very simple. Budget travelers may, without any embarrassment, tip by this accepted standard: Red caps, 10c a bag; dining-car waiter, 5% of total cost of all meals; Pullman porter, 50c for a coast-to-coast trip or 25c a night. Average travelers tip according to this established precedent: Red caps, 10c a bag; dining-car waiter, 10% of total cost of all meals; Pullman porter, 35c a night. De luxe travelers may, of course, tip as lavishly as they please.

SOPHISTICATE BY DAY



IREN BY NIGHT

A suit with an air! The dazzling Dietrich dons
iant grey and white checks to greet the first
abin. Note the new longer-length nipped-in
acket with the very new dig-down pockets
nd the box-pleated skirt for the easy fullness
hich American women adore. The amusing
ovepipe hat is of black felt, the spat shoes
f black patent leather and grey suède and
e gloves and ascot are stark white — just
Marlene's way of saying, "Spring is coming!"

perfect example of the new "cover up" code
f dressing for dinner—Dietrich's sheathlike
ull black jersey dinner dress. The skirt is a
masterpiece of harem drapery which de-
ands the exotic black hairline turban top-
ed by a massive twist of green and fuchsia
arn, sprinkled with golden sequins and
hadowed by a gossamer veil which parts to
now a perfect profile. Marlene is appearing
urrently in Universal's "Destry Rides Again"

Jones





CALIFORNIA *in Stripes and Plaids*

Rosalind Russell plays in plaids, and picks her plaids patriotically in red, white and blue slacks of rayon* and wool. Her mannish open-neck shirt is white rayon* broadcloth with smart flap pockets and the new longer sleeves that have become such a big spring fashion. Rosalind's ghillie play shoes from Joyce are on the patriotic side too, combining uppers of white bucko with lacings, wedge soles and vamp-decorations of flag red. Rosalind is now co-starring with Cary Grant in Columbia's "His Girl Friday." Her slack suit was studio designed by Robert Kalloch

*Crown Tested
The fabrics were designed by Pierre
Sillan of American Viscose

PLAYS

Paulette Goddard, appearing in Paramount's "The Ghost Breakers," follow-up on their thriller "The Cat and the Canary," takes her sunshine in a charmingly casual frock of brown, white and paper-bag tan striped linen, for stripes, you know, are now streaking their way like mad across the spring horizon. Paulette cinches her tiny waist with a brown raffia belt, masses her skirt-fullness toward the front and depends on pockets to add to the hidden charms of her chic but simple frock

Paulette's shoes * tell a fashion story, too—brown alligator and white buck walled-last ties with lots of room for wiggling toes

**Paris Fashion*



FASHION'S LITTLE

Chickadee

Forgive us our pun! Mae West, starring with W. C. Fields in Universal's forthcoming film, "My Little Chickadee," is fashion's little chickadee in this period costume designed for her role in the picture. Smack out of the Gay Nineties are the checked taffeta flounces and ruffles on La West's wasp-waist gown of satin back cocoa-brown crepe. And here's something to surprise you—Mae's draped skirt, caught into a bow in back, has been copied for some of the smartest spring fashions. While she was at it, Vera West made this adaptation of Mae's period gown—smart for summer wear in checked gingham with eyelet-embroidered organdie or piqué. And before summer's over you'll be sporting Mae's big straw bonnet and checked parasol!





Cary Grant smiles, but Orson Welles and Lili Damita look as gloomy as the rain that nearly spoiled the Beverly Wilshire charity entertainment



Femme huddle: Gracie Allen, Sally Eilers, Mary Livingstone —at Hal Roach's party following "Of Mice and Men"

*The pulse beat of Hollywood
taps out a code all its own,
but our operator has the key*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

smiled, and beamed and thanked him again. He still isn't over it. And he names the Gustafssons the friendliest family in all America.

Hundred Per Cent American

ONE member of the cast in "Gone with the Wind" can qualify for first honors on that score. He's Carroll Nye who plays the role of *Frank Kennedy*, *Scarlett O'Hara's* second husband.

The seventy-sixth man to be tried out for the role, Carroll's ancestors fostered the Spirit of '76 which founded the United States of America. He is a direct descendant of General Rufus Putnam, builder of the fortifications at West Point. His mother, Myra Nye, first woman's department editor on the *Los Angeles Times*, still treasures a foot stove used by George Washington and General Putnam.

The roots of his family tree are firmly planted in the soil of America and Americanism. And its branches, for good measure, reach into both the North and the South. On his mother's side of the family, he is a direct descendant of Jefferson Davis, Confederate leader. And his Grandfather Nye was in the ranks that listened to President Lincoln's last speech when he disbanded the Northern regiments after the Civil War.

Relatively Speaking

THEY sat in a booth at the Beverly Brown Derby with "tourist" written all over their eager faces as they scanned the diners for celebrities. When one appeared, they put their heads together to chatter in some foreign tongue and eagerly yet shyly looked at the star.

Finally a photographer became so interested in the little group he paused at their table to say, "That's Don Ameche over there by the wall." They "ohed" and "ahed" and thanked

him kindly. "We are such strangers," one of the group spoke in broken English. "We are from Sweden."

"Oh," said the photographer. "We have a great star in this country from Sweden. Her name is Greta Garbo. She—"

"Yas," interrupted the young man. "We know. I am her brother. This is my wife. And this is Greta's mother."

The statement was made simply and straightforwardly. The photographer gripped the table's edge and hung on. They all shook hands,

Cal York's
GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD



After-theater dancing—Lon ("Lennie") Chaney, Jr., and his wife



Première—Reginald Gardiner, Paulette Goddard in the lobby at the showing of Roach's "Of Mice and Men," which inspired the party



Dance-floor greeting—Margaret Roach, Edgar Bergen, Pat Dane, Rudy Vallee

*The Hal Roaches
throw some
fun*



Host and hostess—Mr. and Mrs. Hal Roach (not waving, just tossing a turnip at Cary Grant!)

Born in the same state (Ohio), the same year as Clark (*Rhett Butler*) Gable, Carroll smiled when a hefty dowager, who dotes on Simon Pure American family trees, cornered him at a Hollywood cocktail party not so long ago, and gushed over his illustrious ancestors. For Carroll has lived in California ever since he was six weeks old, and considers himself a typical Westerner. True, he's proud of being an American, but he agrees heartily with that eminent American statesman, Benjamin Franklin, who remarked that bragging about one's ancestors was just one way of admitting that most of your good is under ground.

About Faces!

WE can't wait to tell Charles Laughton (who has a terrific sense of humor) the latest gag we heard about him. It happened right after the preview of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

Two women were standing in the lobby, studying their programs and looking at the horrible face of the hunchback as affected by Laughton.

"You know," said one of the women, "I can't for the life of me decide which face I like less on Mr. Laughton. His own or this one."

On the Record

THERE seems no way of escaping them; it sounds as if the only film music the melody makers are really concerned with comes from Paramount's "Gulliver's Travels." All of which is probably just as well since you can now match your fa-

vorite tunes with your favorite batoneers. If you want swing, you can have Benny Goodman clarinetting and Mildred Bailey vocalizing "Bluebirds in the Moonlight" and "Faithful Forever." (Columbia 35289). For sweet, there's Guy Lombardo with "Bluebirds—" and "It's a Hap-Hap-Happy Day." (Decca 2834). And then, yours for the asking is swing-and-swaying by Sammy Kaye on "I Hear a Dream" and "Bluebirds—" (Victor 26422). Take your pick.

One of the best buys of the wax-makers' season is a "Judy Garland Souvenir Album." If any singer deserves to be neatly packaged in a pleasant offering like this, it's M-G-M's talented prodigy. You have Judy at her best in six records. There's "Figaro," as she sang it in "Babes in Arms," her famous "Dear Mr. Gable:" from "Broadway Melody of 1938," "In-Between," a product of "Love Finds Andy Hardy," plus three other Garland gems. (Decca Album 76).

"That's Right, You're Wrong," RKO's musical, is another Hollywood product causing a stir in the record studios. Kay Kyser, who had something to do with the picture, we hear, has waxed the cute novelty, "The Little Red Fox." Turn him over and Ginny Simms sings "Fit to Be Tied." (Columbia 35295). In the swing department, Bob Crosby performs "Happy Birthday to Love" and "The Answer Is Love," and the boys must have worked with a love light in their eyes. (Decca 2824).

Since Tenor Allan Jones does such noble work in an opus called "The Great Victor Herbert," what more natural than Mr. Jones' making a record of "I'm Falling in Love with Someone" and "Thine Alone"? (Victor 4446). He

sings both of them in the picture. And if you'd like to own something unique in platters, Raymond Massey's "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" Album is recommended. Massey, as you know, is starring in the picture version of the very successful Broadway play. Captured for good are the most dramatic scenes from "Abe Lincoln." Put down your needle and you'll hear Lincoln proposing to Ann Rutledge, replying to Stephen A. Douglas and three other fine Massey bits. (Victor Album M-591).

Busy Kay!

IF you've been wondering about Kay Francis lately and where she is and what she's doing—I have the answer for you. She's being useful and is happier than she's ever been in her life.

"I had so much time on my hands and I felt such a desire to do something useful, I called up our local Red Cross and asked for information about work as a First Aider," Kay told me. "They were so kind and co-operative I began my lesson next day, working five days a week."

And when Kay had finished that course, she went on to the Advanced Course and when her two cards were presented to her, Kay was acclaimed for receiving one of the highest averages ever given an Advanced Course student—95.2.

When others heard of her efforts they flocked in droves to take up the work and every week the clubroom of the Westside Tennis Club is crowded with such stars as Claudette Colbert, Virginia Bruce and Sally Eilers, learning First Aid.

Next, sewing classes were organized with Kay lending her aid and supervising one of the classes.

As secretary and treasurer of the Motion Picture Auxiliary Number Two of the Red Cross, Kay Francis is the busiest woman in Hollywood. And because she has dedicated her time to usefulness and to the purpose of aiding her fellow man in any sort of distress, Kay has never been happier in her entire life. Cal says, more power to her.

Cupid Thwarted

"Our engagement is over." It took just those four words uttered by Phyllis Brooks, regarding her announced betrothal to Cary Grant, to throw Hollywood into a first-class tailspin.

A few months before Cary sailed to Europe to meet Phyllis last summer, he announced the

The Lehr-Rathbone Charity Spree



On the ballroom stairs, Beverly Wilshire Hotel—Allan Jones, Bob Young, Irene Hervey (Mrs. Jones)



Dancing in honor of Ann Lehr's Hollywood Guild relief fund—Maggie Sullivan, Ernst Lubitsch

marriage would take place very soon. Later the story was changed. Cary wanted to be married in the United States, according to printed statements. And finally, back in Hollywood, it was over.

There can be no doubt that these two were in love. Now, not even his closest friends dare mention the broken engagement to Cary. Phyllis, too, says little, but she is going right on with her work, having signed a new contract with RKO.

To add to the buzz-buzz, Cary and Phyllis still occasionally appear together at parties, proving—well, I don't know what unless it's that Hollywood still continues to be the most astounding town in the land.

Last Minute Round-Up

HEDY LAMARR is back at M-G-M after her recent battle without the wage increase she asked for. But the studio is doing a remake of "I Take This Woman," and Hedy feels that with Spencer Tracy as leading man, she can afford to forego raises; a Spencer Tracy picture being worth the sacrifice. Hedy's got something there.

John Garfield did not separate from his wife when he moved into a Sunset Boulevard apartment as reported. Mrs. Garfield had merely taken their baby to New York in advance to get her used to the cold weather before Papa John joined them. John will do a play on Broadway. So there.

George Raft continues to astound the natives by becoming involved in a night-club brawl, attending lectures on cultural advancement, dining with the Charles Boyers and Norma Shearer and playing bridge all night with the boys—all in one week. Boy, that's mixing it up.

Good—Or Else

GREAT excitement out at 20th Century-Fox over Shirley Temple's latest screen epic, "The Blue Bird"—the kind of excitement, we might add, which savors of nervousness and strain. The thing is, this picture of Shirley's *better be good*, since our Shirley, growing up, as kids have a way of doing, hasn't been of late what she used to be at the box office. And if "The Blue Bird" doesn't click and click in a big way, she

(Continued on page 80)

Salutations — assistant Rosalind Russell, Bette Davis (who had dinner served in the bar, after "crashers" took her table), Robert Montgomery

Hostess' aide and guest—Kay Francis, Louis Bromfield. Real hostess (Mrs. Basil Rathbone) couldn't come; doctors ordered her to bed—for overworking



Ringsiders—Brian and Joan Fontaine Aherne. Party was held indoors unexpectedly, after rain melted elaborate artificial snow trimmings!





★ MEXICAN SPITFIRE—RKO-Radio

IT'S hard to imagine Lupe Velez in anything but slapstick. Well, this is slapstick. There's no compromise with subtlety or insinuation; they're out. Lupe comes to the Big City from Mexico as the bride of Donald Woods, scion of a rich family. They give her the lorgnon treatment and at the same time Donald makes a radio deal with an English lord, an eccentric fellow played by Leon Errol. Errol also plays *Uncle Matt*, who is the only member of the family who likes Lupe. You have the impression that everyone in the cast, as well as the director, went into the business of making this movie with a lot of cheerful gusto and *joie de vivre*. Elisabeth Risdon and Linda Hayes play Donald's nasty aunt and previous fiancée, and are quite excellent.



★ HIGH SCHOOL—20th Century-Fox

YOU can expect to see your favorite, Jane Withers, in at least one picture dealing with school per year. This first of Jane's academic features plants her at San Antonio's famous Jefferson High. She has been the most important personality on a Texas ranch before being brought to Jefferson, where her uncle is principal, and naturally she's pretty unbearable until the other kids snub her down to her size. Then she rallies and practically takes over the institution. The picture has a combination of good comedy and pathos, always basic entertainment factors, and a new player, Joe Brown, Jr., adds materially to the film's merits. Cliff Edwards, Lillian Porter, and Lloyd Corrigan work well together in supporting roles.

THE Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE
NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURE



★ THE FIGHTING 69th—Warners

THIS story of the famous New York regiment features a tremendous cast headed by Pat O'Brien, James Cagney, George Brent, Frank McHugh, Jeffrey Lynn, Alan Hale, Dick Foran, Dennis Morgan, William Lundigan, and "Big Boy" Williams. Cagney, as a rookie at Camp Mills, is a cocky, undisciplined and heartily disliked toughy. He boasts about what he intends to do to the Germans, but when he reaches the war front he is hard-riden by fear, a new emotion for him. His desire for color rather than grim war, leads him, against orders, to send up a flare, bringing death to many of his comrades. His superior officer, George Brent, is dissuaded from transferring Cagney out of the regiment at the insistence of Pat O'Brien who, as Father Duffy, is sure there must be some gold in Jimmy's hard-rock make-up. But when Cagney is sent out with a reconnoitering party and through his craven fear brings death to more of his comrades, he is court-martialed and sentenced to die. Father Duffy O'Brien offers him divine solace, but is rebuffed with the usual Cagney bad manners. When the little French town is bombed, O'Brien lets Cagney out of prison to escape or to join his comrades at the front. Brent is excellent as the commanding officer, and James Cagney plays the recalcitrant rookie in his memorable style, but the performance of Pat O'Brien, as *Father Duffy*, will leave a lasting impression on any audience. Altogether a splendid picture, "The Fighting 69th" is something just a little more than an evening's entertainment.



★ CONGO MAISIE—M-G-M

M-G-M cracks loose with some gorgeous comedy in "Congo Maisie." It stars Ann Sothorn and John Carroll, capably backed up by Rita Johnson and Shepperd Strudwick. The scene is laid at the medical post of a rubber plantation in West Africa where the natives are not quite tamed. John Carroll, a doctor who was formerly head of the medical center until the lure of quick money made him give up his profession, and Ann Sothorn, a show girl who took the wrong boat, are put ashore when their small steamer suffers an accident. Shepperd Strudwick and Rita Johnson, the doctor and his wife who are now in charge, welcome visitors at their remote little hospital. After a few days Rita decides to leave her husband for John Carroll, but Ann makes her see that her affliction is boredom with her manner of life, rather than love. Despite Carroll's rather nasty disposition, Ann finds herself working pretty hard trying to keep from falling in love with him. When he performs an emergency appendectomy on Shepperd, Miss Sothorn decides that he should return to his profession instead of planting rubber trees, and when he handles a mob of unruly natives who attack the medical post, she is sure his place is right there. The way she helps him subdue the mayhem-minded witch doctors and their followers makes it pretty certain that she belongs there, too. Miss Sothorn is at her hard-boiled best as *Congo Maisie*, and John Carroll is just tough enough to handle her. The fast-moving story is punctuated by delicious humor and clever dialogue.



★ BROTHER RAT AND A BABY—Warners

THE baby was born, but not seen, in "Brother Rat" so that this sequel was all set up before ever you cracked that rib at the original. Goodness knows there's not enough plot here to worry about: Wayne Morris, the "fixer" of those zany children who somehow managed to be graduated from V. M. I., takes it upon himself to get Eddie Albert a coaching job at a military academy. Eddie, you remember, had got everybody in a terrible mess by getting secretly married to Jane Bryan and fathering a child, which meant expulsion. The baby was born just at commencement, so they named it "Commencement"—and this incredible offspring, played by Peter B. Good, gums everything up almost as much as his old man did. You see Wayne has the bright idea that the military academy will be more likely to hire Eddie if he is a settled family man; and it is little Peter who starts a chain of incidents not calculated to help the impression. Priscilla Lane, Morris' girl friend, doesn't have a large role but she plays it with her usual gaiety. Jane Wyman is excellent and so is Ronald Reagan, who injects a note of sobriety. The sideline romances, so nicely concluded in "Brother Rat," are revived with further complications and carried on to anticlimax clinches to the tune of belly-laughter. As a matter of fact the entire piece is delicious comedy, and simply that—which, among the slew of heavy offerings and the general depression of daily news reports, you will find immensely welcome. It may well be that audiences will stand up after seeing it and yell "More!"



★ **MARRIED AND IN LOVE**—RKO-Radio



GRANNY GET YOUR GUN—Warners



★ **SLIGHTLY HONORABLE**—Wanger-U.A.

YOU remember RKO has the reputation for producing, occasionally, an inexpensive, unassuming picture with a little more emotion, a little better acting, a little finer direction than many larger epics. "The Informer," was one of these. "Married and in Love" is no match for that great film but by any standard it's superior cinema. It's just the story of a married woman trying to get back an old sweetheart, and his struggle to keep faith with his unglamorous little wife. Helen Vinson is the other woman, Alan Marshall the man, Barbara Read the wife; none of the roles is easy and each player works with finesse and an intellectual understanding of character which makes each individual stand out with clarity. Recommended especially for women.

IF you read "Johnny Got His Gun," you may find a certain irritation when you discover that this play on the title disguises a support-B featuring May Robson. Muzzy May is cast as an indomitable old woman who fights for the safety and happiness of a granddaughter, Margot Stevenson. Margot establishes residence in Gold City, Nevada, to divorce her husband, Hardie Albright. Half-way along in the film it all turns into a murder mystery, because Albright is slain; whereupon Miss Robson tries to take the blame. The picture seems to be much ado about people who aren't very nice, it's well-directed, and lovable May troupes away in a manner to defy her years. Harry Davenport has the role of Granny's childhood sweetheart.

TWO murders are committed in this slightly whacky comedy, but you're too busy laughing at the gay dialogue to care who killed whom. Pat O'Brien is the engaging attorney plotting the downfall of crooked political boss Edward Arnold when Arnold's sweetheart, Claire Dodd, is found murdered and O'Brien is suspected. When Eve Arden, Pat's independent and wisecracking secretary, is found with a knife in her back, matters look even worse for him. Ruth Terry, naïve little singer, pursues Pat all over the place. You'll be mad about her. She's really delightful. Broderick Crawford is O'Brien's helpful law partner. The plot gets wilder and wilder and if you suspect the least likely member of the cast, you'll find the murderer.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Mexican Spitfire
High School
The Fighting 69th
Congo Maisie
Brother Rat and a Baby
Married and in Love
Slightly Honorable
Sidewalks of London
The Shop Around the Corner
Entente Cordiale
Raffles
Swanee River
The Earl of Chicago
The Invisible Man Returns



★ **SIDEWALKS OF LONDON**—Mayflower-Paramount



★ **THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER**—M-G-M

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Lupe Velez in "Mexican Spitfire"
 Leon Errol in "Mexican Spitfire"
 Jane Withers in "High School"
 James Cagney in "The Fighting 69th"
 Pat O'Brien in "The Fighting 69th"
 Ann Sothorn in "Congo Maisie"
 Eddie Albert in "Brother Rat and a Baby"
 Barbara Read in "Married and in Love"
 Pat O'Brien in "Slightly Honorable"
 Ruth Terry in "Slightly Honorable"
 Charles Laughton in "Sidewalks of London"
 Vivien Leigh in "Sidewalks of London"
 Margaret Sullavan in "The Shop Around the Corner"
 James Stewart in "The Shop Around the Corner"
 Frank Morgan in "The Shop Around the Corner"
 Victor Francen in "Entente Cordiale"
 Robert Montgomery in "The Earl of Chicago"
 Charles Laughton in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"

WE will bet a Buffalo nickel that one of David Selznick's G-Men saw this English film last year while the epic search for *Scarlett O'Hara* was on. For "Sidewalks of London" was made before Vivien Leigh went to Hollywood for G.W.T.W.; and, in the role of *Liberty*, Miss Leigh is the same tempestuous, heartless creature as the vixen of *Tara*. Even with the doughty Charles Laughton playing opposite her, she manages to hold her own. She is a gifted actress. It's the old story of a girl who by ruthless determination succeeds in rising above her lowly station. Nothing more than a common street waif with a pretty face and nimble toes, she is taken in by Charles Laughton. He is a "Busker"—one of the sidewalk entertainers, who makes his living amusing London theater queues. The pair work up an act with two other Buskers, Larry Adler and Tyrone Guthrie, but *Liberty* isn't content with her progress. When a young and prosperous songwriter, Rex Harrison, "discovers" her and offers her a musical comedy career, she walks out on her original benefactor, with the added insult of belittling his Busking profession. There are some magnificent scenes between Leigh and Laughton—she is alternately tender, cruel, childlike, calculating; he gives a poignant and restrained portrayal of a man beaten by life, yet with a pathetic dignity and fierce pride. There is excellent support from the rest of the cast. We might mention, too, the work of Director Tim Whelan in making this film top-notch screen drama.

ERNST LUBITSCH'S second picture for M-G-M (the first was "Ninotchka") is a gem of a movie, packed with charm, finely drawn characters and superb acting. It's directed with the touch of insight and of delicate humor. It is unlikely that you will roar with laughter, or burst into tears, yet throughout the film you will struggle with a desire to cry a little and catch yourself chuckling instead. It takes something approaching genius to create an effect like that. Lubitsch has owned the play for a long time—a simple story about the lives of a few employees working in a luggage and gift shop. Most important among the characters are Jimmy Stewart, star clerk at the store, and Margaret Sullavan, a new member of the staff. Both are bored with life and find a kind of romance by writing to an unknown sweetheart through a correspondence agency. Of course it is finally discovered they are writing to each other. Stewart turns on his usual brand of boyish charm with enormous success, while Miss Sullavan plays to perfection the almost drab *Klara* whose spirit is superb, and whose pseudo-sophistication is pathetic but comic. Frank Morgan, in a straight role as the shop owner, offers a truly sterling performance, as do Joseph Schildkraut and all the others. It would be almost impossible to find anything wrong with this picture. It is a gentle study, never boisterous or in bad taste, nor does it sacrifice anything to the stock Hollywood illusions about audience intelligence.

(Continued on page 89)



ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

Though battered and bruised, it took just one dramatic split second for Howard Donaldson to prove that the worm could turn and bite the feet that trod on it

"What goes on here?"

"Get up," Brooksie said, in the same tone of voice she customarily used on Donaldson.

"Listen, sis," Spangler said, blinking a time or two, "I don't know who you are and care less. I don't know how you got in here, but if you don't blow in about six seconds. . ."

"Listen, brother," Brooksie mimicked, "I'm Howard Donaldson's secretary. . ."

"So what?" Spangler asked, thinking he had coined an original phrase.

"So just this," Brooksie went on. "You're going to help fish him out of a jam."

"I am going to fish him out of a jam?" Spangler asked in the same tone of voice he would have used if some one had told him he had been appointed to the Supreme Court. "Baby, the deeper I can get that guy into a jam, the better I'll like it. Who was it got me thrown in the can—Howard Donaldson, no less."

"Howard Donaldson didn't get you thrown into jail," Brooksie said. "His dilly-minded brother-in-law did."

"Guys shouldn't have brother-in-laws like that," Spangler said.

"Now just a moment. He said he'd pay his brother-in-law's check for \$2600, didn't he?"

"Yeah."

"Well, he did, didn't he?"

Tony Spangler thought this one over for a minute.

"Yeah, I'll grant that."

"All right," Brooksie said, "then the nicest thing you can do is help him out of a bad situation. He's about to lose his job as producer at the Atlas studio because of this mix-up. All I'm asking is that you go to his boss and explain the whole thing—that he wasn't in any trouble—"

"I'm sorry, lady," Spangler said, "but. . ."

"Please, Mr. Spangler," Brooksie pleaded, "if you'd only talk to Mr. Wood and Mr. Swain. . ."

"Wait a minute," Spangler said, suddenly interested, "Mr. Swain . . . Mr. Frank Swain, the movie financier?"

"Yes, of course."

"If you'll just step out in the other room while I pull on a pair of pants," Tony said, "I'll be

practically half way to wherever this Mr. Swain is."

AT almost this precise moment, Howard Donaldson, despairing of Brooksie's either returning to the studio or calling, decided the logical place to find her was at home. He sought his automobile and drove away.

There is a very curious intersection of streets in Hollywood, where three thoroughfares join. The streets are named, for no particular reason, Cahuenga, Yucca and Franklin.

Upon this occasion Donaldson was coming south on Cahuenga, bent on finding Brooksie; Christine was coming east on Yucca bound for the Colossal Broadcasting Studio. Brooksie and Spangler, on their way to see Wood and Swain, were headed west on Franklin. All three cars met at the intersection at the same time. None saw the other. If they only had, things might have been different, but each driver was too busy trying to beat the traffic signal.

Christine, plus family, was the first to arrive at a destination—the broadcasting studio.

"I'm Howard Donaldson's sister," she announced, and so completely awed the doorman that she was passed right in, Ralph and Junior in pursuit.

Donaldson finished second. He arrived at Brooksie's home to find she was not there. He determined to wait in his car until she did come home and, to kill the time, turned on his radio. This was a mistake.

The first words he heard were an announcer's:

"You are about to hear an address on the future of the motion-picture industry by that world-known producer, Howard Donaldson."

Donaldson took a quick look in the rear-vision mirror to assure himself that he was really he. Somebody, he felt sure, was wrong, but he wasn't positive it was the radio announcer until he had checked up.

Then he recalled that Brooksie had made such a radio engagement for him, and he began to realize just how much his public and private life depended on her. The awfulness of not having Brooksie around became clearer and

clearer to him. These hasty thoughts, however, were quickly blotted out by what followed over the radio.

The announcer said: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Donaldson."

"If I hear my own voice coming through now," Donaldson told himself, "I'm going to give myself up."

There was a complete silence on the radio for what seemed hours and was actually thirty seconds. Then Donaldson was horrified to hear Christine's unmistakable voice say:

"Well, where is Mr. Donaldson?"

"This is no time to ask me riddles," the announcer said. "I thought you had him with you. That's the only reason I let you in the broadcasting room."

"Don't lie to me! I'm looking for my brother and you've got him hidden somewhere!" Christine howled.

"Lady," said the announcer, "you can go nuts if you want to, but not on a national broadcast. . ."

"You can't talk about my mother that way," said Junior, and popped the announcer on the nose, which happened to be a mistake, because the announcer formerly had been a Notre Dame halfback. He slugged Junior with the microphone, but not before Christine had managed to yell into it:

"I'm Howard Donaldson's sister, and I'll say what I have to say whether we're on the air or not! I want the whole world to know that wherever my brother is, he's being held by a designing little typist who's trying to. . ."

Someone in the control room pulled a switch at this point. Millions of listeners from border to border and coast to coast and on the ships at sea are still wondering where and how Donaldson was being held. As a matter of solemn fact, he was held, at that moment, in the throes of shame and humiliation. His only hope, just then, was that never would he again see anyone that he knew. He thought of growing a beard, changing his name to Schicklegruber, and joining the Foreign Legion. If Brooksie would only turn up. . .

Meanwhile, the fun in the broadcasting station was reaching a climax.

The announcer, having dismantled the microphone, was trying to wrap it around Junior's neck and the sound engineer, having presented Ralph with what was to become a splendid black eye, was trying to strangle Christine.

Cooler heads prevailed. A hastily formed bouncer squad decided the best thing to do was to eject these invading maniacs. Christine, Ralph and Junior were given the bum's rush into a taxicab.

"Where'll I take 'em?" the driver asked.

The leader of the bouncers said:

"My vote is for some place between the Siegfried and the Maginot Lines."

(Continued on page 76)

Shopping

BY FRANCES HUGHES

FOR YOU AND THE STARS

1. SOAP STORY

Did you know you can be pampered with soap? Or you can take it into the bath and use it with a little extra. The new series all the time, soap, "Bath Superbe" and you'll know just what we mean. Four gargantuan cakes to a box—something substantial to hang onto in the tub, and a heavenly smell besides, to make you flower-fresh for the day. \$1.00.

2. FEELING FLUSH?

You'd better be, if you plan to give the "little woman" this very special Carole Stupell breakfast tray. Your pampered darling will love eating off silk! Pink mousseline de soie to be exact, with a dainty pink napkin to match, at \$6.50 for the set. But that's only the half of it! The modern lucite tray costs \$42.50; the baby blue crystal breakfast set, \$35.00. Expensive, but worth it!

3. FOR MEN ONLY!

Our men are up in arms against being treated like stepchildren. They too want a pleasant rubdown to use after the bath, and a fine, stimulating astringent to tighten pores after shaving. So Fabergé up and decanted some elegant colognes for men—rugged, he-man versions of "Aphrodisia" and "Woodhue," in streamlined flasks with leather tops and coaster bottoms. In three sizes, from \$1.50 to \$5.00.

4. DOUBLE DUTY FOR BEAUTY

Have you seen Dorothy Gray's new vanity? What efficiency! Lipstick anchored to vanity and no fishing in handbags when you're in a hurry. Folks are falling for "The Swashbuckler"—a handsome case that looks like gilded lizard or alligator, with loose-powder well, fine square mirror, and firmly anchored lipstick—complete for \$3.

5. IT'S IN THE BAG

What's in the bag? The clue to your first spring costume. A "Leading Lady" handbag to match your first spring shoes. Start with a feminized suit of fawn, beige or navy blue tulle. Wear your shoes of tuffan calf and your clutch and swing this "Leading Lady" melon bag from your wrist. No one in the world would steal it—it's just \$1.00.

6. SPRING STOCKING STORY

You're one of the gals who has trouble keeping the seams of her stockings straight . . . grouses over quarter runs and goes crazy looking for stockings that can take it? Mojud can make it for you. There's what the famous "ToughMild" stockings are made of—ToughMild. They're made of a special knit that takes lots of strain and like it! And the seams are quality made. Pretty special at \$1.00.

7. HULA HULA

Everybody's "going Hawaiian" this spring. But do you know how to go about getting it? Blue Swann figured it out. The answer is "Minikins," the last word in the least amount of underwear a girl could wear and get by the censors. "Minikins" go over or under your girdle—take your choice—and you'll be buying them by the half dozen soon, for they're only 39c a pair.

Feeling a post-holiday letdown? Don't let it get you. Perk up! We did, as we snooped through the shops and stumbled on these little treasures. You may have to hock your all for some of them, but believe your weary scout, they're worth it! Others are yours for the proverbial song, or fifty cents in cold hard cash. Begin at the beginning, make careful notes and write to the Fashion Secretary, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, for the name of the shop that carries the little number you can't live without.

8. KNOW A TRAVELING MAN?

Send him away with a smile plus Pinaud's handy little travel kit for men, commonly known as "The Jaunt." What's in it? The three Pinaud preparations the boys all swear by—Lilac Vegetal, Lilac Talc and Eau de Quinine Hair Tonic, neat as a pin in a pig-grained kit with a handsome burgundy lining. Extra pockets for combs and stuff, too. A satisfactory send-off for a slight \$2.00.

9. WHO COLLECTS MINIATURES?

Yardley is out with something elegant for collectors of miniatures—three new miniature models of their lovely flower perfumes, "April Violets," "Fragrance" and "Orchis." Thank you, Yardley. It's swell to be able to get a dram of perfume in an original sealed package for as little as \$1.50. The bottles and boxes are copy-cats of the bigger sizes, something Yardley fans will appreciate, because when Yardley puts up a perfume, it's good to look at, as well as smell! Try it and see.

10. YOURS FOR A "SMALLWAIST"

Flexee's takes a very smooth stand on the question, "to lace or not to lace." They whittle your waist instead with horizontal bands that cinch, not pinch. You'll like the sleek satin ribbed lastique fabric . . . the dainty but uplifting lace bra, and the tactful back-panel of ribbed satin that stretches vertically only, to give you the pancake derriere you crave. \$15.00 will streamline you stunningly for spring.

11. "DROP-IT-ON," WHY DON'T YOU?

Isn't La Cross wonderful? They've just figured out a way to take off nail polish without the usual fuss and muss! It's all so beautifully simple too. They give you a small glass dropper with every bottle of Glycerated Polish Remover. You fill it, let one drop dribble onto each nail, give one strong wipe and—presto! your nails are clean and your disposition's perfect! 25c buys remover and dropper, and we're pretty sorry we didn't think of it ourselves!

12. MEET "MINIKINS"

Of course you want a streamlined chassis. But do you know how to go about getting it? Blue Swann figured it out. The answer is "Minikins," the last word in the least amount of underwear a girl could wear and get by the censors. "Minikins" go over or under your girdle—take your choice—and you'll be buying them by the half dozen soon, for they're only 39c a pair.



(For More Shopping News, See Page 85)

LORETTA YOUNG

shows you how to take an **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL—**

Use cosmetics all you like—but don't risk Cosmetic Skin

Try Loretta Young's ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days! You'll find this care really *works*—helps guard against the dullness, little blemishes, enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin. Use Lux Toilet Soap during the day for a quick freshener, and at night to give skin the protection of perfect cleansing—protection it *needs* for beauty. Begin your ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS now! For extra economy, buy 3 cakes.

YOU want to have the charm of smooth, lovely-to-look-at skin. So don't fail to remove dust, dirt and stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—don't risk Cosmetic Skin. Let Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather give your skin protection it needs to stay lovely.

LUX SOAP IS A WONDERFUL BEAUTY CARE! FIRST PAT ITS **ACTIVE LATHER** LIGHTLY INTO YOUR SKIN

NEXT RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN COOL. YOUR SKIN IS LEFT **REALLY CLEAN**

NOW DRY THE FACE WITH QUICK LIGHT PATS. IT FEELS SOFTER, SMOOTHER. SEE HOW **FRESH** IT LOOKS!

**9 out of 10 Screen Stars
use Lux Toilet Soap**

CLAIRE TREVOR
Vivacious Universal Star
"You've put all the style
and glamour of Hollywood
into your beautiful shoes."
says Claire Trevor

Hollywood Designs
...FOR SMART AMERICA
TO FOLLOW...

**JOLÉNE, FAMOUS
MOVIELAND STYL-
IST, DESIGNS SMART
FOOTWEAR IN
HOLLYWOOD TO EN-
HANCE THE BEAUTY
OF FILMLAND'S NEW-
EST SPRING FROCKS**

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Glamorous Hollywood
Styles reproduced for
you in JOLÉNE Shoes.
All are influenced by
the new innovations
seen by JOLÉNE at
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rendezvous. Insist on
JOLÉNE Shoes this
Spring!

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FOR "SMART" AFTER-
NOONS... featuring the
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This Woman Has Loved!

(Continued from page 13)

them. "Come back after you have seen your mother and your father and your sister and your home," they told her. "Come back and you will get part of our land, just as if you were our own child."

Ilona wept too. "Thank you... Thank you..." she told them. "Perhaps I can come back. I'll try!"

She didn't know how swiftly and fully life would bear in upon her, that she would have no time to go back, that always she would be absorbed by the day in which she lived.

MRS. HAJMASSEY waited under the dingy glass roof of the train shed. When the train from Holland came in she searched the faces of all who hurried past her. But when Ilona, quick to spy her, rushed upon her and threw her arms about her she was bewildered. She had been waiting for the girl she had sent away, a girl with a smooth, plump face. This girl covering her with kisses was very different. The plumpness was gone. The lovely breadth of her face appeared to have been chiseled by such fine tools as artisans use to carve cameos. This made her eyes seem larger. Her hair too had greater beauty. You could see it had been brushed and brushed. Mrs. Hajmassey knew it never would be a sense of duty that would impel Ilona to brush it so. No, it must give her pleasure to see it gleam and shine. That meant she was growing up. But, mixed with the pride in Mrs. Hajmassey's eyes there was concern. She knew Ilona's temperament. She knew too that temperament in a woman as beautiful as Ilona now promised to be would bring peace to no one...

When Ilona returned from Holland it took her no longer to discover the boy who lived across the hall than it took him to discover her.

"I don't know," she says, "why I always was loving those very ugly boys. For this boy was ugly also. But I thought to myself 'If he doesn't love me, I kill myself!' I remember it so well, we were playing jumping the rope. And the very next time we play it—about a week later, I think it must be—he kissed my hands. I thought I would fall down. And I thought after he did it that I was a grownup girl."

Always when such great things happened, Ilona must run and tell Maria about it. Maria Komka was her friend. They went to school together. And Ilona's loyalty to her has with the years proved to be as enduring as it was sudden, and in it there always has been something a little fierce and something a little poignant.

"Maria's body, it is beautiful," Ilona says, "but not her face. The children at school did not like her and she did not like them. But I loved her very much and she liked me. And always she would be asking me 'What can I do for you?'"

It is not difficult to understand the friendship between Ilona and Maria. A girl like Ilona must have a confidante who, like Maria, is not in any sense competitive. And a girl like Maria, denied a rich life of her own, must have someone like Ilona who will tell her of her experiences so that she may live them too, vicariously.

In the beginning of this friendship Maria had more in the way of wealth than Ilona. While Ilona was in Holland Maria wrote her faithfully every week and told her about the children in the Budapest school... that her brother was beginning to care about girls...

and that she wished and prayed it would be Ilona he one day would marry. Ilona wrote Maria faithfully, too, so when she returned it was as if there had been no separation. They said hello as if it had been only the day before they had said good-by. And, of course, Ilona saw Maria's brother too.

ILONA turned sixteen. At sixteen she was ready to put purely romantic attachments behind her and go on to the exciting attachments of adolescence... and to fall suddenly and ecstatically in love with John Komka on the same day he appeared wearing a new pair of patent leather shoes.

John was twenty-two. He was a cashier in a large office. He came often to the Hajmassey flat for tea. And one day he asked Ilona's parents if he could marry her.

"Wait," her father said. "Wait two years! And if you still love her, all right."

Lost in each other's eyes Ilona and John marveled that they could have been so deaf, so blind, so dull that the wonder of each other's beauty and voice and mind and spirit had until now escaped them.

One evening every week there was dancing school. Ilona's parents did not allow her to go to that dancing school alone. They always went with her. When she danced with John or any other young man—only with the others it didn't matter—she must dance just so and hold herself separate and apart. Still it was very beautiful. They were in each other's arms. Music flowed around them. And when they were dancing the sharpest ears could not hear the words he whispered.

"Every night I went to that dancing school," Ilona says, triumph in her laughter still, "I took a big umbrella. Whether it rained or not. For John and I walked home in front of my parents with the umbrella. And under the umbrella we could kiss."

"My sister, she was a very good girl. I was always terrible. I was very bad."

Carefully Mrs. Hajmassey watched her younger daughter. Carefully, proudly, constantly, and a little fearfully... She dressed her in simple

English clothes but Ilona had a way of doing her bow. The heels on the shoes she bought her were low, as they should be. But sometimes, especially when John came to call, she would notice Ilona walked in a strange manner and discover she had borrowed her sister's shoes with high heels. And again it would be borne in upon Mrs. Hajmassey that Ilona could do whatever she would do.

DODO was married when Ilona was nearly seventeen. She had a church wedding. Ilona was a "wedding girl" and John Komka was her partner in the procession. Never had Ilona looked lovelier. She wore a dress of pink georgette and she carried pink roses. But when they reached home where the reception was held and Mrs. Hajmassey examined closely the color in Ilona's cheeks and lips she knew Ilona had discovered red paper, moistened, to be an excellent substitute for rouge.

Surely there was some way to restrain that romantic, ardent spirit. Perhaps work would do it... work that wouldn't stimulate her imagination too much but still would be varied enough to hold her mind and strenuous enough to consume her energy.

"You must learn something," Mrs. Hajmassey said to Ilona one day. And she sent her to her friend who had a dress salon—to learn dressmaking. But she reckoned without the son of her friend whom Ilona met there.

Ilona did not like working in that salon. She was very quiet when she pulled her needle through the rich fabrics. And when she held the paper of pins and the chalk and the tape measure in the fitting room, anyone would have known by her eyes, that she neither saw nor heard the querulous voices of the women being fitted to new gowns. But it no longer was John Komka she thought about. It was Andras Reiner, her employer's son.

Andras Reiner had dreams in his eyes and courage in his voice. He reminded Ilona that the world belonged to anyone who could conquer it. She had almost forgotten this while she had been in love with John. Then, she had been

(Continued on page 70)



Hollywood's leading snapshooters (Charles Rhodes, Jack Albin, Bob Wallace, Jules Buck and our Hymie Fink) reward "the year's most co-operative star" (Joan Crawford) with a solid silver cigarette box

Miss Margaret Biddle, attractive young daughter of Mrs. Henry C. Biddle of Philadelphia, enjoys one of society's smart indoor polo matches.



The younger social set loves skiing. To Margaret, a "spill" is just part of the fun, and she has a good laugh at her companion's expense.



After an exciting summer in Europe, Margaret is now back in the whirl of sub-deb gaiety. Season's high spots are exclusive Saturday Evening dances.

Prominent Sub-Deb

Popular Senior

BOTH Young Moderns CHEER THE SAME Thorough SKIN CARE

QUESTION TO MISS BIDDLE:

Miss Biddle, does a girl looking forward to her thrilling debut year take any special care of her complexion?

ANSWER:

"Oh, a good, regular beauty routine is terribly important! I use both Pond's Creams every day of my life—Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse and soften my skin night and morning, and freshen it during the day. It's all wrong to put new make-up on top of old, so I always give my skin a good Pond's cleansing before fresh make-up."

QUESTION TO MISS BIDDLE:

Doesn't an afternoon of skiing make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

ANSWER:

"No, it really doesn't. You see, I spread a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream over my skin before going outside—for protection. When I come in, I use Vanishing Cream again. It smooths little roughnesses right away—gives my skin a soft finish that takes powder divinely!"

QUESTION TO MISS BOARMAN:

What does a good complexion mean to a high-school girl, Miss Boarman?

ANSWER:

"It means plenty! No inferiority complex—and loads more fun! And it's so easy to help keep your skin in good condition! Pond's 2 Creams seem to be all I need—Pond's Cold Cream to make my skin clean and fresh looking, and Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth it for powder."

QUESTION TO MISS BOARMAN:

Miss Boarman, your make-up looks as fresh as if you were just starting out for a dance, instead of just going home! How do you do it?

ANSWER:

"I have a system! Before even touching a powder puff, I cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream. After that, I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for make-up foundation. Then comes powder. It goes on like velvet and clings for ages!"

Why should Phyllis worry about General Chemistry and English themes when Branchbrook Pond is frozen over and she got new hockeys for Christmas?



With the last strains of "Home Sweet Home" at the DeMolay "formal," Phyllis and her date hurry to be "first come, first served" at Pal's Cabin.



Miss Phyllis Boarman is a much-dated senior at East Orange High School in N. J. School basketball games are social as well as athletic get-togethers!



SEND FOR
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KIT

POND'S, Dept. 15-CVC, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Fashion's Spotlight

IS ON
Leading Lady

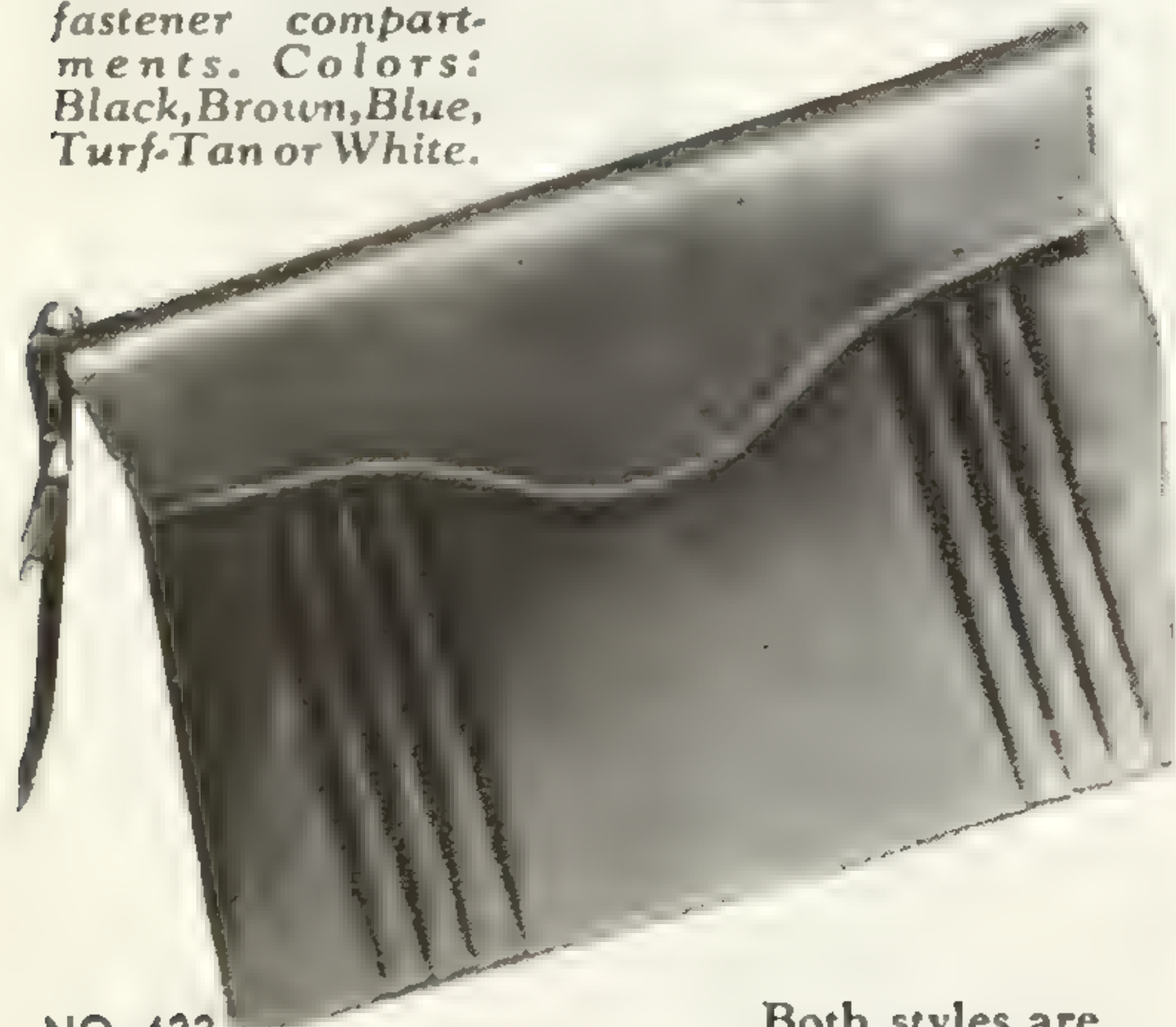
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HANDBAG

NO. 421

Large envelope style in pleated calf grain. Double slide fastener compartments. Colors: Black, Brown, Blue, Turf-Tan or White.

\$1.



NO. 422

Strap model, in calf grain. In Black, Brown, Blue, Turf-Tan or White. Puckered at the side, in the new "dress-maker" effect.

Both styles are available in Black or Red Patent Grain.



Lead off into Spring with a sleek new LEADING LADY handbag tucked under your arm. You'll want one for every costume, when you see how lovely and inexpensive they are! The Spring collection includes all the bright new tricks of the current fashion scene—new shades, new colors, new fabric treatments! . . . At leading stores.

If your favorite store cannot supply you, send \$1 to:

ELANBEE, Inc., Dept. 3P, 19 E. 22nd St., New York

heart and mind thinking about a kitchen that would have shiny pots hanging in a row and the rich smell of meats and spices and picturing a red-cheeked baby who looked not altogether like her and not altogether like John but combined the very best features of both.

Sometimes it was necessary for Ilona to deliver a dress to a customer. She would be given money for taxi fare. Usually that money went into Ilona's pocket. For Andras had ways of discovering when she was being sent out and he would be waiting for her and pay the fare.

Did Ilona like him? This was the question forever on Andras' lips and in his eyes. "Yes, I like you very much," she told him finally, "but please wear long pants." In long pants, she had decided, he would look older, less like a boy still in high school.

Had she asked him to straddle the world or harness the moon he would have considered how these things might be done. That same day he was measured at his tailor's. And afterwards, because John Komka always waited for her at one door, Ilona would leave the salon by another way.

"For," she says, "I was bad. I had not the courage to tell John that things were different with me."

ANDRAS held her heart until she met the man she married, the man she was to love with a deep and abiding woman's love—even after she had lost him. And Andras' dreams and ambition were contagious things. Ilona began to think about the theater. Every evening when she passed the King's Theater on her way home she planned how she would go inside one day and tell the men who put on the plays that she wanted to be an actress. And then one day she did what she so long had planned.

Hundreds of girls had knocked upon the stage door of the King's Theater and been turned away. But Ilona was directed to the office of the manager, a small, musty-smelling room, with bright electric lights burning in wire cages, where the producer himself, in shirt sleeves and sleeve garters, smoked a dreadful cigar and rested his feet on top of his disorderly desk.

"Please," Ilona said quietly, "I should like to be an actress."

The producer made a telephone call as if he hadn't heard her. He rang for a boy and sent out some papers. Then he tilted his chair farther back and asked:

"Can you dance—sing?"

"I am sorry," she told him, still sure and poised, "but I can't do anything."

He picked up the telephone and called another number. "I'm sorry, too," he told her out of the corner of his mouth.

"You're too young. We can't take you."

Unbelievable that it should go like this. This wasn't the way it went in her dreams. And this wasn't the way it was going to go. She knew that. It was from frustration and anger she wept, not disappointment or fear.

"All right, all right," he said, just as easily as if he had missed his lines and he was going back over them and getting them right this time. "You shall dance. Come tomorrow for a rehearsal."

Ilona walked home past all the lighted shop windows. She climbed the stairs to the landing where she lived and spoke to a neighbor on the way. But afterwards she could remember nothing from the time she left the theater until she faced her mother. Now she found it difficult to tell what she had done. For she didn't want the pristine beauty of this experience spoiled by the things she knew her mother would say.

"Terrible! Terrible!" her mother exclaimed. "Your father will kill you!"

Again it was the way it had been when Ilona set her heart upon Holland. "Please, mother," she said, "if you like me you must let me go. Because I must go!"

For generations a family will produce good men and true and some who will rise a little higher than all the others and some who will not do quite as well as the average for themselves. Then a baby will be born more sensitive, more beautiful, more brilliant than any other baby in that family ever was or ever hoped to be. And when this happens the mother will be proud but she also will know that she can not hope to keep that child for her own for long. And always her protests in the direction of that child will be mild. And whenever it is possible she will go along with that child, thinking perhaps to protect it but knowing in her heart it will be that child who will protect her.

Mrs. Hajmassey stirred the pot on the flame. "Tomorrow," she told Ilona, "I will go to that theater with you."

Conscientiously, painstakingly, Ilona rehearsed. Mrs. Hajmassey marveled. Could this be the child who never before had been willing to do anything that could not be done in the same moment that she thought of it?

When that play opened Ilona was in the chorus.

"Oh, little Hajmassey," the director used to say to her, "some day you will be a good dancer. But, I ask you, don't sing!"

"I will sing!" Her answer never varied. "I will!"

Off in the rich countryside of Hungary lived a family named Savozd. They owned fertile farmlands and many hundred head of cattle. On their acres were several houses of fifteen rooms and

more, and smaller houses for guests. Not all their land was given over to grazing and farming for produce. They had flower gardens too and it heightened their great pride that the roses they raised took first prize in every garden show.

Years and lives had gone into the accumulation of that great stretch of arable land and the fortune that stood behind it. In the beginning the daughter of a rich farmer and the son of a rich farmer had married. Their sons, in turn, brought more land and gold to the family through the dowries of their rich wives. Until at last there was no more wealthy family in Hungary.

WHAT did it matter if those who contributed to the amassing of this great fortune did not always find happiness? What did it matter if young Doctor Niklos Savozd, who had studied in London and in many capitols of Europe, could remember ten years when his mother and father had sat at the same fireside and at the same table without speaking one word to each other?

It was understood that Niklos would do the same as his father and grandfather had done before him. The banns soon would be read for him and the daughter of a wealthy farmer who lived so many kilos down the road. Whereupon more acres and houses and barns and head of cattle would belong to the Savozds and they would be so powerful that no man would tell them nay.

Niklos never thought whether or not this was anything he wished to do. He had grown to manhood with the understanding that he would marry the daughter of one rich farmer or another. This was the tradition in which he had been bred, as though he were a prince who would, of course, marry a princess.

Then Niklos met Ilona. He saw her one Sunday on the beach and arranged a meeting through mutual friends. He had not dreamed hair could be so bright. He found her face like the Fra Angelico angels he had seen in the galleries of Florence. And when she laughed—and she laughed often as he watched her—he felt as if he stood in the cold and looked through a window at a bright fire. An impulse stronger than any he ever had known impelled him to draw close.

"She dances at the King's Theater in the chorus," he was told.

Had he been as wise in the way of the world as he was in the way of books and farmlands and accountings perhaps he would have been warned by this and gone away. Or it may be that once he saw Ilona nothing could save him. . . . It may be that even before these two went to the beach that Sunday it was written that they should meet and that he should love her and, at last, awaken in her such a love as she never had felt before . . . such a love as made her smile at the romantic attachments of her youth and the exciting attachments of her adolescence.

"Niklos . . . Niklos . . ." she would whisper against his cheek.

And if, as his arms closed about her, he guessed—and he may have—that he risked disaster bringing this girl who danced in the chorus and who had no dot into his family he had no choice. For in the same moment he met Ilona it was too late for him to go away. . . .

It's a long road from Hungary to America—almost as long as the road from obscurity to fame—but both roads had been mapped out by destiny for Ilona's life. How it all happened makes a strange and exciting story, continued in April PHOTOPLAY!

ETI-QUIZ ANSWERS

We all know they know better, but the pictures on page 48 prove that the stars slip up on their manners when they're having fun (even as you and I). Did you catch these errors?

Loretta Young, James Stewart, Barbara Stanwyck: No whispering in public, please—and particularly no exchange of confidences in front of a third party!

Eloise and Pat O'Brien: Both Arthur Murray and Emily Post frown on this—neither ladies nor wives drape an arm around their partner's neck while dancing!

Dick and Joan Blondell Powell: Look at Dick's expression—this is Escort Peeve No. 1. How the men hate to see their lights-o'-love apply their "glamour" at the table!

Sandra Shaw Cooper and Ray Milland: No wonder Ray is bending over backwards—it's a ticklish proposition when a girl wears a hat like that for dancing!

Round Table Discussion at the Trocadero: Marital bliss is a wonderful thing but even so loving a wife as Martha shouldn't demonstrate such a strangle hold in public!

Tyrone and Annabella Power: Ah! he'll slip away from you, Ty? A gentleman offers his arm to a lady—he doesn't grab hers!



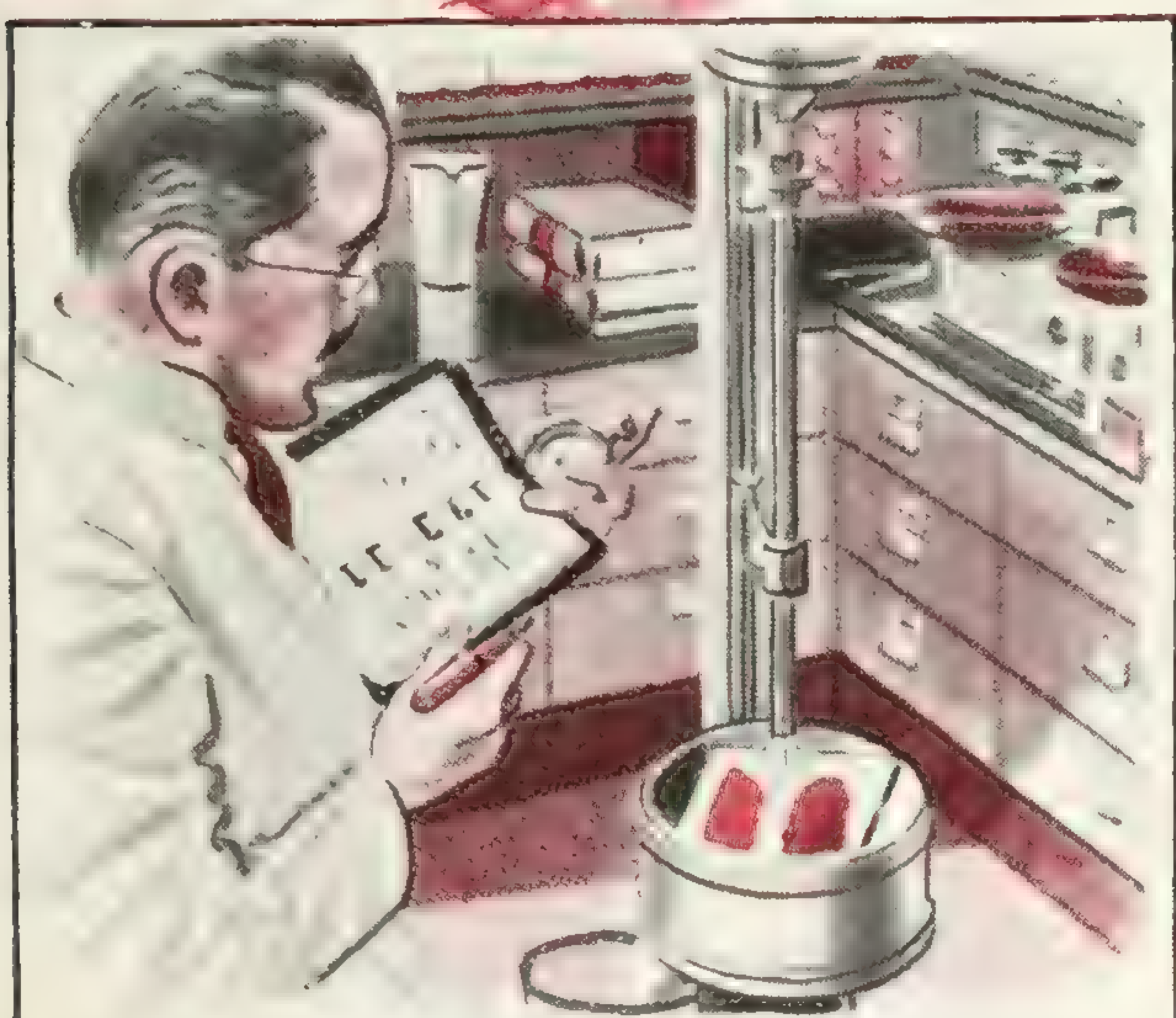
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Sun The Cutex Sun Lamp is used to test sun-fast qualities. You can expose Cutex to brilliant summer sun for days and it will "take it" without fading or changing color.

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The new Cutex GADABOUT is a gay, dashing red-rose red. The new Cutex CEDARWOOD is a young, mauvy pink. Both shades are perfect fingertip accents with the new colors featured at the Midseason openings.

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Try Cutex GADABOUT and CEDARWOOD—at our risk! If they don't wear better than any polish you've ever worn, simply return the bottle to us. We will cheerfully refund your original purchase price. (Offer good for 1940 only.) See all the smart Cutex shades today—at any toilet-goods counter.

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GADABOUT—Chic with wine, pinks, cocoa shades, bronze, all blues.
LAUREL—A fragile touch with the new blues, greens, pinks, grays, navy.

CEDARWOOD—Stunning with rose, green, blue, brown, beige.
OLD ROSE—Smart with black, brown, purple, navy, spring pastels.
CLOVER—Lovely with wine, browns, navy, green, yellow, pinks, purples.

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We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 47)

ingly informs us, for a semiballet number with Neagle. "It's kind of silly," he admits, "but it's good practice for my skiing."

RKO is so busy this month that pictures are spilling over this comparatively small Hollywood lot and on to the old RKO-Pathé studio in Culver City where Selznick International is gone with the wind—at least temporarily. There, Cary Grant and Irene Dunne are just starting "My Favorite Wife," a modern Enoch Arden story with switched sexes (the wife disappears).

We find Director Johnny Farrow, close-cropped as usual and smiling, on the next RKO set we visit—"A Bill of Divorcement," the screen classic that revived John Barrymore and made Katharine Hepburn a star. It's no secret that RKO's hopes are very much the same for Maureen O'Hara, who is number one actress on the RKO lot right now.

"I'm all mixed up," grins John. "I'm married to Maureen O'Sullivan and I'm directing Maureen O'Hara. They both talk as if they'd just left Dublin. They even look alike!"

"A Bill of Divorcement" is a frank re-make. Essentially, you'll remember, it's the tale of a wife, Fay Bainter, about to divorce her mentally aberrated husband, Adolphe Menjou, to marry another man. On Christmas Eve Adolphe regains his sanity, and his daughter, Maureen, engaged herself, really meets and knows her father for the first time. She discovers that she is too, too much like him. She sees her own unbalanced future and, calling off her happiness, leaves to take care of her Dad. It's tragic and touching, but a real star-maker, if there ever was one. Hepburn went to town. Can O'Hara?

WHEN we invade Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer we find Wallace Beery chewing on a huge ham bone.

"Arouse and Beware" is the admonitory title of the MacKinlay Kantor Civil War yarn M-G-M picked out for Wally, Dolores Del Rio and John Howard. From what we can gather it's one prolonged chase. Wally and John are Yankee soldiers escaped from a Confederate prison and heading North through Rebel lines. Circumstances force Dolores, a ravishing Russian adventuress, to join them. During the harried flight Wally reforms from a heel to a hero and—that's right—John and Dolores find true love.

They've just evaded traitors, spies, dirks, derringers, rifle shots and murderous Rebs when we look in. Bloodhounds come next. To prepare for the canine ordeal, Wally is relaxing from his art playing on an ancient wheezing harmonium. All he seems to know is "La Cucaracha." Wally is as unpleasant looking as sleek, dark Dolores is a treat for anybody's eyes. Fat and sloppy, in butternut rags, shaggy and frowzy, he gets ready to mess himself up a little more. They're all going to cross a synthetic stream babbling down M-G-M's back lot. John carries Dolores, very gallantly, on his shoulder, while Wally carries his ham bone. In the middle of the crossing Beery steps in a prepared eight-foot hole and disappears. He's supposed to stay there a minute, but he pops right up, sputtering. The ham bone is gone. Instead his hand covers his mouth.

"Hold it! What's the matter?" cries Director Leslie Fenton.

Wally flounders back to terra firma, mumbling. "Get a diver," he says. "I lotht my upper bridgework!"

We wouldn't dare tell this one on

Wally if he were a glamour boy.

The glamour side of Metro, incidentally, is being well taken care of by Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in "New Moon," and by "Strange Cargo," the Gable-Crawford duet. Newly exciting, too, is John Carroll, a handsome threat, being given his big break in "Congo Maisie" with Ann Sothorn. On the distaff side, Irina Baranova, is doing all right in the glamorous Hapsburg horse picture, "Florian."

This Baranova, straight from the Ballet Russe, is blue-eyed, brown-haired and Russian. She's small and fragile figured, but M-G-M thinks she's a big find. Luckily she fits right into Producer Winfield Sheehan's plans for "Florian," the most different and interesting picture on Hollywood's current docket.

For one thing, the real hero is a horse, a Lipizzan horse, which means a big milk-white charger from Austria with a pedigree five hundred years straight back. The Lipizzans have been royal Hapsburg horses for hundreds of years.

The genesis of "Florian" is one of those Hollywood happenstances that sometimes end up as pictures. It was like this: Maria Jeritza, the prima donna who married Hollywood's Winnie Shee-



That inferiority complex she testified he gave her, when suing for her divorce, doesn't keep the legally-estranged Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson from enjoying their dinner together at the Arrowhead Hotel

han, sang at a Vienna benefit. Grateful, the management presented her with six Lipizzan horses, which she promptly shipped home. They were just six new horses for his Hidden Valley ranch to Winnie, until Jeritza handed him a book by Felix Salten, who wrote "Bambi." It was "Florian," and the set we visit is the result.

It's an exact reproduction of the ballroom at Schönbrunn, the Hapsburg palace. Reggie Owen, whiskered and sideburned as Emperor Franz Joseph, presides on a royal dais, and Lee Bowman, the playboy archduke, and a host of bejeweled courtiers sit around in a semicircle. Lee is on the make for prima ballerina Baranova, the script says, but the Bowman-Baranova amour is really secondary. Robert Young and Helen Gilbert, an ex-cello player from M-G-M's musical scoring department, carry the main romance, Bob as a stable groom and Helen as a duchess. A mutual love for Florian, the Lipizzan, brings them together.

The ballet for the Emperor's Ball is all set to start by the time we tiptoe past

the doorman. Scores of ballet dancers in pale blue skirts flutter out beneath the massive crystal chandelier. When they spread out, there's Baranova, the prima ballerina, in the center, kneeling. She rises for her solo, but instead of pirouetting away, the great danseuse halts and announces, "It's gone!"

What's gone? Why, the little chalk mark on the floor Baranova is supposed to see out of the corner of her eye to get into position so the cameras can focus properly. The ballet dancers slipping by on their toes have rubbed it out. A "grip" runs out and pounds a red thumbtack into the boards. Funny it strikes us, how such a big scene sometimes depends on such a tiny thing as a tack. But wasn't a kingdom lost for want of a horseshoe nail?

Very much in contrast to the regal glamour of "Florian" is the prospect at Samuel Goldwyn's, where we hurry one day to hop off for Arizona and Gary Cooper in "The Westerner."

COME to think of it, "The Virginian" and "The Plainsman" did all right for Gary, and "The Westerner," formerly "Vinegaroon," completes a trilogy of trigger men. It's a ripsnorting melodrama of Texas in the '80's, based on the saga of one Judge Roy Bean who was the law West of the Pecos.

From old Tucson, it's twenty miles to Goldwyn City, a shabby, shabby reproduction of an old time Vinegaroon. By the time we arrive, Gary, Doris Davenport, Fred Stone and Walter Brennan (who plays Judge Bean), have been working hours and hours.

Director William Wyler decides to do the scene where Gary escapes a necktie party by hopping on his trusty horse. "Sure you can ride a horse, Gary?" he kids.

"I've been fooling 'em for a long time," smiles Gary. They line up and shoot the trial scene—a beer barrel is the bar of justice. Suddenly Gary leaves the deliberations and leaps for his horse. They roar away in a dust cloud—and then—thud! Down in the sand and scrub goes the horse. Gary's underneath.

When they pull him up, his knee buckles under him. Gary swears more with disgust than pain. It's not his fault, of course. The horse stumbled in the rocky sand, but—Cowboy Cooper is proud of it's being a real Westerner. "Only a tenderfoot would have let a horse pin him down," he grunts as they bind up his knee.

Winging back to Hollywood, the accident reminds us of Jack Benny's more cautious approach to fancy riding. Jack and his radio gang—Phil Harris, Andy Devine, Rochester and Company—are involved this month at Paramount in a Western to end all Westerns, "Buck Benny Rides Again."

It's sheer nonsense and good-natured satire with a dude-ranch setting which is six times as gorgeous as the Rainbow Room. Jack is too beautiful in a blue satin shirt, cream Stetson with fancy trimmings, scalloped and fluted panties and one real six-shooter with dummy cartridges. And, of course, a cigar.

The day we look in on all this, Director Mark Sandrich is dragging Buck Benny away from the soft life. We follow them into the valley on location where droves of vicious looking steers are milling around.

"Now," said Sandrich, "here's what you do—get on this horse, shoot off your pistol and as he sunfishes into that

(Continued on page 74)

IDA LUPINO IN PARAMOUNT'S
"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED"

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FROM the motion picture world comes exciting news of an original lip make-up creation by *Max Factor Hollywood*...It's called Tru-Color Lipstick. Just note these four amazing features that you've always wanted in a lipstick...

1. lifelike red of your lips
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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color ☐	REDHEAD ☐
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Dark ☐	Dark ☐	1/2 Hair is Gray check type above and here ☐
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"I'll look lovely in these!"

Yes, indeed you will! With Berkshires on, there will be no finer-clad ankles than yours. Your Berkshire Stockings will equip you to meet the challenge of any eye.

But not until you have worn your Berkshires—time after time—will the whole truth dawn that these marvels of

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for evening wear, with dancing slippers



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Look for one of these seals on each pair of Berkshire Stockings, identifying them as 2, 3 or 4-thread.

(Continued from page 72)

stampeding herd of wild cattle, try to stay on and keep from getting trampled to death. We'll do the rest."

A little later, when the cameras, the steer drovers, the cowboy extras and all are ready, Jack puts one foot in the stirrups. Then he turns to Sandrich with an envelope. It is addressed "To the late Mrs. Jack Benny!"

Paramount is also polishing off "At Good Old Siwash," college cutups circa 1905. The most astounding thing about this is that Bonita Granville, all of fifteen, plays a fifty-three year old lady in one sequence—no fooling! *Golden Boy* Bill Holden and genius Ezra Stone carry on the rest of the antiquated campusology. For the tragedy end of Paramount's program, "The Way of All Flesh," immortal for us because of Emil Jannings' silent performance, is getting a 1940 face-lifting with Akim Tamiroff and Gladys George.

WARNERS are taking advantage of the approaching shut downs of Selznick, Goldwyn and Walter Wanger, to grab off a few stars fresh to the Burbank lot. "The Prime Minister," (the story of Disraeli), is lining up for Laurence Olivier and Geraldine Fitzgerald, while Merle Oberon, queen of the scattered Goldwyn family, is already at home in Warnerland. We find her on the set of "We Shall Meet Again," wearing the mantle of Kay Francis with grace.

For "We Shall Meet Again" is the unforgettable "One Way Passage," which Kay and Bill Powell played so poignantly a few years back. George Brent has Powell's old part.

The set is the Bar-of-all-Nations in Hong Kong. It's the longest bar in the world and the most cosmopolitan. George, in white linen and a wide leg-horn hat, is showing the bartender how to mix a "Paradise cocktail."

"When anyone comes along," admonishes George, "who knows every second in life is important—make him one of these."

"I know every second in life is important," says a voice at his elbow. It's Merle. They sip a cocktail together and the romance starts, as it will end, after death with the clink of glasses.

It occurs to us, when Director Edmund Goulding says "Very smooth," that possibly next to William Powell, himself, George Brent is about as smooth a star as Hollywood can offer. And Merle Oberon is about as sweet. "We Shall Meet Again," if Goulding can make it as appealing as "One Way Passage," may well start a new romantic team for Warners.

Two of Warner's happy star family are working out this month, in Universal City, where Mae West and W. C. Fields have finished up "My Little Chickadee" without calling out the cops. Neither Wayne Morris nor Margaret Lindsay knew they were to star in Universal's "The Devil Is Yellow" less than twenty-four hours before they showed up in grease paint. But somebody had to keep the studio open until Deanna Durbin resumed her growing up in "It Happened in Kaloha" and Bing Crosby turned loose his larynx in "If I Had My Way." So Warner's Wayne and Margaret were drafted.

We see them in the set that studio designers can put up in their sleep by now—a newspaper city room. "Ten to one," we tell ourselves, "the star reporter will say 'Okay, chief.'" In about five minutes Wayne swaggers up to Bill Gargan.

"Now beat it," says Bill, "and bring in a scoop."

"Okay, Chief," replies Wayne. It's time for us to leave. High time. There's a note of freshness, however,

at Twentieth Century-Fox, and also: Walt Disney's where we pause for a loc at the new Animation Building, the fir of Walt's new San Fernando Valle plant to start humming. "Pinocchio" will be about ready to thrill you in th theaters as you read this, while "Fantasia," the Stokowski scored Symphon feature cartoon, is more than half don

At TC-F, the fresh note is Jan Withers teamed with Gene Autry, th rural Romeo, in "Shooting High."

Naturally, by now she has a terrifi crush on the handsome Autry. Jan shines up to Gene by feeding his horse "Champ," carrots and Gene retaliate by giving Jane his powder-blue sombrero.

Jane and Gene sing several cute, and some corny, ditties as the plot, a screed take-off on the TC-F's "Jesse James" location in Missouri, gets going. Watch a very cute number where they're both in overalls painting a house and dueting "Shanty of Dreams." Only Jane's adoration is making her a little absent-minded. She paints so furiously they have to stop and rub it off before another take is possible.

Marjorie Weaver, who plays Gene's romance in "Shooting High," has heard that Gene is never kissed in the movies which is very true. While he's helpless with paint, brushes and Jane, Marjorie, with a wicked gleam in her dark eyes, walks audaciously up to Autry.

"Mr. Autry," she says, very formally, "I understand you refuse to kiss me."

Gene stammers awkwardly for a second, then Marjorie tosses her arms around his red neck and plants a long and lingering buss where it's customary.

Not only that but Gene rallies like a gentleman and plants one right back!

MOVING from movie studios to the Hollywood microphone variety, we find that boiling down process we predicted months ago.

The Chase and Sanborn Program may not seem the same to you minus Ameche, Dottie Lamour and Nelson Eddy. But Good News follows the same lead. In the spring it shrinks, too, to a half hour built around "Baby Snooks" Brice, as C. and S. huddles from now on around Bergen and McCarthy.

Solid Hollywood hits such as Lake and Singleton in *Blondie*, Edward G. Robinson in "Big Town" and Basil Rathbone's *Sherlock Holmes* aren't worrying one bit. But the big Hollywood hope is now lodged in the success of CBS's "It Happened in Hollywood," or daytime variety shows with low-priced talent.

Radio Hollywood's last minute low-down and laughs: . . . The last of the Ameches left radio when Woodbury bought up Brother Jim's contract to make way for Boyer's comeback . . . Basil Rathbone calls Nigel Watson Bruce, "Willy" . . . Basil's wife, Ouida, never misses a broadcast from the clients' booth . . . Carole Lombard cries every time she does a show on the Lux Theater . . . the last weeper was "In Name Only" . . .

Charles Laughton baffled the Screen Guild Gulf gang by memorizing the entire script of "The Beachcomber" . . . Another script-by-heart air baby was Shirley Temple on the Christmas show—she still reads too slowly.

Bing Crosby's well-ribbed beard at Kraft showdowns was because of impetigo . . . the beard was pink . . . Edgar Bergen is sparking Kay St. Germaine, Fay McKenzie and the rest of his gals on the back seat of his motorcycle . . . And because of the harem he's worked up, they're calling him "Beau Bergen" around NBC!

The Third Mrs. William Powell

(Continued from page 18)

ing it is just to feel and move and think and be. A man returning from the shadows wants everything life holds, and wants no nonsense about correctness or conventionalities.

It was in such a mood that Bill Powell looked out into his garden and saw youth and happiness there, in the tiny figure of a nice young girl. Bill had already lived several lives—and much credit to him too for he had created his own fortunate destiny out of his own being and talent and vitality—but here was a chance at another one. He strolled out into the garden—can't you see him being so casual and "Thin Man" about it—and he got himself introduced. From the introduction he worked up quickly to a dinner date, and on that date he was won by the things he learned about Diana.

Personally I doubt that Bill could ever fall in love with a girl who wasn't an actress, for there's been grease paint in his blood ever since he left Kansas City some thirty odd years ago. But Diana Lewis, in addition to being a struggling young trouper, had two other qualities that were the clinchers for Bill. She'd had a rather tough time of it, but she was sporting about it.

She is the baby of one of those theatrical families who have toured the small American towns for years, a precarious but colorful existence. Her father, J. C. Lewis and her mother, Hetty Daly, were a vaudeville team in a road show, and as the little Lewises arrived—there were four of them—they became part of the act. Off stage they always dreamed of someday getting enough money to buy a home somewhere.

In 1932 they were forced to make part of the dream come true. J. C., senior, slipped backstage and fell down a flight of iron stairs. Paralysis resulted and the little family came to Hollywood. The oldest sister, Marion, got married. J. C., Junior, wrote music; second sister Maxine sang in night clubs, and sub-deb Diana went to school and worked whenever she got the chance. Nobody paid any attention to them until five years ago when they made their own break by means of J. C. Junior's collaborating with Jack Osberman in writing and producing a musical comedy called "The Shim Sham Review." Diana, just sixteen, dancing in it, was spotted by a Paramount scout, and given a contract. She was put in a couple of pictures but her option wasn't taken up. Undaunted, she went to Fairfax High School by day and worked at the Pasadena Community Playhouse at night. It was at Fairfax that she met another struggling youngster—Mickey Rooney. He got a crush on her. They dated a lot but Diana was not impressed. What sixteen-year-old girl is with a fourteen-year-old suitor?

Warner Brothers were the next to discover her. She actually played a

lead with them in "He Couldn't Say No" with Frank McHugh. Then she went to RKO where she played one role, and then to Columbia where she played one lead—in "First Offenders"—and then there wasn't anything at all. Sister Maxine was singing at Gordon's, a Hollywood café. Desperate, Diana joined her act. There she was seen by Billy Grady of M-G-M, who put her under contract, which event lead, by merest happenchance, to the swimming pool, her current role in "Forty Little Mothers" and Bill Powell.

Now Bill Powell loves being the man of the world. He should. He is a man of the world. He is wealthy and wise and witty. He's traveled. He is very much the debonair celebrity. He's been married twice to two charming women, the first of whom was Eileen Wilson, who bore him his son, Bill, Jr., and the second of whom was Carole Lombard. The story of his bittersweet romance with Jean Harlow and its tragic ending is too well known to need repeating. But when a man gets in a habit of being in love, you'll not find him getting along without it. The loss of Jean Harlow was an almost lethal blow to Bill. My own hunch is that if he hadn't been so ill himself he might never have got over the loss of her. But that illness proved to him that life is for living, not for dreams of what might have been.

So he came back last September to the greatest and most lasting of his loves—his acting—and after "Another Thin Man" was on celluloid I'm sure his heart began looking up. Diana coming along fitted right into his pattern and his need.

For this young Diana, just starting out in the movie business—he could tell her and show her Life in big letters. He could talk on and on for her eager attention about the white-tie-and-tails-life, the one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollars-a-picture, Palm-Beach-winter, Bermuda-for-Easter, Hawaii-in-August way of life. And what can be sweeter than that for a sophisticate?

Bill didn't have to marry for "a home." He's had a home, dozens in fact. He didn't have to marry for children. He's got his son. But for a dear, delightful young audience, for a gay, laughing escape from loneliness, for a magnificent chance to make a sweet kid happy, and be very much at peace with the world—well, if those are not fine things to marry for, then there's no meaning to the word romance.

That's why I think Diana Lewis is the most "suitable" wife for the Bill Powell of today. He doesn't have to be grim and practical about marriage. He can marry for the simple joy of it. That's why I think he and Diana are very lucky to have discovered one another. And I think it would be a grand and glorious thing if they live happily forever after, and I very much hope they do.

INVITATION TO AN "HAWAIIAN HONEYMOON"!

You'll never have another trip so gay, so exciting, so packed with romance as Hagar Wilde's ultramodern novel of two young stars who didn't know what they wanted (and one sophisticated star who did!)—in the land of sunshine and pineapples—

Beginning in April PHOTOPLAY

Ten words cost no more—why didn't Jim add "Love"?



Men grow neglectful when wives grow careless. Guard charm every day—make a habit of MUM!

ONE WORD more...such a little thing...yet to see it in Jim's telegram would have meant so much to Betty! "Jim's just thoughtless," she reassured herself. But Betty, husbands don't grow thoughtless without a reason! Jim could be as romantic as ever...if you still used Mum!

It's wise to question yourself if your husband seems inattentive! Are you trusting your bath too long—forgetting that underarms need Mum's special care every day? A bath, wise wives remember, removes only past perspiration. To prevent future odor, rely on Mum!

More women use Mum than any other deodorant—it's so dependable.

QUICK! Takes only 30 seconds. And you can use Mum even after you're dressed.

SAFE! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum won't harm fabrics. Mum is a wonderfully soothing deodorant for feet. And you'll find it safe to use even after underarm shaving!

SURE! You won't risk offending, if you use Mum every day. For without attempting to stop perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. (You'll find that men like Mum, too!) Get Mum at your druggist's today. Keep charming...let Mum keep underarms always fresh!

SO MANY DEODORANTS...YET MOST WOMEN CHOOSE MUM!



Mum helps this way, too Mum is first choice with women everywhere for sanitary napkins, too. Will not irritate, yet prevents odor. Play safe with Mum!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Swiss Family Hollywood

(Continued from page 65)

Once in motion, the driver looked back at Christine and asked where she wanted to go.

"I'm looking for my brother, Howard Donaldson," she said. "Where do you think I can find him?"

"You mean Howard Donaldson, the producer?" the driver asked. "Probably at the Trocadero."

The driver had no idea that Howard would be there, but it was a good way to run up the bill, because the Trocadero was a long distance away.

When the battle-scarred trio arrived at the Trocadero, they didn't find Howard Donaldson. What they did find was George and in the company, no less, of Grace Darling.

Grace, disgruntled because Howard had not taken up her option, had run onto George by accident, and was getting him as drunk as possible in the hope that he would get into some sort of trouble which would bring more scandal on Donaldson.

Christine, looking like an elder sister of the Four Horsemen, rushed into the bar, and shrieked:

"Where is Howard Donaldson?"

There was no answer for a moment. Grace, however, sensed an opportunity to put Donaldson in the soup.

"Are you his sister?" she asked, craftily.

"Certainly I'm his sister. Who do you think I am?" Christine said.

Controlling her original impulse to tell Christine that she thought she was Boris Karloff in make-up, Grace said:

"I can find him for you. He's out at Mr. Wood's house."

Grace didn't know where Donaldson was, but reasoned that Christine making a scene in the home of Donaldson's boss—especially with Swain present—would really fix things.

Wood and Swain, seated in Wood's living room waiting for Donaldson, had no notion of what was about to descend on them. Consequently, when Christine swept into the room, followed by Grace Darling, Junior, Ralph and George, they were as amazed as they would have been at the sight of a zebra riding a bicycle.

"Where's my brother?" Christine demanded.

"That, madame," said Wood, as soothingly as possible, "is what we have been wondering. He has an appointment with us here."

"He's here now!" Christine declared. "You're hiding him!"

"I'm sorry to say that you're wrong," Wood said.

"You're a liar!" Christine announced.

Wood tried his best to control his temper and cover this painful situation, but he couldn't quite make it.

"Lady," he said, "I am distinctly not an old Southern gentleman but I resent that crack. Mr. Swain, will you please ignore these people. At least, don't blame them on Howard just because they happen, unfortunately, to be related to him."

This was George's cue. He looked at Swain, and said:

"Are you Frank Swain, the New York banker?"

Swain admitted the charge, whereupon George sneered and muttered:

"Stinking capitalist. Grinder-downer of workers."

Grace, having nothing to lose, and unable to hold her tongue, said:

"Untaker-upper of options."

Swain leaped to his feet and screamed:

"What is this anyway? Isn't anybody in Hollywood, sane?"

At this moment, Donaldson arrived. He had just recalled the fact that he had had an appointment with Wood. He could not have chosen a worse moment.

As he walked into the living room, all those present looked at him in a silence which had icicles on it.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"What's wrong!" Wood, Swain, Christine, George, Ralph and Junior sang out in a perfect Greek chorus. Grace Darling, under her breath, said: "I think things are going to be all right."

"You're through, Donaldson," Swain said. "I wouldn't have you in my employ if you were the last producer in the world. . . ."

"Have you gone crazy?" Christine broke in. "Do you realize that you've jeopardized your position . . . brought disgrace on your family . . . all for a foolish little hussy. . . ."

"The wages of sin are death," mumbled Junior.

"Class-conscious capitalist," George snarled.

Donaldson slumped down in a chair, completely overwhelmed, as these denunciations continued. Wood, wanting to front for him, but seeing the impos-

sibility of it, gave Grace an unlaunched look and beckoned her to the kitchen.

"What was the idea," he asked her, over a highball, "of bringing these lunatics here. I could have fixed things for Howard if they hadn't turned up. Now Swain wouldn't have the guy if he found him on sale in Macy's basement."

Back in the living room, Swain had contrived to get the floor away from Christine momentarily. He shook an accusing finger in Howard's face and shouted:

"Gambling! That is the one thing I cannot excuse. A man in your position—a leader of the film industry—a pillar of the community—arrested in a cheap gambling house—consorting with crooks and criminals—"

The doorbell rang. It was Brooksie and Spangler. There was a stunned silence for a moment as they strode into the room. Christine was the first to break it. She did it in her customary manner, which was at the top of her voice.

"What're you doing here among decent people?" she shrieked at Brooksie.

Spangler took charge of the situation by shoving Christine's chin.

"Pucker your kisser," he said, in the choice selection of words for which he was famous. Having intimidated Christine—no mean feat—he glared about the room and said:

"Which of you goofers is Swain?"

The banker, instinctively apprehensive, admitted that he was Frank Swain. Spangler gave him a grin which would have frightened a saber-toothed tiger,

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extracted from his pocket a check. "The other night," Spangler said, "when I wasn't there, you came into my office and dusted off my cashier for five hundred bucks with a check, and I stopped payment on it. Would you like to make it good, or shall I cut you heart out?"

Swain turned a pale green and began to stumble in his coat pocket. Spangler interpreted this move.

"You're thinking of reaching for a revolver, don't bother," Spangler said, and produced from his own pocket a check that resembled, to all outward appearances, a French Seventy-five.

"I was only getting some money," Swain quavered. "The check—it was a mistake. . . ."

He produced the cash, and Spangler counted it carefully.

"This dough is phony," he said, "I'm not going to keep on looking at this." "Why?"

His reaction on Donaldson to all this was astounding. He leaped to his feet, threw a man, and shouted:

"All of you! Listen to me!"

He was a bit optimistic. If there's anything there's a dearth of in Hollywood, it's listeners. The bedlam continued.

But Donaldson had something to say and nothing was going to stop him. He held a cut-glass candelabra at a high angle over the fireplace. It was a direct hit. He figured he'd had a few years bad luck anyway since his only descended on him.

Now there was silence. Attracted by the food and Grace came in from the kitchen. Donaldson felt better. A huge crowd attracted his attention.

"Top!" yelled Wood. "That's a Ming! And seven G's for it!"

It was too late. The Ming went the way of all crockery. Wood shuddered, and hastily put his foot over the piece which bore the label, "Made in Japan." "Silence!" yelled Donaldson. It was a sacred word. He had silence now. A critical gleam came into his eyes.

"I'm getting tired of all this!" he yelled. "I'm getting tired of all of you. For two days now I've been made the villain of this piece. Nobody would listen to me. Nobody would believe what I said if they did listen to me. Nobody would believe that I was anything but a forty-nine carat heel! Now it's my turn to talk!"

He turned to Spangler and said:

"Tony—I've played square with you—it's your turn to play with me." Swain nodded in assent.

"You've got that gun on you—if anyone tries to interrupt me—persuade him to be quiet."

"A twitch of a lip," Tony said, "will be a death warrant."

Thus assured, Donaldson continued:

"Christine, you've been in my hair for years. I've been afraid of you. Why, I don't know. That's all over."

George:

"You've been sounding off about your theories. What about them? You advise me because I've made some money. Have you ever made any? Do you know how to make any? Will you show me how to make any? I've been waiting for you for years—so you have the nerve to denounce people who work!"

Ralph:

"Our only trouble is that you married Christine."

Junior:

"Is for you—you're just a pain in the neck."

Grace Darling:

"I think I'll renew your option. I didn't because I was wrong in trying to make you a leading woman. You're not—you are a heavy at heart and I never realized it before."

To Wood:

"As for you, I'll admit that you tried to protect me. You're not a bad guy, you're just stupid."

To Swain:

"And now, Mr. Swain, we really get down to things. You were going to sell me out because I got into the headlines about being arrested in a gambling joint. So what do I find out? I find that you, personally, gave a gambler a bad check when all I did was to make up a bill for a relative of mine. And you denounce me! All of you have denounced me!"

Brooksie, daring Tony's guardianship of the peace, interrupted.

"I never denounced you—much," she said.

The new-born Donaldson glared.

"I'll get around to you in a minute," he said, and turned back to Swain.

"You nitwits—all of you—come out here and tell me how to make moving pictures. The less you know about it, the more you have to say. I've been making pictures for twenty years. So have a lot of other people in Hollywood. Yet you and my sister and her subnormal family come out here and spend fifteen minutes inside a sound stage and tell us how it should be done. Pfui on you and the motion picture business!"

"Just a moment," Swain said hastily. "I realize I've been wrong. If you'll reconsider—"

"At double my salary?"

Swain gulped weakly and nodded.

"Fine," said Donaldson. "Now one other condition."

"What's that?" asked Swain.

"That you give my sister Christine a job—any job I signify."

The listeners looked at each other in amazement. After the ringing denunciation of Christine, Donaldson was still looking after her interest?

"What is the job?" Swain asked.

"Manager of the Atlas film exchange in Shanghai," Donaldson answered.

Swain made one last protest. "But Shanghai may be bombed—"

"As if I didn't know," replied Donaldson. Christine started to faint, but caught herself in time. The broken Ming on the floor looked like a bad landing field.

BROOKSIE felt strangely out of all this. Donaldson had practically ignored her, which was a worse insult than a real insult. She edged toward the door.

"Wait!" ordered Donaldson. "I'm going with you!"

Brooksie's chin went up defiantly. "You're not. Besides, I don't know where I'm going."

"I do," as he took her by the arm. "Yuma."

Brooksie's heart bounced.

"If you're asking me—"

"Not asking. Telling."

"But it's across the state line."

"Don't give me any geography lesson. Kiss me."

Brooksie looked around at the gaping listeners.

"Wait till we're alone."

"We're practically alone now."

The kiss thrilled Brooksie. It pained Christine. He tingled Donaldson. He turned to his studio executives.

"I'll be back at the studio next week."

He fixed a glittering eye on his family.

"Brooksie and I know where we're going. Now you, my dear family, know where you can go."

The door slammed behind them. Christine was puzzled.

"That was a silly thing for Howard to say. Of course we know where we're going. Shanghai."

Wood opened the exit door invitingly.

"I don't think that was what he meant."

THE END



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Beech-Nut Gum



Exposing Hollywood's Red Menace

(Continued from page 19)

solidarity. It took nearly two weeks of incessant work, on the lot and off, in the Brown Derby, at his home, working in relays, smoothly, subtly and efficiently, and in the end they sold him hook, line and sinker.

He was emotional—but then actors make their livings by portraying emotion—and he wanted to help. He was used to giving charity. He joined the movement, dug down—and gave.

He gave willingly enough, at first. He—and a lot more like him—probably would be paying yet, if the Dies Committee hadn't started its investigation hereabouts—and if Stalin hadn't signed a pact with Hitler.

DOES it all sound fantastic to you? Here's how it was worked. Wherever possible, Communists got converts and sympathizers in the film colony to sign pledges. They saw to it that the pledges were kept. Out of the salaries of the unlucky ones, came a certain, set, agreed-upon percentage for the party. Not all the agreements were so bald that the dupe knew his money was going directly into Communist channels. Sometimes the deductions were earmarked for this or that "anti" league, or some patriotic sounding unit with a professed fight against Fascism or Nazism. Whatever the name, the deductions went almost invariably to aid the Communist cause or into the pockets of the solicitors.

In three years Hollywood is credited with contributing more than two million dollars to Communist front organizations.

In many cases investigators know who contributed the money, how it was spent—and how much of it went to line the pockets of some racketeers who worked behind Red Banners to get it.

At the beginning of 1939, Hollywood's devotion to this or that "anti" group began to verge on the hysterical. And around the middle of 1939 the movie colony began to get uneasy about the entire Red business. This particular actor, for instance, decided it would no longer be good for him to be identified with any group suspected of Red leanings. He refused to make any more donations. First they cajoled him. Then they told him he was yellow. Next they appealed to his patriotism—and finally they got down to business and resorted to outright threats. They vowed that he had been contributing to the Communists all along and they simply promised him that unless he continued to contribute they would go to his studio and inform on him.

Anti-Communist sentiment in America had reached feverish dimensions. Studios were jittery over rumors that their actors, directors and writers were hurting business by association with pink causes. When studios get jittery they usually fire first and ask questions afterwards. They don't want national scandals.

So the threat, levelled gun-wise at the actor's head, was a very real one. He mulled it over. He made his decision.

"I'll beat you to the punch," he said. "I'll tell them myself."

He didn't get a chance. He picked a bad time to rebel. His option was coming up. The Red mobsters got two girls and a man to fill his studio with rumors that he was a moral degenerate. The rumor spread as fast as horrified tongues could carry it, spread in a short time to the office of the head of the studio. The actor's fate was decided

sixty seconds later. His option wasn't taken up. He was thrown out.

Fortunately he's back at work today. Investigators explained to a producer at another lot what had happened to him. But some of the mud still clings. He'll be years shuddering down the last of that horrible lie.

THAT'S a typical case, and by no means an unusual one. One of the most sickening weapons used by the Communists is their bludgeon for use against individual reputations.

For that reason—and for many others—Hollywood was the most important foothold the Communists could get in all America. Hollywood—where reputations smeared mean careers ruined over night. The Communists found easy pickings in the film capital. Day after day, beginning in the fall of 1936, they enlarged their influence. They were making some members of the film colony do whatever they willed. They took one woman writer and forced her to compose for them a propaganda play, made her come to their meetings and read aloud to them what she had written during the past week, and then, in her presence, went over it humiliatingly, line by line, voting changes until it was completely to their liking. She had to do what they wanted. She was afraid not to.

Imagine using a thousand-dollar-a-week writer like that! Imagine them forcing a star to solicit Red handouts—after they had discovered an indiscretion of his and threatened to expose him. They were stopping at nothing, there was nothing too low for them to attempt. Hollywood was the richest gold mine they had ever struck. And they were making Hollywood pay through the nose, because it had wanted to be generous, wanted to do what it could to salve suffering and, ironically, protect America from foreign influence.

THE Communists weren't interested in forming a large organization. Big groups are unwieldy. Oddly, they do not even want to turn out motion pictures which will be Red from start to finish. All



Even though helped by this quartet—Anita Louise, Myrna Loy, Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland—Mrs. Basil Rathbone was so overworked doctors wouldn't let her attend the great charity party she gave!

they want in this regard is to insert in a picture one significant scene. They hope it'll pass unnoticed. But they figure that somehow the significant scene will stick. That little by little, picture after picture, the propaganda effect will build up until they are ready to make their move. And that move is Revolution. They want to spot men in important places—not many men—but a lot of important positions. Their task in Hollywood composed one of the most delicate and one of the vastest conspiracies the nation has ever known. Walter Winchell has already passed on to Washington documentary evidence proving that thousands of dollars contributed by Hollywood to innocent-sounding organizations eventually wound up in the hands of Communist leaders. Police and other investigatory groups have gone about accumulating evidence of the conspiracy.

Are you wondering who might be the biggest source of their information? In many cases it's the Communists themselves.

Here in Hollywood many of the racketeers had criminal records. Investigators put on a little pressure of their own. In a short time they had Communists spying on Communists. They had Reds reporting to them exactly what went on at meetings, who was present, what new victims had been selected, how the conspiracy was progressing, and who was weakest.

IT is difficult, at this writing, to estimate the enormity to which Hollywood has been subjected, of the grip the Red racketeers had begun to gain on Hollywood's mind, body and purse strings of the very, very narrow escape one of the nation's most important industries had at a time when depression had fixed things so it could least afford to stand such a blow.

They were out to dominate Hollywood. They wanted a constant supply of sympathetic money. They had the world's richest amusement market almost in their grip and they had bled it pallid and they were bleeding it white. They were conspiring to use the prestige of stars to propagandize and influence the millions of fans who adored those stars; they were conspiring to use writers to inject Red bait into their scripts; directors to give the Red slant; workers to infect whole unions, milking the town, turning it gradually to their purpose—the conversion of Hollywood into another Moscow from which they hoped to operate as a Red-dyeing plant to color the entire nation. It was a shrewd conspiracy. It almost worked. It offered everything: popular stars, unending supplies of money, talent and the most effective propagandizing medium in the world.

Their methods toward the last had become openly arrogant. Hollywood is still dazed from the shock. It was a narrow escape. Hollywood has learned a terrible lesson. It'll never need another. Not like this one.

And almost without exception—and unfortunately there were a handful of exceptions—the colony was sincere wanted to be generous, loved its country, fought to be allowed to help. Starved with each other, fell over each other in their zeal once the ball started rolling, once Causes and Movements had become the fashionable and intellectual things to join. And they ended up a victims of one of the most depressing frauds the country has ever known.

The only thing Red about Hollywood today—is its face.

lay Truth and Consequences with Ronald Colman

(Continued from page 17)

1. (Q) What is your favorite form of entertainment?
(A) String orchestras, good conversation, and circuses.
2. (Q) Are you argumentative?
(A) On certain subjects and with certain people, I avoid arguments like the plague; with others, I just can't wait to get to work.
3. (Q) Do you consider yourself a good storyteller?
(A) Not bad; as long as I lay off the Irish and down-South kind!
4. (Q) What one feat gave you the greatest pride and thrill?
(A) When I landed a 228 pound Marlin swordfish. And am I glad you asked that one!
5. (Q) Why do you make but one or two pictures a year?
(A) So that people don't get sick of the sight of me.
6. (Q) What has been one of your greatest disappointments?
(A) When Al Woods fired me after one week's tryout in my first leading part on Broadway.
7. (Q) Of the screen are you as reserved and dignified as you usually appear to be on the screen?
(A) If I am, I should be severely spoken to.
8. (Q) Have you ever fancied that you might be a singer?
(A) Yes, I even studied it when I was a youngster. I still sing in the bathroom where the acoustics help me out.
9. (Q) What do you consider the best picture you ever made?
(A) "A Tale of Two Cities"—because it was a great part in a great story—one of fiction's finest romantic tragedies.
10. (Q) In the role of fan, what is your chief criticism of motion pictures?
(A) Abolish the double feature.
11. (Q) What is the first thing you notice about a person?
(A) Teeth and hands.
12. (Q) What type of leading lady do you prefer in your pictures?
(A) One who can act.
13. (Q) Which leading lady gave you the greatest inspiration?
(A) Dangerous ground. Diplomacy requires a consequence. (Let us print a picture of you in your early stage days.)
14. (Q) Do you ever wish to return to the stage, and do you think you might eventually?
(A) No. I reserve the right to change my mind, however.
15. (Q) Do you consider yourself a romantic figure?
(A) That's none of my business.
16. (Q) Why do columnists and interviewers often refer to you as The Man in the Iron Mask?
(A) Possibly because I dislike talking too much about myself. Interesting things are often unpublishable and the publishable things are so dull.
17. (Q) As most stars have a discoverer, whom do you most credit as being yours?
(A) My first break came from Henry King and Lillian Gish.
18. (Q) How were you able to give such a perfect simulation of a sightless man in "The Light that Failed"?
(A) Thank you very much.
19. (Q) For what things do you have an especially good memory?
(A) Voices—smells—Shakespeare and other verse if I learned it
20. when I was very young. Not so, if I have memorized it in recent years.
21. (Q) Are you always impeccably groomed?
(A) No. I like very much to go without shaving, especially on fishing and hunting trips. It's more fun to clean up when there is something to work on.
22. (Q) Are you temperamental?
(A) Certainly—but not in the popular conception of it.
23. (Q) How well do you speak foreign languages?
(A) Enough to ask the way or order a meal in Italian, French and German. I'm often at a loss when they answer back, however.
24. (Q) Are you inclined to make snap judgments?
(A) No, I am very deliberate.
25. (Q) Do you consider that you are a sentimental person?
(A) Very—and "Danny Boy" really gets me down.
26. (Q) What memento from your past means most to you, and why?
(A) Mr. Colman took the consequences. (Show us the most informal snapshot ever made of you.)
27. (Q) When are you moody?
(A) Occasionally, but I smile sweetly when spoken to.
28. (Q) Are you fussy about food?
(A) The morning coffee must be good and hot.
29. (Q) When have you ever been jealous of another film star?
(A) Never.
30. (Q) On what occasion have you recently lost your temper?
(A) Not for publication—(Consequences: Give us a picture of you riding a bicycle.)
31. (Q) Do you usually travel incognito . . . and if so, do you get away with it?
(A) I don't travel incognito, but when possible I do have my name excluded from passenger lists. Thus I may find myself addressed as Baxter, Marshall, Olivier, Fairbanks Jr., etc.
32. (Q) What is your real name?
(A) Put a Charles in the middle.
33. (Q) What improvement would you suggest in women's make-up?
(A) Consequences, please. (A romantic pose with Vilm a Banky.)
34. (Q) Do you dislike interviews?
(A) Generally—although with a good interviewer it can be painless.
35. (Q) How many pictures have you made?
(A) Forty-five.
36. (Q) Which picture was most difficult for you?
(A) "The Masquerader"—I played two parts.
37. (Q) Do you ever put on an act?
(A) Only at banquets—during the after-dinner speeches I usually smoke a cigar, though I don't like cigars. Having one in my hand seems to lend dignity to the occasion!
38. (Q) During this game have you answered every question truthfully?
(A) Only one slight exaggeration. The Marlin swordfish was not quite 228 pounds . . . 227 pounds and a half.
39. (Q) What would you do if you were dictator of Hollywood?
(A) Abdicate immediately!



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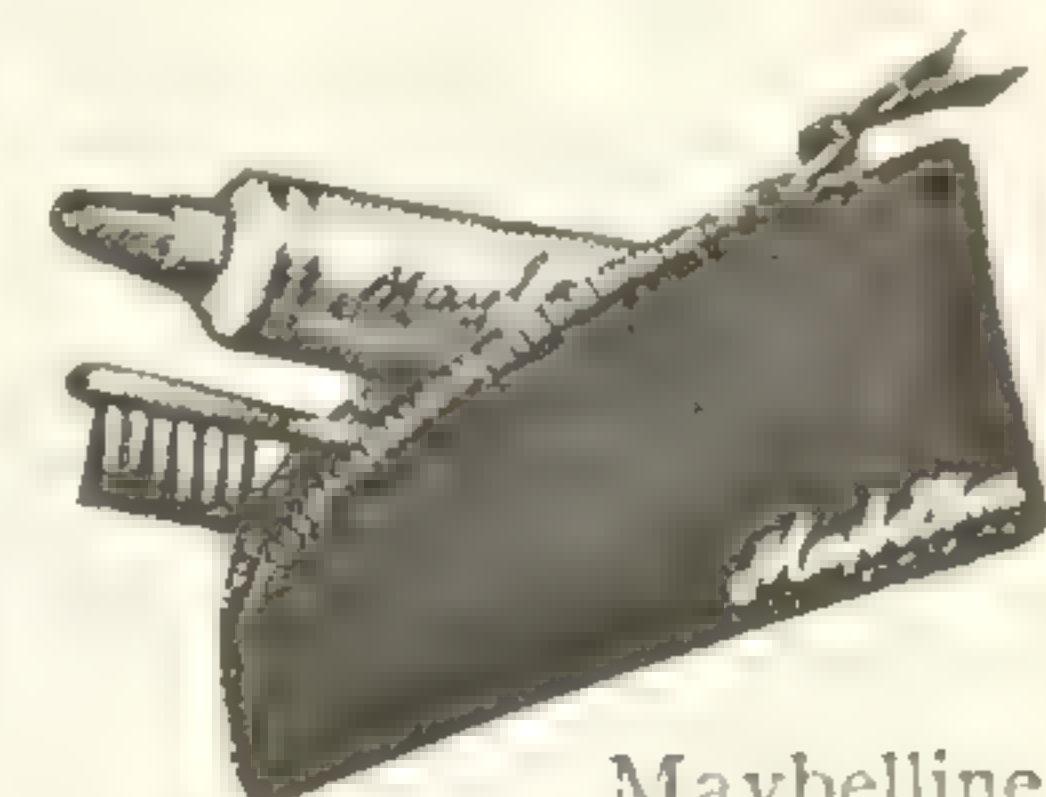
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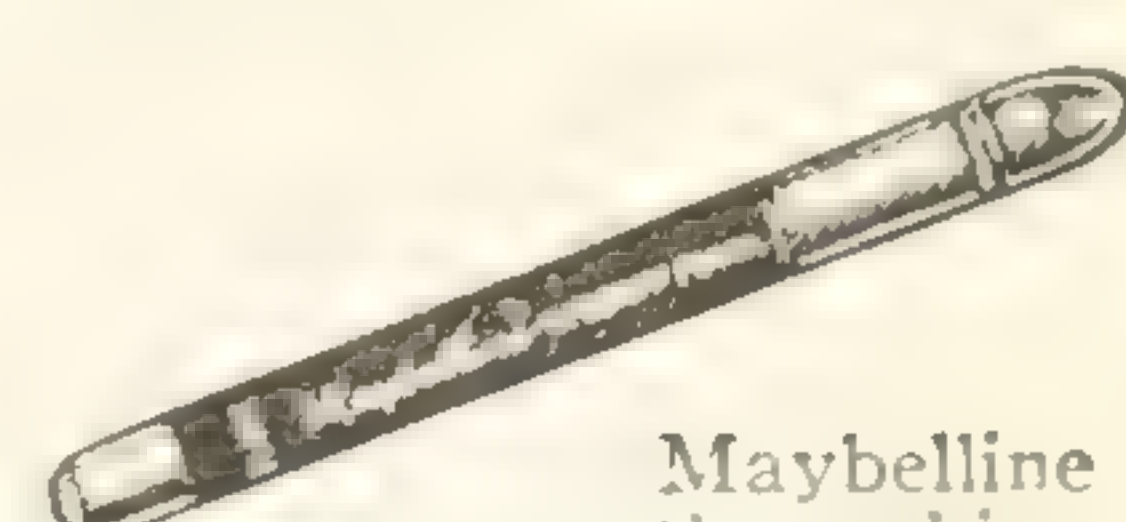
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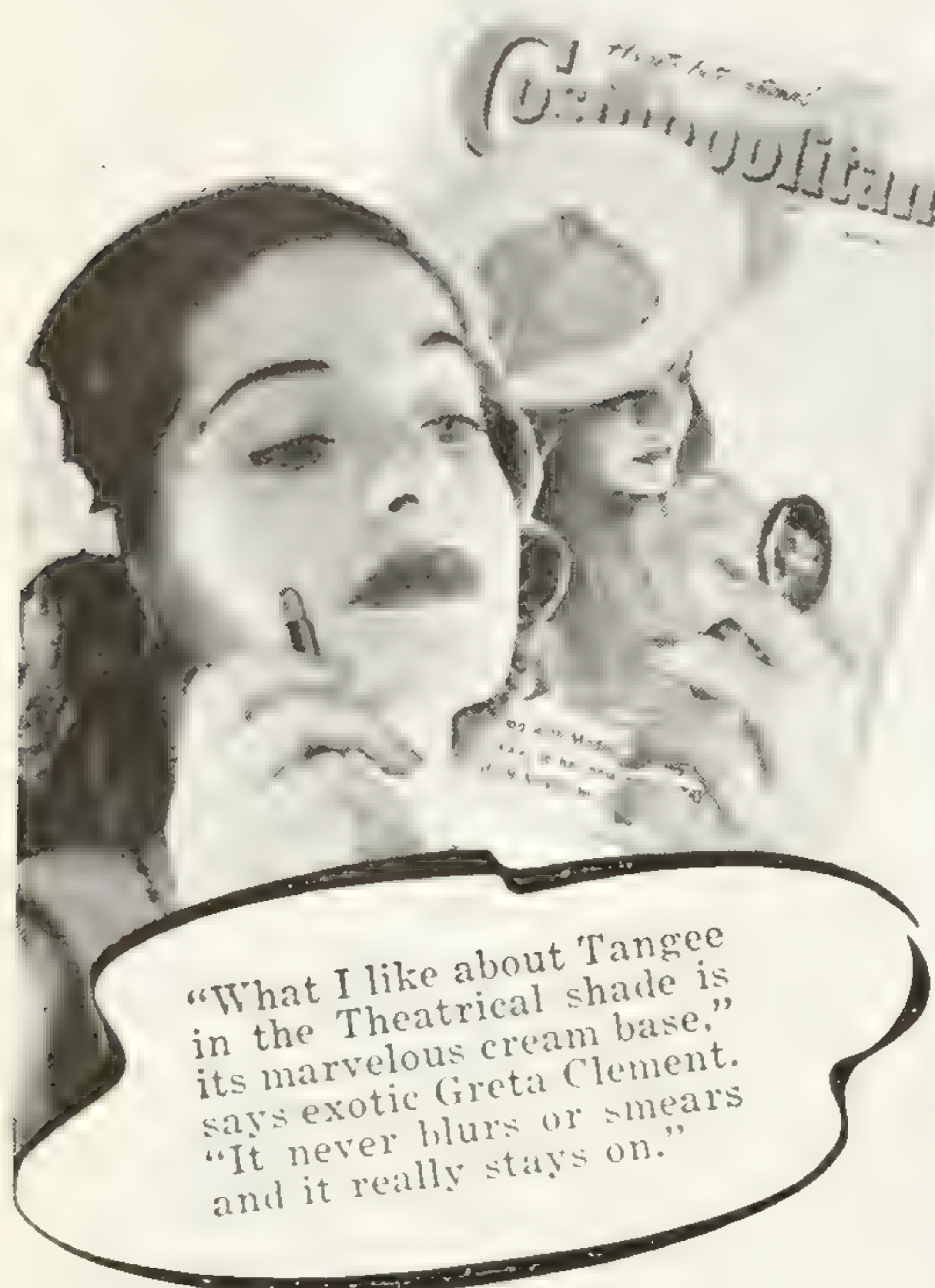
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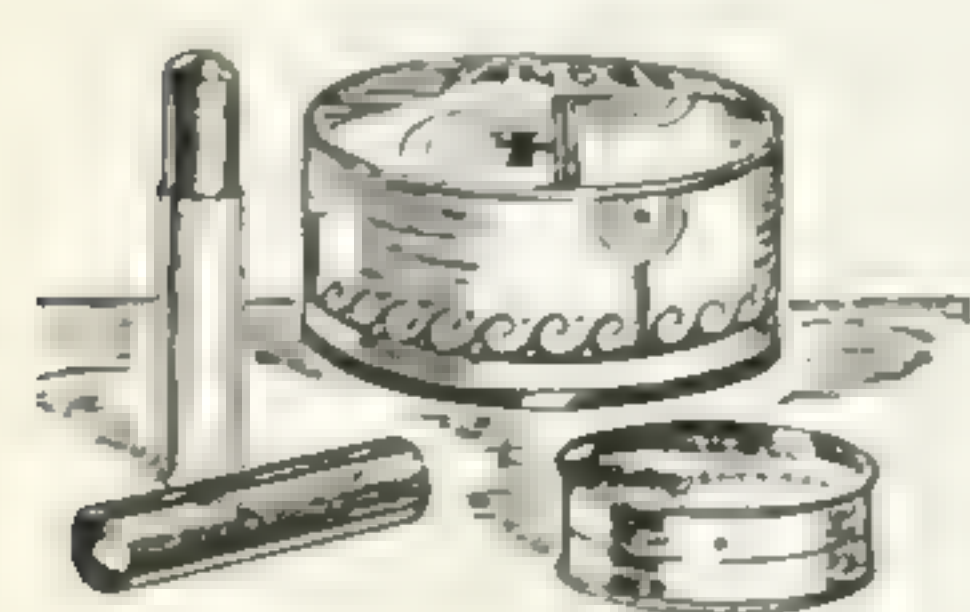
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That's what you get with Tangee, the new "cream base" lipstick! See that exciting Theatrical shade. Note its exquisite smoothness, how it goes on like a dream, stays on lastingly and doesn't smear or give you a "painted" appearance. Get Tangee Theatrical shade today.



Rouge and Powder, too. Use Tangee Theatrical Rouge to echo your Theatrical Lipstick. Use Tangee

Powder to give your skin a fascinating "underglow"! When you want less vivid make-up, use Tangee NATURAL. This lipstick, with the same marvelous cream base, changes, when applied, to the shade of rose or red most becoming to you.

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Check Shade of Powder Desired:

Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
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P 30

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 61)



Lookit who's all done up in a tux! Freddie Bartholomew looks right at home, too, passing the time of evening with Fred MacMurray and Wendy Barrie, at the charity affair in the Beverly Wilshire Hotel

may become, not 20th Century-Fox's most valuable asset but something of a liability—since her contract calls for a whale of a check every week.

Butter's Better

HER real name is Susanna DeLees Flanders Larson. But you know her as Susanna Foster, the little girl who sang high X or something in Paramount's "The Great Victor Herbert." The "Susanna" was inspired by the fact she is related to Stephen Foster who wrote "Oh, Susannah!" The DeLees is for the doctor who first introduced her to the light of day (December 6, 1924, in Chicago). The Flanders is her mother's maiden name. Larson is her father's name.

She hates oleomargarine, this because she had to eat it instead of butter for quite a long, sad time while she was trying to get into the movies. The family, including mother and father (both of whom can sing but have never worked at it) and two younger sisters, were living in Venice, California, then. Before Susanna achieved the notice of producers, they had their furniture moved out from under them. True, Susanna had had a brief contract with Metro, but Deanna Durbin was there then, also Judy Garland, and Susanna got lost in the shuffle.

Finally, though, she made an impression at Paramount. First she tried out for "The Star Maker," but Linda Ware beat her to that break. However, LeRoy Prinz, studio dance director, saw her and promised to get her a part someday, sometime. He was as good as his word in "Victor Herbert."

Susanna is a slender little trick (as you know if you've seen "Victor Herbert") with a yen for athletics. She insists on going without a hat in the California sun which makes her freckle, and her mother protests—until Susanna mentions Myrna Loy. She has a chum with whom she is inseparable but doesn't like boys—"yet."

She has a breezy way of talking and is likely to run her wordstogetherlike this, which habit wasn't very popular with Andrew Stone, who directed "Victor Herbert." Incidentally, in order to get that part she sang for 5,000,000 Paramount executives. The figures are her own. She thinks maybe it was the B flat above high C she can sing at will which finally brought them around.

She now has a long-term contract with Paramount.

"And so," she says, grinning, "the family eats butter again."

Hollywood—My Hollywood

IT'S five-thirty and we plunge out of the corner house that is PHOTOPLAY's Hollywood home into a January night—temperature, seventy. A yellow moon hangs suspended between the five tall palm trees that stand guard before the house. Directly across the street Billy Halop in shorts and shirt sleeves is playing ball before his house. We call to him not to get run down by Cal's car. The red poinsettias before Billy's home nod to the pink roses across the street. Dusk has grown into dark. We drive to the open air corner market near Fairfax Avenue. Maureen O'Hara is taking her evening stroll. She pauses to glance at the magazine stand—also open air. A market basket on his arm, Donald Crisp stands before the printed sales list for the day. A Scotchman, Donald is an A-One shopper.

"Has that delivery gone up to the Charles Boyers yet?" the butcher calls to the grocery clerk. "They want to add something to the order."

Across the way George Sanders saunters into Schwab's drugstore in old slacks and a slip-on sweater. Two tourists stop and stare at the great open-spaced market, its array of green vegetables, strawberries, avocados. Jackie Cooper whizzes by in his new car.

A former star, once a great name, walks aimlessly before the meat counter and then pauses to count again the few coins in his hand. A foreign actress, recently from Germany, approaches the cashier timidly. "I did have one egg to eat yesterday, but could I buy this one also?"

The growing look of wonder in the cashier's eyes. "One egg? You can have all you want, you know." Her confusion and thanks and joy. "So good—Hollywood," she says.

An extra, still in yellowish make-up, stops at the bakery counter. "One cream puff," she orders proudly. "I worked today."

At the corner below as we stop at a signal, a shining limousine draws up. Inside is Norma Shearer. Next in line is an old tin lizzie with a Kansas license plate. The moon grows yellower. The palms statelier. The air balmier.

It's January. And it's Hollywood—my Hollywood.

Sleuth Neagle

WHO says the British have no sense of humor? We think Anna Neagle ably contradicted that theory with a report she made the other day to Director Herbert Wilcox.

Seems her performance in a certain picture had been criticised briefly but bitterly by a British "drah-ma critic" who took himself very seriously—very obviously. Seems, however, that since there was no byline and the name of the publication had not been supplied by the clipping bureau to which Miss Neagle subscribes, she had no way of knowing who wrote it.

"Perhaps it was —" Wilcox suggested.

"No, it couldn't be," Anna came back. "It always takes him half a page to pan me!"

Vivien Leigh—The Girl of the Hour

SHE'LL have more words written about her, more questions asked about her, more letters written to her than any other woman in Hollywood in the next six months. Her name is Vivien Leigh (pronounced Lee)—Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind," one of the greatest pictures (Cal thinks) ever filmed. And so before the avalanche of inquiries pour in we give you facts, observations, and impressions of this most-talked-about young lady today.

In a Beverly Hills office on the eve of her journey to Atlanta for the big premiere, we chatted with this five-foot-three miss and discovered several things. For instance, she's the perfect Scarlett in looks, and yes, temperament. She knows how to get what she wants and thinks is right, and fought Director Victor Fleming tooth and nail throughout the production. They parted friends. She's a positive, self-assured self-sufficient young Englishwoman with wide grey eyes that take on a peculiar slant at times. Modern as tomorrow Miss Leigh loves American football and roots for the team that represents the most democratic school to her thinking. She wears sports clothes and eats heartily, too. That some mother may witness her son's injury on the football field worries her. She's the mother of a five-year-old child herself and the ex-wife of a London barrister, Leigh Holman.

She was born in Darjeeling, India. Her father, then a stock broker in Calcutta, is of French descent and her mother of Irish descent. Scarlett, too, came of French and Irish descent. Educated at convents and the best European finishing schools she always wanted to be an actress and began her stage career in London. She thinks Scarlett a mean snit but couldn't make up her mind whether to love her or kick her for the last thirty-six pages of the script. Ashley to modern Miss Leigh was too wishy-washy. The only reason Scarlett loved him, she thinks, is because she couldn't get him. Rhett Butler was a man who could rule any situation—or woman—and for that reason she liked him.

Her next picture is "Waterloo Bridge" for M-G-M, and she expects to marry Laurence Olivier *most any day*. An American, David Selznick, has made her a great star. We hope, unlike Scarlett, Miss Leigh decides not "to think

about that tomorrow." We'd like this great producer to get his share of credit right now, Miss Scarlett Leigh O'Hara.

Thumbnail Sketch

FRED McMURRAY is one of the nicest guys in Hollywood—decent, intelligent, friendly, regular. Nevertheless, his virtues and talents do not include a facile tongue. It's hard for Fred to talk much. It is harder for him to give a good interview. He just can't seem to unwind.

For example, about the time "Invitation to Happiness" was made at Paramount, we thought we'd do a piece for PHOTOPLAY on Irene Dunne from the MacMurray point of view.

"Describe Irene as you see her," we requested.

Fred thought a minute, then another, then several more, before he finally came forth with this response:

"Well, she's beautiful, and she worries."

And as far as he was concerned, the interview was over.

Play Hollywood's Newest Game:

HOLLYWOOD can talk of nothing these days but "Gone with the Wind." It's crept into every luncheon and dinner party until hostesses, in despair, have invented a "Gone with the Wind" game. Pencils and papers with questions to be answered concerning this mighty epic are passed around at every gathering. The one winning the highest score gets the prize. Why not try it at your parties, too? With Cal supplying all the answers to facts and figures, you can make up your own questions. Here goes:

The Margaret Mitchell book was purchased by David Selznick for \$50,000 on

June 3, 1936. Garbo was rumored as *Scarlett*. Other Hollywood producers offered Selznick as high as \$1,000,000 for the rights. They were refused.

Gable was signed August 25, 1938, for *Rhett Butler* and Shearer was announced as *Scarlett*. The nation went crazy. Shearer withdrew.

There is no wind in the picture, but there were 4400 people employed directly by the studio for the picture. The largest number who worked at one time was 1730. In all, 2400 extras were employed.

Leslie Howard, an Englishman, and Olivia de Havilland, born in Tokyo of English parents, were signed for Southern *Ashley Wilkes* and *Melanie*.

Three talent scouts were dispatched to the South to find a *Scarlett*. Twenty-eight actresses were tested for the role and a total of 149,000 feet of black and white film and 13,000 feet of Technicolor were filmed in the testing. Cost of testing was \$92,000.

First scene shot without a *Scarlett* on December 10, 1938, was the burning of Atlanta. A visitor to the scene, Englishwoman Vivien Leigh, was signed as *Scarlett*, January 13, 1939. Official starting date of the picture was January 13, 1939. Final shot was made November 11, 1939.

Seven hundred mustaches, 500 pairs of sideburns and 300 yards of crepe hair were used. *Scarlett* used thirty-eight different hairdresses. The completed picture runs three hours and forty-five minutes.

On February 15, 1939, Director Cukor resigned in favor of Victor Fleming. Vivien Leigh worked a total of 125 days of actual shooting, Gable seventy-one, de Havilland fifty-nine, and Howard thirty-two.

Scarlett wore forty-four separate costumes, Gable thirty-six, Olivia

twenty-one, Leslie eleven. The cleaning bill alone amounted to \$10,000.

In use were 1000 horses, 9000 bit and extra people, 375 assorted animals and 450 vehicles.

One million man hours of labor went into the making. Exactly 475,000 feet of film were exposed and 675,000 lineal feet of Technicolor film printed.

And, finally, the money spent on the picture was \$3,957,000.

The Hard Way

WATCHING W. C. Fields make some scenes at Universal for his and Mae West's new picture, "My Little Chickadee," we thought him better than ever—wittier, funnier, more original. But even during our chuckles we couldn't help remembering the somber foundation upon which his inimitable nonsense is built. You see, Claude William Dukenfield (that was) won his success the hard way. Almost every funny trick he has at his fingertips today was born of suffering and hardship.

He ran away from his poverty-stricken home at eleven and for four years never slept in a bed, never knew a day without hunger and often illness, too, yet it was these bitter years that gave him the rare quality that is his ace in the hole today—that unfaked nonchalance of the man who has endured all.

Almost daily, he had to filch his dinner from some fruit stand or open market, and thereby he gained a dexterity which one day made him the greatest juggler on earth. Constant colds due to exposure gave him his rasping yet somehow musical voice which has been likened to the voice of "a Caruso with a hangover." It was these same constant colds which helped his nose to its present ruby-tinted bulbousness. And

it was neglect and disillusionment which bred in him that quality of insincere heartiness which places him in a class by himself.

Even now, he confides, he sometimes pinches himself to make sure he won't wake up to find his ultimate success and affluence all a rosy dream. It is still a luxury to him not to be bitten by dogs, he says. "And to this day," he adds, "when I climb in between clean sheets, I smile!"

Rooney Acts Up

MICKEY ROONEY continues to convulse the town with his antics. After the Hollywood preview of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," Mickey appeared at the corner drugstore where the stars had gathered for cokes, with one eye drawn way down, his shoulders humped, his nose lifted with his thumb and his lips hanging.

The place went wild as Mickey went through all the antics and dialogues of the repulsive Hunchback. When the customers applauded, the versatile Mr. Rooney then stepped into as neat a take off on Basil Rathbone as the town has ever seen.

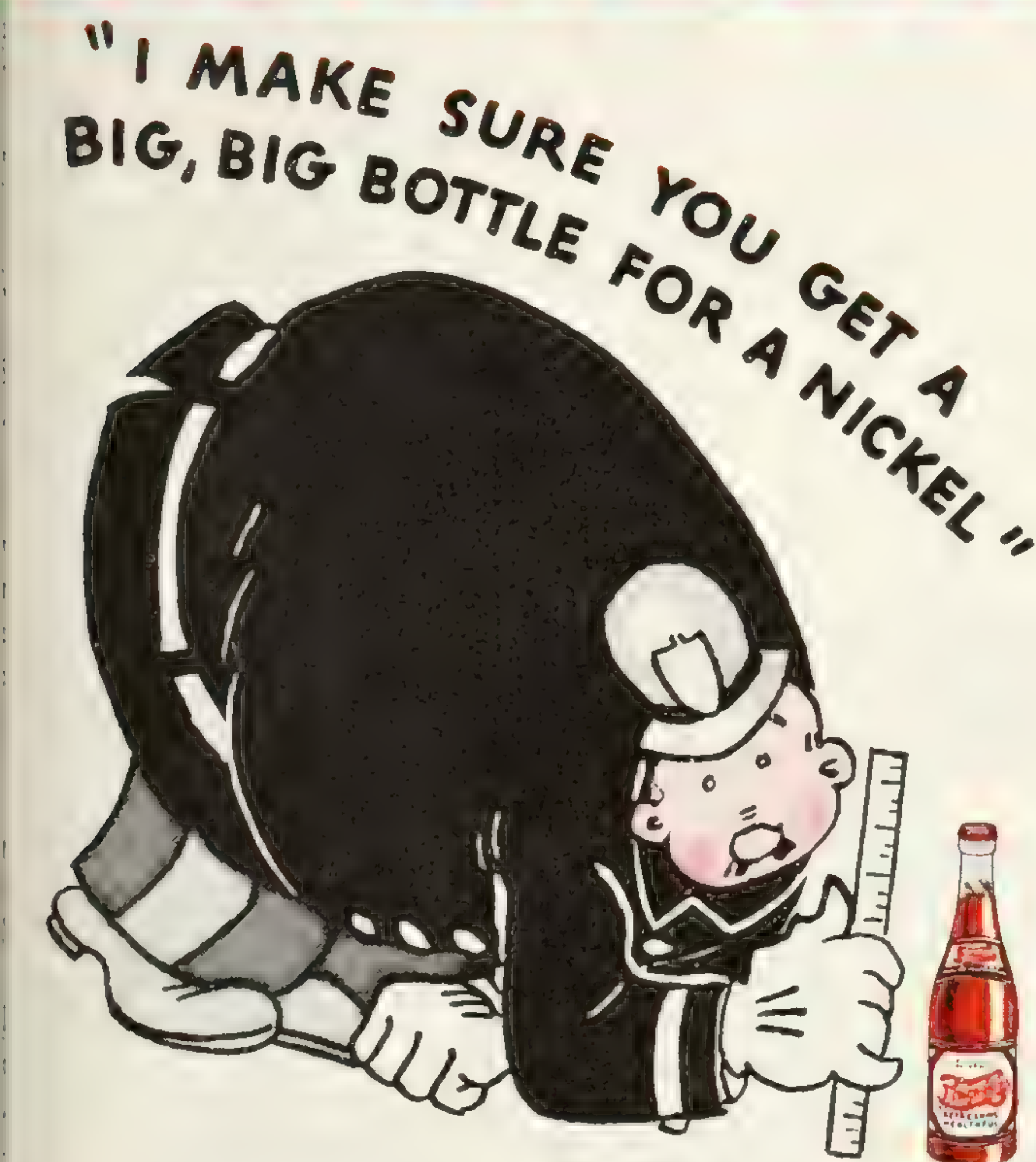
"This is worth all the money it cost me for carfare out here," one of the customers from back East remarked. "I couldn't even have hoped for a show like this."

Don't tell Cal that Mickey Rooney doesn't add a touch of the bizarre to Hollywood that all tourists hope for.

Chrysalis Into Glamour Boy

SINCE the release of Paramount's "Disputed Passage," starring Dorothy Lamour and John Howard, John's fan mail has increased one hundred per cent, no less.

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Keep this handy carton icy cold.
Be ready for unexpected guests.

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YOUR GRACIOUS HOST FROM COAST TO COAST



The Gotham



The Drake

The Blackstone



The Town House



Bellevue Biltmore

A. S. KIRKEBY, Managing Director

**KIRKEBY
HOTELS**

And—how come all this? Well, thereby hangs a tale. Seems that John, when he first broke into pictures, had a complex about kissing—that is, kissing in public. (We don't know about his attitude in private.) In every picture he was in, he would have a terrible time putting over a natural love scene. This went on through various B pictures until he was assigned to the "Disputed Passage" role, in more or less of an emergency, since Ray Milland, originally picked for the spot, was at the last moment unavailable.

Came, then, the day John and Dorothy were to do their first love scenes, and that dire moment he had learned to dread, when he funk'd the action.

Whereupon, instead of becoming embarrassed, in turn, as many of his feminine co-stars had, forthright Dotty took a hand.

"Say, what's eating you, Mister?" she challenged him. "Have I got smallpox, or something?"

John blushed and stammered. "No, I—er—"

"Look," she said, "kissing isn't something you can cook up before the camera, like a double take. It's something you've got to feel. Ellen—" this to her maid, "turn on 'Moon of Manakura,' will you?"

The maid started the phonograph and Dotty, with soft music to back her up, went into action. She looked at John from under those long lashes of hers and laid a persuasive hand on his arm. "Kiss me," she commanded, and she wasn't screeching out loud, either. She was whispering, as every lady does when she asks that of a man.

John drew a long breath, and tried it. Tried it again... and again...

Then he held her at arm's length and looked at her. "You win," he said shakily. "You—certainly—do!"

That was all. Maybe it's not much of a story... But anyway, have you seen John Howard in "Disputed Passage?" Well, girls...

Guardian Angel

FROM war-torn France, Madeleine Carroll received a "Christmas card" that warmed the cockles of her heart—a photograph of the orphans of the Maison de Charite, recently of Paris, now of Chateau de Saudreville, Seine-et-Oise, which is Madeleine's own chateau, lent to the Sisters who conduct the orphanage as a shelter for the youngsters during the war.

Madeleine has been a sort of guardian angel to the orphans of Maison de

Charite ever since she was an undergraduate at the Sorbonne in Paris. And last September, when the fighting started, she offered it to the grateful sisters for as long as they needed it.

Nor is this all Madeleine is doing for her orphans. Besides being practically the sole financial support of the institution, she has various groups of Hollywood and Los Angeles knitters interested in them. Which means that, with the problem of clothing growing children fast becoming acute in Europe's warring nations, the little ones of Maison de Charite will not suffer.

Believe It or Not Romance

YES, we have Carole and Clark, Barbara and Bob, Jeanette and Gene—quite a good many romantic and successful (so far) Hollywood marriages. But we give you still another couple living happily ever after, whom people ordinarily overlook... Jack Benny (familiarily known as "Buck") and Mary Livingstone!

Jack and Mary have been married almost ten years, now, and that in itself is a record for Hollywood. They are still in love, and so is that. Moreover, they like each other: Watch Jack, when Mary comes into the room. Or watch him waiting in the Paramount commissary (all done up in his "Buck Benny Rides Again" cowboy togs) as Mary threaded her way among the tables to keep a luncheon date with him. We tell you, pals, the look on his face—pleasure, pride, affection—was good to see. They lunched alone, as absorbed in each other as a couple of newlyweds, and just before she left, Mary pulled a little package out of her purse.

"Bought it for you this morning," we heard her say.

Well it was just some little doodad, but "Buck's" face lighted up again like a Christmas candle and you could tell he was tickled pink. And as far as that was concerned, Mary was only following an almost daily example of his. Seems Jack is a sucker for every peddler who gets past studio gates, Paramount or NBC.

"Mary might like this," he says, and promptly buys whatever is for sale.

Sure, these are little things we're telling about, but it just occurred to us that a good many people seem to think comedians know nothing about romance; that they are too busy being funny.

But Jack and Mary aren't. In fact, they could show many another married couple a thing or two about true love—the kind that lasts.



Glittering with metallic embroidery, gay with a hat as snug as her own coiffure (with metal "side combs" carrying out the illusion), Loretta Young has her coffee with Bob Riskin at Hal Roach's party

CHOOSE THE BEST PICTURE OF 1939

Each year Hollywood watches for PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal Award. Here is your last chance to pick your favorite. Vote now!



THE votes for the "Best Picture of 1939" are coming in fast and furiously as PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal balloting goes into its third and last month. All ballots must be received on or before March first, the date the polls close. So, if you have not already sent in your selection for the Best Picture of the Year, it behooves you to put on your thinking cap right now!

We have listed a number of outstanding films to assist you in recalling those you saw during the past year. This does not mean you are limited in your vote to this list. You may, of course, choose one which we have not included here. The film which receives the greatest number of votes from PHOTOPLAY readers will receive the famous PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Award. This award has been made every year since 1921. Look for the announcement of the 1939 winner in the May issue of PHOTOPLAY.

To date, a number of pictures are leading the race. "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," "Dark Victory," "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," "Stanley and Livingstone," "Wuthering Heights," are neck and neck. What will *your* choice be?

In sending in your vote, you may use the ballot below, or simply write your choice on a slip of paper and mail it to the Gold Medal Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. It is as simple as all that! If members of your family or your friends also wish to cast their votes, they may send theirs on separate pieces of paper. Each and every vote must be written on a separate ballot, and be signed by the person casting the vote.

DON'T DELAY, LINGER OR WAIT! VOTE NOW FOR THE BEST PICTURE OF 1939. REMEMBER! THE POLLS CLOSE ON MARCH 1ST.

OUTSTANDING PICTURES OF 1939

Allegheny Uprising	Juarez
Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever	Lady of the Tropics
Another Thin Man	Let Freedom Ring
Babes in Arms	Little Princess, The
Bachelor Mother	Love Affair
Balalaika	Maisie
Beachcomber, The	Man About Town
Beau Geste	Man of Conquest
Blackmail	Mr. Smith Goes to Washington
Broadway Serenade	Ninotchka
Cat and the Canary, The	Nurse Edith Cavell
Clouds Over Europe	Old Maid, The
Confessions of a Nazi Spy	On Borrowed Time
Dark Victory	Only Angels Have Wings
Daughters Courageous	Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, The
Destry Rides Again	Pygmalion
Dodge City	Rains Came, The
Drums Along the Mohawk	Real Glory, The
Dust Be My Destiny	Rebecca
Each Dawn I Die	Roaring Twenties, The
East Side of Heaven	Rose of Washington Square
Everything Happens at Night	Rulers of the Sea
First Love	Stagecoach
Five Came Back	Stanley and Livingstone
Four Feathers	Stolen Life
Golden Boy	Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The
Gone with the Wind	Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, The
Goodbye, Mr. Chips	These Glamour Girls
Good Girls Go to Paris	They Shall Have Music
Great Victor Herbert, The	Three Smart Girls Grow Up
Gunga Din	Tower of London, The
Harvest	Under-Pup, The
His Girl Friday	Union Pacific
Hollywood Cavalcade	We Are Not Alone
Honeymoon in Bali	What a Life
Hunchback of Notre Dame, The	Wizard of Oz
Idiot's Delight	Women, The
In Name Only	Wuthering Heights
Intermezzo, a Love Story	Young Mr. Lincoln
Jamaica Inn	
Jesse James	

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

GOLD MEDAL EDITOR
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
CHANIN BUILDING, 122 EAST 42nd STREET
NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion-picture production released in 1939

NAME OF PICTURE _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



"So Lovable!"

whispers this perfume of you

How enchanting, to discover for yourself a new perfume that brings out the most lovable you! This "fragrance of romance" intensifies your femininity...It whispers of mystery and caprice and glamor. Make it yours—your own special invitation to romance!



Evening in Paris Perfume, 55c to \$10.00.
Face Powder, \$1.00. Also Bath Powder,
Toilet Water, Talcum, Eau de Cologne.

Evening in Paris

BOURJOIS

NEW YORK



Girls DO WELL in ART

Nearly everything worn or used must first be designed. Color and style influence their sale. Industry knows the importance of good looks in its products. In addition, magazines, newspapers, publishers and advertisers spend millions yearly for illustrations. The artist has become an important factor in industry.

Do you like to draw? If so, train your talent to serve industry. Drawing may be your surest road to success.

The Federal Schools, affiliated with a large art, engraving and printing organization, has trained many young women and men now capable of earning \$1,000 to \$5,000 yearly as designers and illustrators. Its Home Study courses in Commercial Art, Illustrating and Cartooning, contain exclusive illustrated lessons by many famous artists. Practical instruction by experienced men is the reason for its many years of outstanding success. Courses sold on easy monthly payments.

Send today for Free Book, outlining opportunities in Art, describing the training and showing reproductions of students' work. Just fill out and mail the coupon below.

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Age Occupation

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Send but \$1.25, check or money order, for a large size package of JABEL (approximately 50 douches) and solve your own personal problem.

TYRRELL'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE, Inc.
152 West 65th St., Dept. PP-30, New York, N.Y.

Matinee Madness

(Continued from page 15)

House in Cheyne Walk, London. Wrote him note as follows:

Mr. Laurence Olivier,
Ethel Barrymore Theater,
New York.

Sir:

Having just returned from London, Eng., I have an important message to deliver to you from your landlord, Mr. Whistler.

I am coming to see your play next Saturday afternoon hence will be in the neighborhood of your dressing room, therefore it would be no trouble to come in and deliver the message in person.

Thanking you in advance for a favorable reply,

I am

Yours truly,

Jane Lyons.

(Put stamp on up-side-down.)

Will have to dig up a message. I think it ought to be something about the drains. They are always talking about drains in English plays and books. It seems they never work. Also will have to dig up \$2.75.

Must stoke up on information about London.

It seems there are fans in London too. Read that at Victoria Station they knocked down a Mr. Toscanini trying to get Spencer Tracy's signature.

Hy took me to Crescent Roof. Wore white piqué which is sophisticated when I take off bolero, which I did. Had nails done white and wore pearl earrings which add months. Hy gets furious because I don't listen when he talks, so I told him to be more interesting. He bought me gardenias to try to make up.

It came!

This morning.

On his stationery! In his very hand! Signed with his autograph! I shall guard it as sacred and if I have no children I shall donate it to a museum. It reads as follows:

Dear Miss Lyons:

I am eager to get the message from Mr. Whistler and shall be glad to see you in my dressing room after the performance next Saturday afternoon.

Sincerely yours,

Laurence Olivier.

The stamp was diagonal!

Called meeting of GUIDING STARS, Inc. Dispensed with reading of minutes.

The president tried on all her dresses to see which was suitable for THE EVENT.

My checked gingham makes me look Myrna Loyish, while the blue jersey brings out the Priscilla Lane in me. Adele thought I ought to wear something mysterious with a touch of decadence, but I haven't anything like that. Mary suggested virginal white with a bunch of violets at the throat. Personally I think I ought to have a new dress for the occasion, something devastating, but Mops won't listen to reason. Meeting adjourned to dining room.

Saw four English films in last two days. Got a book from library called "London & Its Environs" by a K. Bae-deker. Been practicing acting older before mirror. Also slight English accent.

Last night my brother-in-law to be (or not to be) brought N. a book about Rocks and Minerals. He got it second hand. I showed him my letter from L.O. but wouldn't let him touch it although his hands were clean.

Later Hy came and we went to Brooklyn to see "Wuthering Heights." Hy says it's positively the last time he's going to see it.

HELL HAS POPPED!!!

Whatever happens in the future, I can at least say to myself "I have lived."

Must get it all down from the beginning.

Didn't close an eye all night Friday and dreamt he kissed me.

Sat. morning had hair, nails and eyebrows done, also facial.

Couldn't eat lunch.

Wore dawn blue crepe and a corsage of Sweetheart Roses, in case he should happen to understand the Flower Language. Couldn't make up my mind what Conversational Jewelry to wear, finally decided on a gold heart.

On my way to theater felt so wobbly I had to stop off for a strong coffee soda.

Sat in first row and could see every detail. The play was even more wonderful than the first time. He is the world's greatest actor.

Just hoped Sour Puss at stage door would try to stop me this time. Showed him my letter and he let me in at once and all the other fans were green. Followed S.P. across the very stage where HE had trod, and they were taking down scenery. He pointed to a door. I took a deep breath and knocked.

AND there he stood in the most gorgeous shade of blue shirt sleeves and his face was all shining with cold cream.

"Miss Lyons?" he said in a voice just like on the stage.

"Mr. Olivier, I presume." (Of course I knew who it was but didn't want to admit it too freely.)

So he asked me to sit down and if I minded his taking off his make-up while we talked and I said I would be honored. Then he closed the door but I could see he meant nothing by it.

"So you've just arrived from London?" he said, looking right in the mirror. "How did you like it?"

"It's a very historical city," I replied.

Then he asked me where I had stopped. I hadn't prepared that one so I said the first address that came into my head:

"10 Downing Street."

He turned and looked right at me. He has lovely eyes. Then he asked me about different places and was I lucky I didn't make any breaks! He asked what I thought of Piccadilly Circus and I said it was much better than the Ringling Brothers. Then he asked if I had been to the British Museum.

"The British Museum," I said nonchalantly, "is the greatest in the world. It is situated in Bloomsbury and entered from Great Russell Street. The nucleus of its vast contents was the Cottonian Library. It houses the Elgin Marbles and the Rosetta Stones."

I could see he was impressed.

"How about Mr. Whistler?" he asked. I knew it had to come, but I changed the subject tactfully.

"What is your opinion, Mr. Olivier, of the Magna Carta?"

He said he hadn't given the matter any serious consideration for some time. Then he put powder on to take the shine off and brushed his hair back. He has the most beautiful hair. I tried to figure out how I could snip off a lock.

He came back to the message from his landlord so I said it was simply that the drains weren't working and something had to be done. He dropped his brush under the dressing table and couldn't find it for ages.

Then he thanked me and asked me how I had gotten in communication with Mr. Whistler so I said by telephone. But I was getting nervous so I changed the subject again:

"I think you were wonderful in "Wuthering Heights," I remarked very casually. "I saw it seven times."

Then he asked me a lot of questions about the fan profession and I told him about the club and my scenario. We chatted on just as if we were old friends, only in an English accent. I was just going to tell him about the dream I had about him when there was a loud knock at the door. He opened it, and of all things! It was the most humiliating moment of my life (so far).

THERE stood Donald, in full uniform. He didn't look at me but straight up at L.O. and saluted and said:

"Sir, this lady is the sister of my future fiancée and if you harm a hair of her head, or besmirch her reputation, you have me to reckon with . . . me and my trusty men."

Then he took his scout whistle and blew a succession of short, sharp blasts (meaning rally) and in less than a jiffy 8 scouts, each one smaller than the last rallied round . . . Don's whole Patrol.

I was so furious I forgot my English accent.

"You butt out of this," I cried. "Mr. Olivier has been a perfect gentleman."

Laurence turned to me and bowed. "Thank you, milady," he said and kissed my hand. Nobody'll ever tell me that dreams don't come true. Then he took Don's whistle and blew a succession of alternating long and sharp blasts which is the call to grub.

So we all went across the street to the drugstore and ordered as many sodas as we wanted. I kept wishing it would last forever, but he had to go. He bought me a box of candy and I happened to have my album in my bag so he signed it, as follows:

To Jane,

In gratitude for an extraordinary afternoon,

Her friend,

Laurence Olivier.

I noticed that the boys had disappeared and I thought they were being tactful, leaving us alone for our farewell. But no.

One by one they came back and each had bought an album and he signed them all. (Now Nancy will keep her mouth shut about my autographs.)

We shook hands and he said he would send me a signed photo and I said I would write him every day, but he said it wasn't necessary. I said maybe I would drop around again sometime if I happened to be seeing the show. He said he was leaving the cast for a short trip to London to see about the drains before going to Hollywood to fulfill an engagement. It was a terrible blow. The first so far. He said no doubt Francis Lederer who was replacing him would enjoy meeting me.

Then he said "cheerio" (I always say cheerio, now) and I said "Remember me to Mr. Whistler" and he said he would and he would be sure to have the plumbing fixed.

Before I could ask him what he meant he had jumped into a cab and was gone.

I didn't know until I got home and asked Mops and it appears that "drains" means plumbing! Was my face red down to the ankles!

And would I like to be under the table when he and that Mr. Whistler get together!

HOPPING FOR YOU AND THE STARS

(Continued from page 66)



13

Remember — for the name of the store nearest you that carries the items you crave, please write to:
Fashion Secretary, Photoplay,
122 East 42nd St., New York City

13. DO YOU KNOW ABOUT "NIKKI"?

"Nikki" is Orloff's new "burn-em-up" perfume that's setting the boys on fire and the whole town to talking. It comes in a slick drum bottle flanked with the imperial eagles and sealed with a king's crown. Packed like the crown jewels, too, in a beautiful satin-lined jewel box. There are three odeurs in this royal family, "Nikki," "Gardenia Russe" and "Carnation Imperiale" — one more sensational than the next, all priced at \$10.00 for the one-ounce bottle.



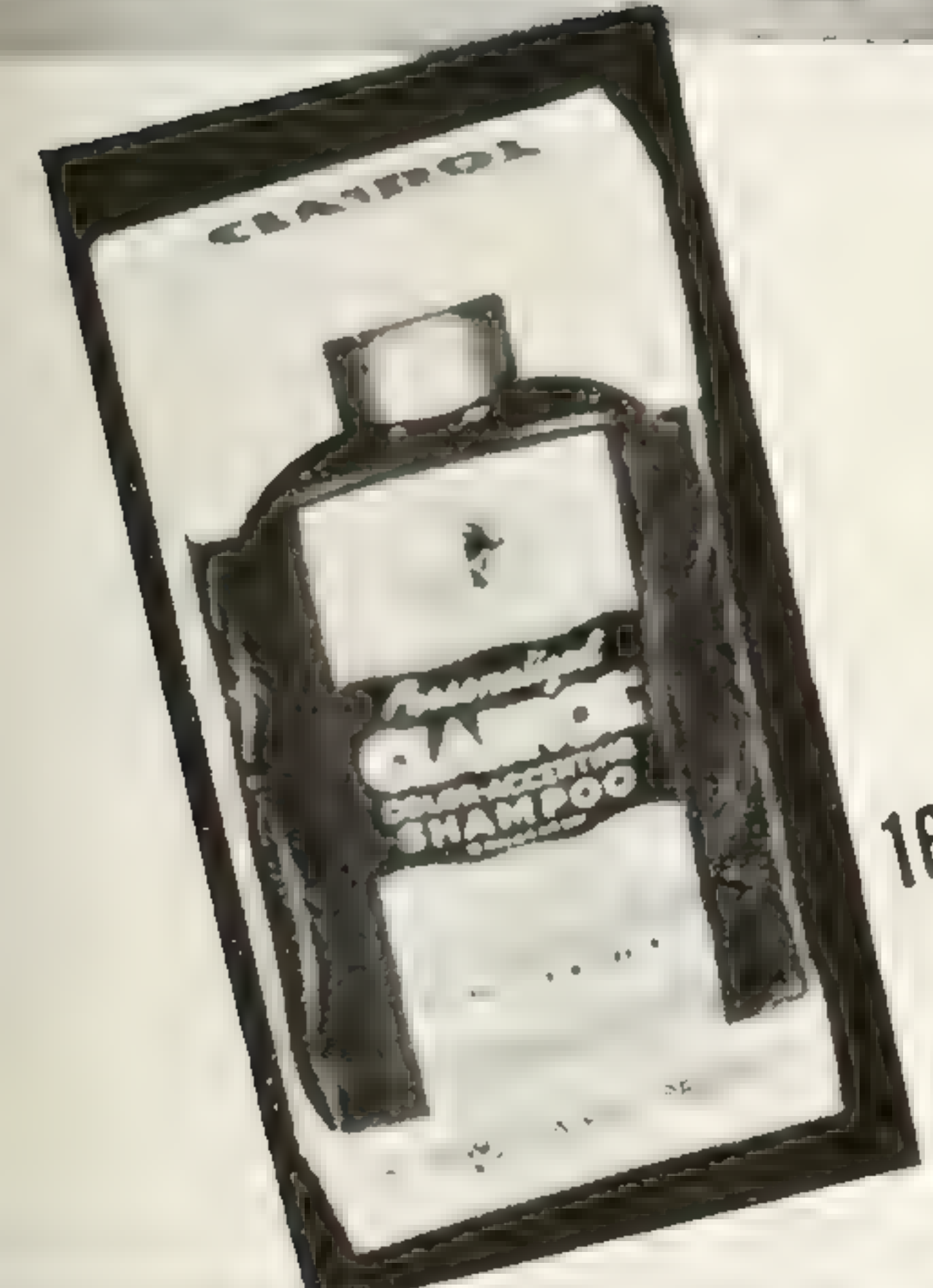
14

14. BYE, BYE, RAIN SPOTS

Dona has thought up a way to spare us the messiness of rain-spotted stockings. "Dona Legettes," they're called, because they zip on like spats or leggings, to protect insteps, ankles and calves—the vulnerable spots—from cold and slush. "Legettes" come in stocking colors, or you can wear them as you wear bright gloves for a spot of color in your costume. They're made of "Neptone," waterproofed, naturally, and look and feel like silk. Nothing bulky about them as you can see—not even the price, \$1.50.



15



16

15. HAWAIIAN UPLIFT

You can make your bust-line your best-line with Adola, the frivolous little Hawaiian brassiere that is full of eye-appeal and does a persuasive job besides with little stitched bands and cleverly molded cups that support your bosom in a style you've never been accustomed to! The Adola method is original and new, the ribbon shoulder straps have adjustable buckles, seams are concealed and there's a dainty lace edging besides for extra allure. When, if you please, have you seen such value for 59c! And you can even have long-line bras if you need them.



17

16. HELP FOR HAIR

Have you found your first grey hairs? Or are you a fading blonde or a drab brunette in search of a new crowning glory? Here's help for your hair. The beauty parlors have used this magic for years—"Clairol," of course—done over for home use into a "Personalized Clairol" that not only gives you a supershampoo, but tones as it tints and accents the current color of your hair. It's \$1.00 a bottle—in so many shades that there's one that was just made for you! You'll see.

17. DON'T BE A GIRDLE-HITCHER

Here comes Kleinert with an antigirdle-hitching gadget so simple, so sensible, so super-super, that we wonder no one ever thought of it before! Suspenders, of course! Hitch them fore and aft, and your girdle rolling days are over. 50c will buy you a sleek little spindle-middle.



18. BEAUTY AND THE BLUSH

Where do you suppose sophisticated ladies get their schoolgirl blushes? From Louis Philippe of course! They've always depended on Louis Philippe for dewy lips, and now there are new harmonizing rouge compacts that blend like nature itself with all the famous lipstick colors. The compact itself looks so much like a jeweler's gem that you'll be proud to pull it out for repairs. \$1.00.



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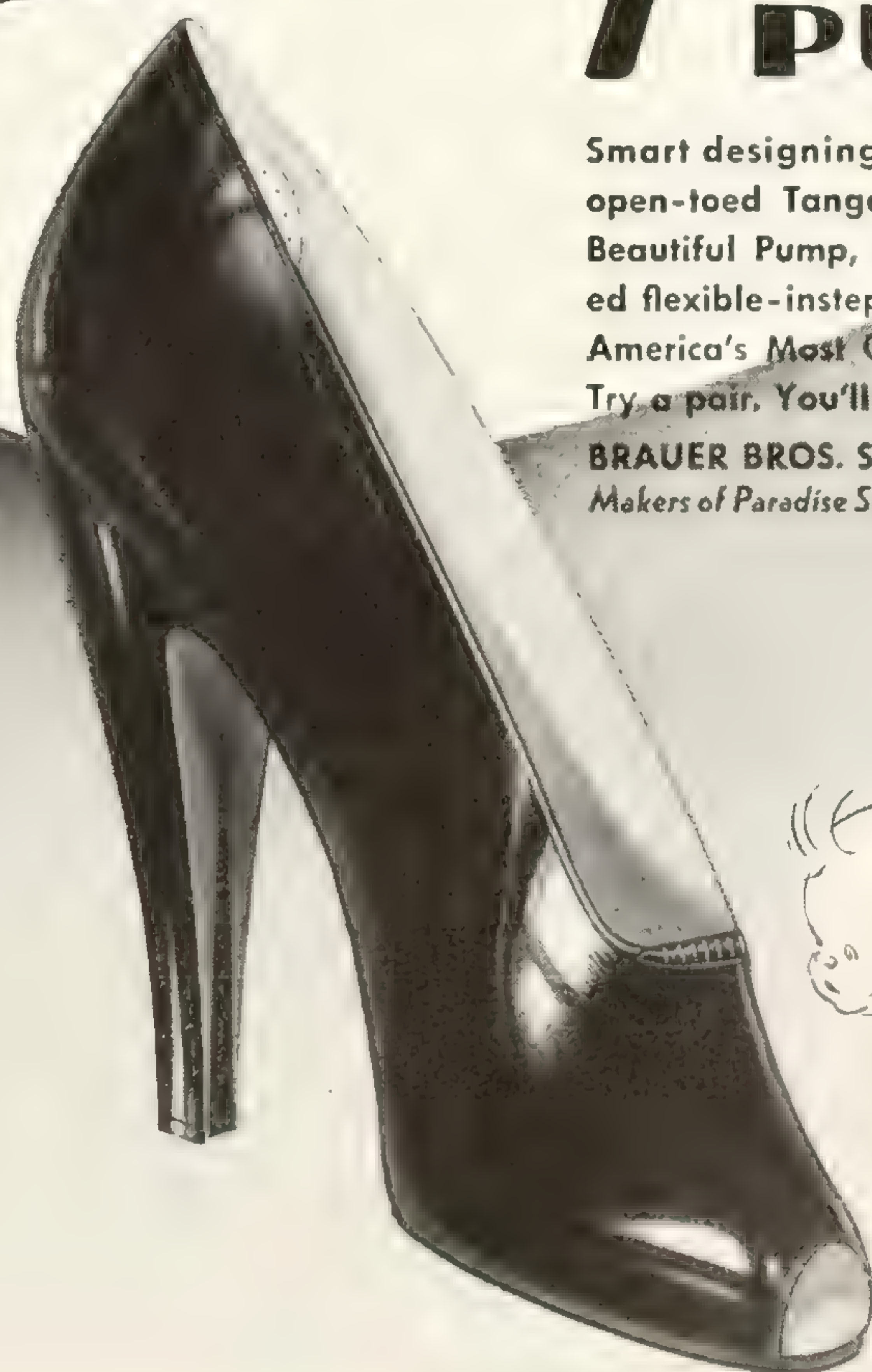
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IMAGINE ME HOOKED UP WITH A SHARK!



Stuck at a bridge party with a real expert—it was grim. Not one smile did he break all evening—till I fished out my package of Beeman's. "Ah!" says he, with a longing look, "Beeman's, the ace of flavors!" So what could I do but offer him some?

"Thanks!" he said, looking happy for the first time. "I can't pass a flavor like Beeman's! It's got a freshness, a tempting tang, that scores with me and scores big! Honors to you, partner—you hold the tops in fine flavor!"—That cheered me up—and darned if we didn't win first prize!



In his own home, Fred continues his clowning. He does a wonderful impersonation of a punch-drunk actor; his sparring partner is a very bored, bull mastiff puppy named Smokey. Fred also does a sensational dancing impersonation of a well-known dictator. In the pool, he has a wonderful time amusing his two sons by walking off the diving board into space. He races them at swimming and lets them "rescue" him from drowning. And I remember a time when he happened to catch his reflection in a mirror and casually remarked, "Do I look as much like Stan Laurel to you as I do to myself?"

Away from his work, Fred is care-free and fun-loving. He plays lots of golf, usually with Randy Scott and David Niven, occasionally with Bing Crosby, whom he once framed with one of those exploding golf balls.

THE friendship and companionship of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., is a loss that Fred feels deeply. Fred literally idolized him for the clean entertainment he gave the world, for his passionate love of life and living. One of Fred's ambitions was to find one gag that would fool the senior Fairbanks, who was past master at the gentle art of ribbing and doing magic. A caddy had a purse with three pockets—each pocket sewed tightly shut, yet the caddy passed a coin through all three. Fred got very excited and bought the purse. "I'll bet Douglas, Sr. will never get *this* one," Fred beamed. Next day on the golf course, he tried it out on Fairbanks—who, of course, got it immediately.

His loyalty is outstanding. When M-G-M interrupted his honeymoon and persuaded him to dance with Joan Crawford in "Dancing Lady," it was a vital step in Fred's career. Never having worked in a studio, Fred was uneasy. Because a Broadway reputation meant very little in Hollywood in those days, Fred wondered if the gateman would even know who he was. Maybe they wouldn't allow him to dance his own way. In fact, the whole prospect really frightened him.

There was a publicity man who took Fred around the lot. He showed him to his dressing room, the make-up department, the wardrobe. He accompanied Fred to the set because Fred felt strange in a strange place. Fred has never forgotten this. He has the chap for dinner once a week, brings him gifts from New York and Europe, and remembers his birthdays.

One night I was with Fred on one of his rare visits to a night club. Fred excused himself and made his way across the room. This surprised me, as Fred always asks for an inconspicuous table and isn't too fond of dancing in public places, not because he doesn't like to dance, but because he thinks he's a bad ballroom dancer. A few minutes later he returned and explained: "I wanted to say hello to a man over there. When Adele and I were kids in vaudeville, he gave us our first job."

Fred has a horror of being wrong. He hates getting mad and is usually the mild-mannered person he appears to be. Comes a situation he believes to be right, he'll fight with an overwhelming amount of tenacity. One day I visited him on the "Castles" set. Fred thought a certain scene should be played one way. Director Henry Potter was of a different opinion. Fred won his point.

Later, when we started work on "Broadway Melody," we passed Potter

My Friend Fred

(Continued from page 22)

on the lot. Fred stopped him and said: "Henry, I've been meaning to tell you this for a long time. You were right about that scene in the 'Castles.' I wish I had done it your way."

IN order to do good work, Fred must please himself. A perfect illustration of this happened when we did our "Don't Monkey with Broadway" number. It was a corny vaudeville routine, one that could be very unfunny if not handled with special care.

During the dance there was a gag in which Fred was supposed to give the effect of planting a well-aimed kick in the seat of my pants. We tried it several times with Fred faking the kick. It looked fine to Director Norman Taurog. But Fred began to pace back and forth, saying nothing. Knowing how Fred punishes himself when he isn't satisfied, I suggested:

"Why don't we try it again, Freddy? This time don't fake that kick. I think if you just let me have it, the number will look much better."

Fred instantly brightened. We did eighteen more takes! That night when I got home I ate my dinner standing up. Just as I was carefully lowering a black and blue posterior into a tub of hot water, the phone rang. It was Fred, who hates phoning as much as I do—so I knew something must be wrong.

"Did the number really *feel* all right, George?" Fred inquired anxiously. "I was just worried and wanted to hear you say that it did."

"You have *no idea* how it *felt*!" I reassured him.

MOVIE BOOK OF THE MONTH

Last month, James Hilton's "We Are Not Alone"! This month, Louis Bromfield's "It All Came True"! Next month, another literary classic, equally fine, complete

in April PHOTOPLAY—
don't miss it!

Fred's family, his mother and sister are very sacred to him, a situation which has given rise to the false impression that he's unco-operative. Mrs. Astaire (after seven years of marriage, he still refers to her as "my bride") does not belong to the theatrical world and Fred feels she should not be dragged into it for publicity purposes. He is very modest about his children. When little Freddy came on the set one day, big Fred just greeted him warmly with a "Hello, Son." But there was no concealing the look of pride in his eyes. When Eleanor Powell and I raved about the boy, Fred blushed a little and casually replied, "He is a nice boy, isn't he?"

His complete lack of professional jealousy is another fine Astaire quality. The average dancer guards pet steps within an inch of his life. During the filming of "Broadway Melody," Fred eagerly tried his out on us for approval. We did the same with him. There was never a single argument, which is not often the case when three "hoofers" get together. Our pal Eleanor is another perfectionist and consequently a cinch for taking a rib. She has never danced out of rhythm in her whole life. Fred

would do it deliberately and then accuse her. I would back him up. What was the poor girl to do? But—just let an outsider pull anything and we were all for one and one for all.

Naturally, after so many years, I had no misgivings about working with him. I knew of his tremendous capacity for work. I knew he would expect the best of everyone, because he *demand*s it of himself. Beyond that, nothing bothered me until the realization that I was working with the two best dancers in the world swept over me. "Here I am working with the King and Queen," I said to myself. "Can I hold up my end of it? What happens to me?"

So I began to do a bit of worrying myself. The first day we rehearsed there was a terrific tension. Fred sensed something was wrong. It was an embarrassing moment. Then, for no apparent reason, Fred started a hooper's jam session. He started to clown. I joined in. In no time at all, we were just what we play in the picture—two hoofers trying to get along.

Fred himself tells an amusing story on us both. He called me one morning when we were in London and said, "They're advertising a talking picture called 'The Singing Fool.' It's at the Marble Arch Theater and supposed to be a novelty. Let's go to the matinee and see what it's all about." We went. Walking home, we agreed that it had some possibilities. "It's a great novelty," Fred said, "but it will never last." I heartily agreed. We never dreamed that either of us would ever appear in a "talking picture"—least of all, in the same one!

I'VE barely begun to tell about the Astaire I know, but otherwise my story would never end. I would have to tell you about the Fred who isn't a sentimentalist (so he says), yet who keeps a film library of all his dances, to look back on some day. Then, there's the Fred who is so interested in breeding race horses, who knows every horse in England and every horse's grandmother. There's Fred, the tennis champ; the fisherman who never returns without a giant marlin; the mighty hunter who shoots his weight in ducks. There's the Fred who keeps up a correspondence with a former valet, now hospitalized.

There's the Fred who doesn't think he is the greatest dancer in the world, but who thinks the well-known vaudeville team of "Buck and Bubbles" win that rating. Then there's the Fred Astaire who brought a new idea to the screen. He had to battle all the traditions of making musicals. Since the advent of Astaire, there is no cutting away to a close-up of "hot feet." Dancing on the screen is no longer a gymnastic exhibition. To Fred goes full credit for making the dance a complete picture within itself.

Above all, one thought predominates with Fred. He has *always* been a gentleman. In the club locker room, at home, on the set, in a producer's office, Fred is always regular, always himself. He's known poverty and he knows success. His values aren't twisted, because he learned one thing early in life—the importance of keeping his own self-respect. Therefore, he will always have it for others. His life has been good, constructive and clean. As a husband, father, friend and one of the greatest dancers who ever lived, Fred measures up to everything that a gentleman troupier should be. He is a great tribute to our profession.

Round-Up of Familiar Faces

(Continued from page 21)

he makes up. "All right," he'll say, "if I haven't done it, I'll go out and do it. What more do you want?" He's terrific. He'll get a reporter all steamed up with his tales of adventure and after the writer has scribbled for two hours furiously, he'll ask, "Is this true?" and John replies, "Hell, no, but it's exciting, isn't it?" He laughs at himself, you, the world—at everything but a little two-year-old girl called Julianna.

Julianna is John's baby, his love and his balance. When he and his wife, Steffi Duna, parted, they worked out a plan whereby he maintains a house for himself and one for her where he and Steffi can meet with the baby.

At ten, John ran away from home in New Orleans and landed in Houston, Texas, where he pulled hot bolts in steel mills and fast ones on the side, and sold newspapers. With Barrett Booth, a sixteen-year-old adventurer, he headed 'south of the border.' Later they signed on a freighter headed for Singapore and all points East. He came back on another boat as assistant cook, and again went "south of the border" where he saw Barrett stabbed to death in a brawl.

That, for a while, settled him. He got a job as porter in a Houston dry goods shop and even worked up to floor-walker. "Could you tell me where the corset department is, please?" customers would ask this mountainous lad from the wild life bureau. His mother, who'd come on from New Orleans, settled that job when she innocently inquired of the store manager, "Don't you think John is big for seventeen?" They had believed John when he said "twenty-seven." So, out he went on his Christmas Carroll.

This time he caught a freighter bound for Honduras, God help the people, and barely escaped a waterspout.

He grabbed off bits of education and did a bit of singing as he roamed. He had one semester at Northwestern University between adventures, then he hit Hollywood for the first time and couldn't make a dent. So he went back to Florida and some kind of deep sea diving, and even a bit of steeple jacking. Then, strangely enough, he was called back to Hollywood by a friend who remembered the singing giant, to test for the lead in "Hi, Gaucho." He passed the singing test okay, but they doubted his athletic ability. "All right," John said, "if I jump out this second story window and land on my feet, can I have the job?" They agreed. John jumped. He landed on both feet and he was in "moving pitchers." Later, his part in "Only Angels Have Wings" drew the attention of Louie B. Mayer and led to John's new M-G-M contract. "Congo Maisie," with Ann Sothern is his first big assignment.

He's the most deceptive guy in speech and manner in all Hollywood and do several people know it? He likes harmony and peace even if he has to beat the living daylights out of people to get it. In that melodious soft voice of his, John will say, "Yes suh, Mr. So-and-So, I surely will. But if you raise your voice again like that I'll have to mash your chest in, suh." And he will. He has. He quietly picked up a guy over at RKO studios one day and tossed him out a closed second story window with the same ease you'd toss a ball. Drapes, glass, shades, everything went. John didn't like the way the fellow spoke about a lady, please kind suh.

Life, and the love of it, lives in his heart and soul. He likes the kids of Hollywood, Rooney and Cooper, because they haven't grown pompous and stilted

and important. He's a pip of a cook, has a room full of guns, and is even inventing a new kind of gun with the bullet following a light beam.

I hope John doesn't shoot me with it. I want to live to laugh with him again. To catch more of that gay spirit of adventure that is so sadly missing in Hollywood these days. For as the radio comic says, "he's a baaad boy," but a grand one.—S.H.

She's From Missouri

"Now over here is where Jesse James once lived," they tell visitors back in St. Joseph, Missouri, "and down that street is where Jane Wyman lived. Only we all knew her as Sarah Jane Folks. It took Hollywood to make Jane Wyman out of our Sarah Jane."

But then they should see what Jane has made out of Hollywood. It hasn't been the same place since that pert little Missourian landed in town to become an actress and became practically everything else. She became manicurist, model, hairdresser and secretary, one right after the other, but she never lost sight of her goal. She landed a small part in "My Man Godfrey." Jane held on to that bit part as a wedge that pried loose more small parts. And those parts led to a Warner Brother contract and good roles, right up to her latest in "Brother Rat and a Baby."

Out at Warners they call her just Wyman or Dynamite. She never walks when she can bounce. Her energy leaves everyone around her limp and panting. She's a blonde cyclone on two small feet and with those streamlined curves she's the cynosure of all eyes.

But it wasn't always so. When Jane first arrived in Hollywood she melted off twenty-five pounds in an effort to be screen-lined. And what's more she came out here to sing. The singing business began when Jane was attending classes at Columbia University and someone heard her sing at a party. "You're wonderful. You're a torch singer," they said. That settled it. Jane was off like a streak for singing jobs in Kansas City, New Orleans and Chicago. She never sang a note in Hollywood. She didn't have to. Her saucy cuteness won her a place as an actress.

She has our vote for the most all-around talented lass in pictures. Between scenes on the set she practices her favorite hobby, sculpture, and she's darned good at it. Her ink and charcoal drawings are sought after by all her friends. Her current romance is Ronald Reagan. Long before Ronald was aware of Janey's existence, she knew *he was there*. But Ronnie had had his heart bashed in once and wouldn't look Janey's way for a long time. When he did, it was all over but the wedding.

She's a chatterbox on an interview and in two shakes of a lamb's tail confides she buys too many shoes and bags but does economize on perfume and gloves. She averages a ninety in golf and was a tennis champion at school.

She's sure she could be the best actress in all Hollywood if it just weren't for what she calls her "pug" nose and "quaint" face, doggone it all.—S.H.

Peter Pan in Long Pants

Burgess Meredith, the philosophical George of the film version of John Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men," is Peter Pan with a highball in one hand and a copy of Karl Marx in the other.

He can work himself into just as much of a lather over sociological arguments

as the idealistic young man he so vividly portrayed in "Idiot's Delight." He'll go just as far to the Left with you as you desire, but it's quite likely he'll leave you hanging out there on the limb while he romps away to a night club, where the only subject under debate is whether the rhumba or the conga requires the more dexterous *derrière*.

He's as interested in—and as proud of—the installation of a new windmill on his Hudson Valley farm as the size of the electric lights advertising his newest Broadway stage hit.

Probably his usual unpressed, disheveled appearance saves him from creating the effect of being too utterly nice. His manners are as faultless as they are friendly. An English cleric would envy his voice, a longshoreman his vocabulary.

Born thirty odd years ago in Cleveland, Ohio, "Buzz" Meredith first unfurled the banner of his rebellious philosophy when he stalked off from Amherst College in protest against campus snobbery that penalized poverty.

He is the first to admit that he wasn't much of a success at any of the several jobs he held after flouncing out of Amherst. He sold neckties and vacuum cleaners in New York. He served as a reporter in Stamford, Connecticut. He worked in the office of a steamship company, and traded his desk for a berth as an ordinary seaman aboard a freighter bound for South America.

When he came back to New York, he knew what he wanted to be. The one bright spot in his sojourn at Amherst had been the prize he won in an oratorical contest. Ergo, he was an actor.

A friend of his knew Eva Le Gallienne. "Buzz" secured an introduction and lied about his previous stage experience convincingly enough to win a trial with the star's Civic Repertory Company. In three years he climbed from bit parts to the starring role of "She Loves Me Not," a comedy smash.

It was his tender, imaginative performance in "Winterset," however, which firmly established his reputation on Broadway and evoked interest in Hollywood, where Meredith made the film version of the Maxwell Anderson play. Sandwiched in between his Broadway triumphs, Meredith has made two other films—"There Goes the Groom" and "Spring Madness."

Hollywood, to Meredith's way of thinking, is a little like riding a roller coaster. "You are jammed into a vividly upholstered vehicle, swooped up, plunged down, swooped up again, while places, faces and events lash past you with centrifugal fury. Then, when you finally coast in and fumble eagerly toward home, you wonder how any sane person could take a second ride. Eventually, though, you catch your breath and consider trying it again, provided you can get another ticket."

Hollywood has another ticket waiting for Burgess Meredith when his latest play, "Young Man With a Horn," closes on Broadway. Whatever the vehicle of his next roller coaster ride, "Buzz" Meredith, with his exciting intensity, will make it breathless.—W.M., Jr.

Culture in Calico

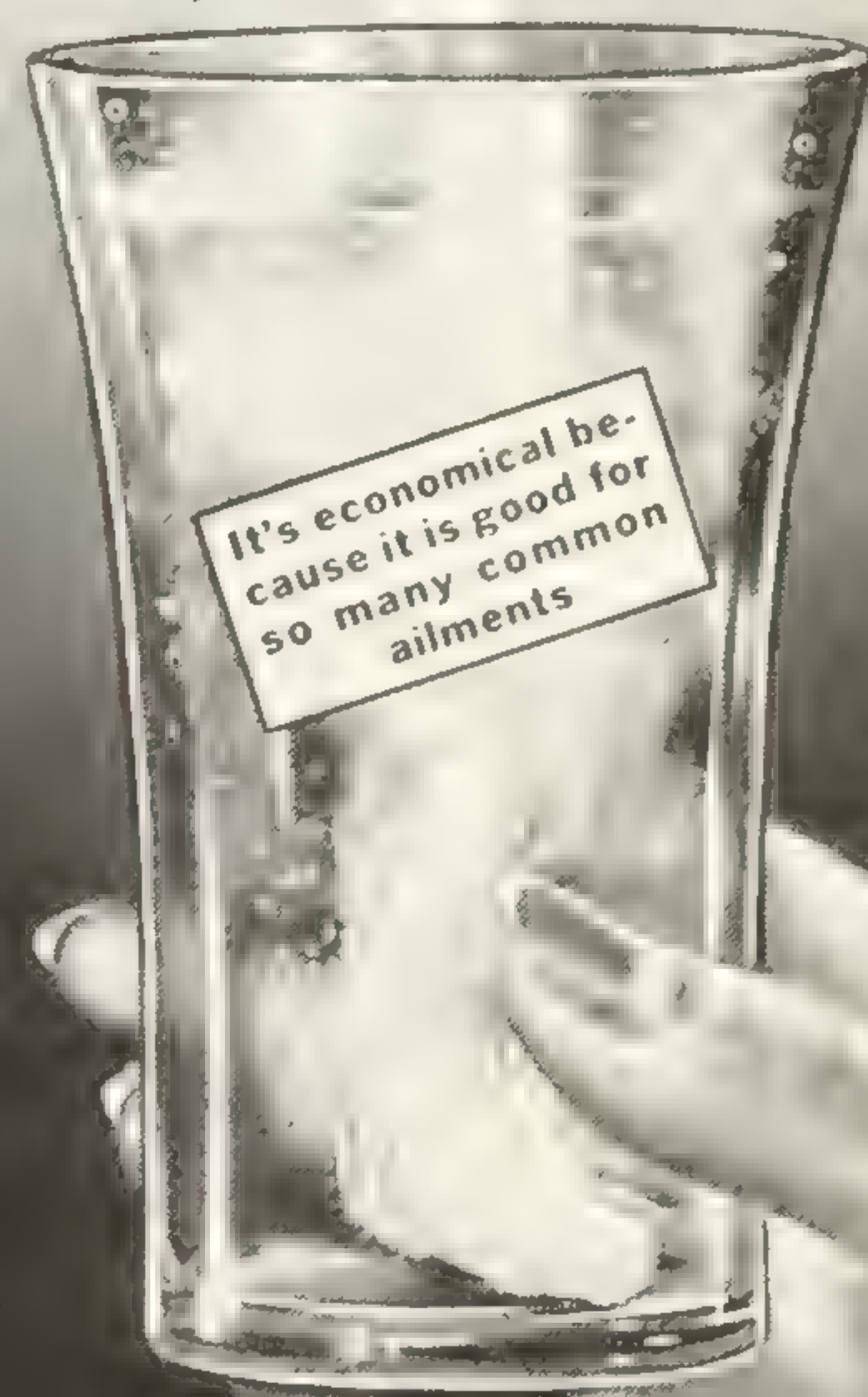
Dorris Bowdon, quiet spoken, earnest little intellectual miss from Memphis, Tennessee, has just about made up her mind that she is the "farm girl of the 20th Century-Fox lot." In every one of the four films she has made since a talent scout discovered her two years ago, emoting heavily in the dramatic

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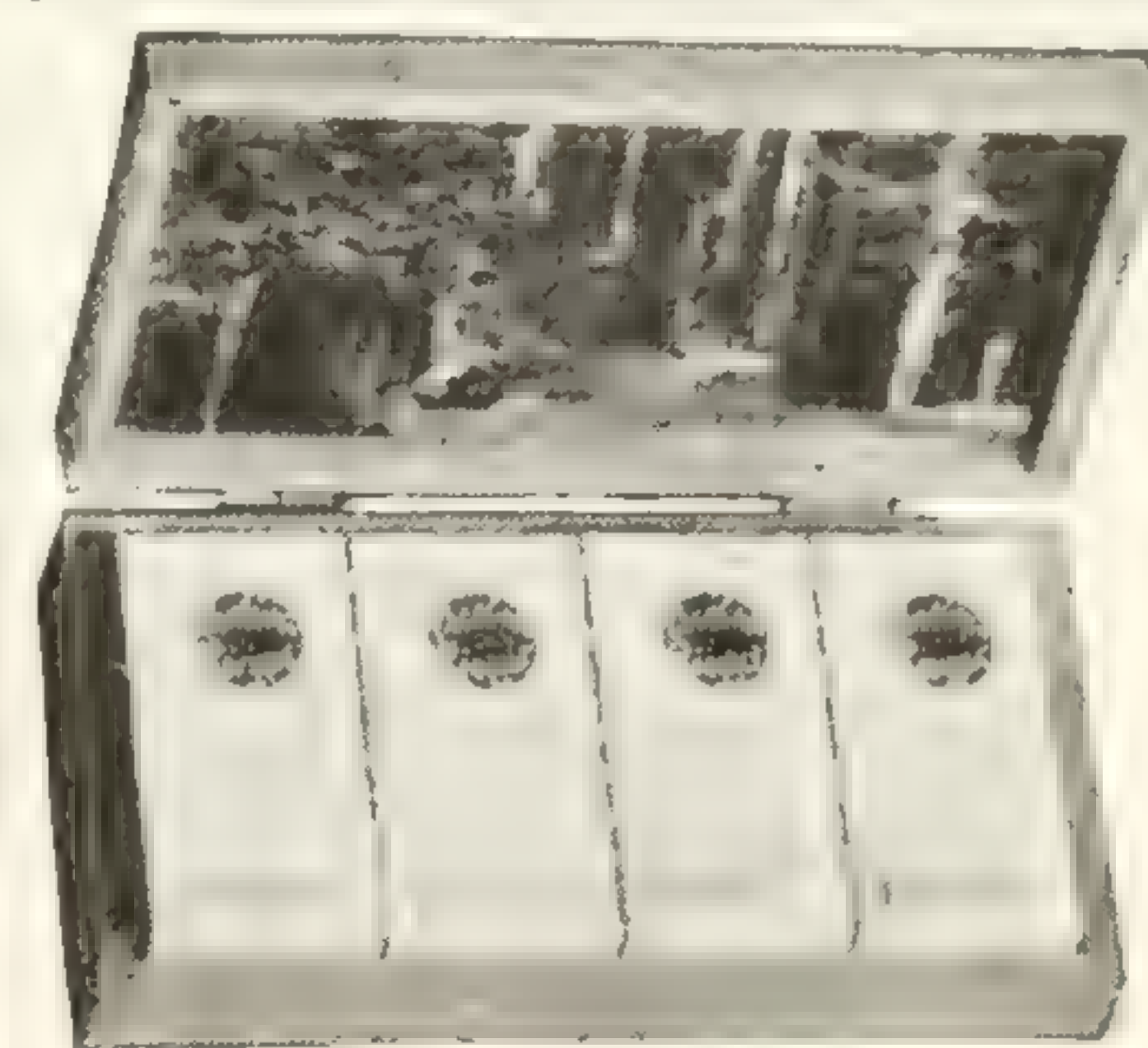
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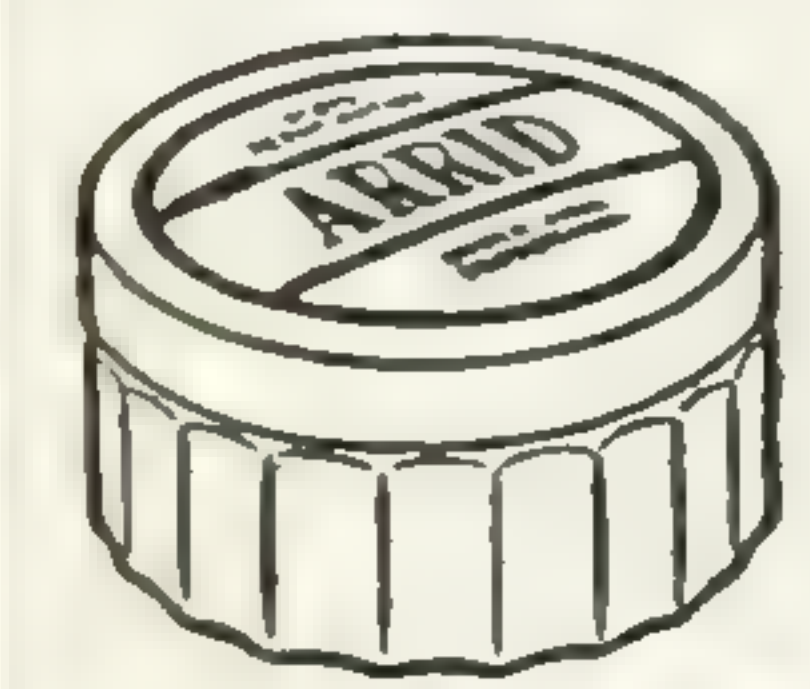
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school's play at Huey Long's Louisiana State University, Dorris has been cast as a calico-clad farmer's daughter.

However, for a chance to play such a part as *Rose of Sharon* in "Grapes of Wrath," Dorris Bowdon would have donned burlap, she says.

When Dorris Bowdon's name goes up in lights in her home town of Memphis, there will be one local lady who well may wear an "I Told You So" smile of satisfaction. Seven years ago when Gladys Crump, daughter of the Memphis political nabob, acted as class historian at the commencement exercises of the Technical High School, her class prophecy was headed by this forecast: "Dorris Bowdon one day will be acknowledged as a great actress."

She herself chose Louisiana State University because it was reputed to have the best dramatic course in the South.

An attraction that wasn't in the L.S.U. catalogue was the annual trek to Baton Rouge of Ivan Kahn, talent scout, who saw Dorris in "R.U.R." her senior year and sent a wire about her to Hollywood.

There were two other Kahn discoveries on the train that took Dorris West. Mary Healy, with whom she now lives, and Linda Darnell. Kahn's scenario-writing wife, Jesse, was so interested in the three Southern girls, who together mastered the Chinese maze of tests and tryouts, that she wrote a picture around them, "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star."

Blonde, hazel-eyed, Dorris was a little disappointed she wasn't chosen to play in it but Nunnally Johnson, producer-scenarist of "Grapes of Wrath," her current best beau, consoled her.

"Lots of other people aren't in it, either," said Nunnally. "Why, it's the only biographical picture on the Fox lot that Tyrone Power or Don Ameche can't play!"—W.M., Jr.

Hamlet in a Stove Pipe Hat

It's quite confusing, we admit, this business of the screen's two Lincoln's of the last twelve months. But if, having seen "Young Mr. Lincoln," you see RKO's film, "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," don't make the mistake of thinking Henry Fonda has suddenly aged.

The screen's newest Lincoln, who looks not unlike an older Fonda, is Raymond Massey, whose previous film assignments have included "Drums" and "The Prisoner of Zenda." Around the New York night clubs, which he used to frequent last year when he was wooing his third wife, Raymond Massey was held by some to be an off-stage *Hamlet*, aloof, introspective, a bit on the somber side. It seemed somehow fitting to more boisterous Broadwayites that the sober visaged Massey's stage career should have begun in Siberia.

Stationed in Vladivostok, toward the end of the last World War, as a captain in the Canadian Army, he organized a minstrel show in which he himself was featured in a series of impersonations. Demobilized in his native Toronto, Massey remembered his success in amateur theatricals, when his venture as a salesman of cream separators failed to interest either him or—the Canadian farmers. He decided to turn actor.

As he was debating the best approach to this new approach, the tall Canadian met John Drew, veteran star, who counseled that he first tackle the London stage, not New York's. Five weeks after he landed in England he had his first bit. Five years later he was the actor-manager of his own theater. In between, he had starred in several London productions of Broadway hits.

It was as *Hamlet* that Massey made his professional debut in New York in 1931, and Universal signed him for one picture. Returning to New York, and the stage, he did a compelling characterization of the Yankee "Ethan Frome."

Playwright Robert E. Sherwood was one of those struck by Massey's convincing portrayal and six years later, when he finished his Pulitzer Prize winning play, "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," he announced he had written the title role with Massey in mind.

New York went quietly mad about Massey's stage Lincoln. Hollywood is equally enthusiastic over his film recording of the play.

Massey himself is not given much to effusive enthusiasms. Laconically, he reminds that when he was first mentioned for the role, there was criticism because he was not an American.

It wasn't until the picture form of the play was in production that he revealed, in answer to the forgotten protests about his Canadian nativity, that New Salem, Illinois, the boyhood home of Lincoln in which much of the play's action is laid, was named for New Salem, Massachusetts, where 300 years ago Massey's ancestors settled just about the time when Lincoln's forebears first arrived in America.—W.M., Jr.

Woodman, Spare That Tree!

When young Dennis Morgan needed a job the worst kind of way—he got it that way. He went to the devil for it. He did *Mephistopheles* in "Faust" and never a handsomer Satan lived than this young man—and he'll be first to admit never a lousier one, either. In fact, there were only five members in that "Faust" troupe that toured the Chataqua circuits.

The curtain now goes up on what happens to young people in Hollywood. Mary Garden had selected the young baritone for a role in her Chicago presentation of "Carmen" and had arranged for him to have a Hollywood test made by M-G-M. They liked him, signed him, and for four years ignored him. Now, strangely enough, it's not the penniless in Hollywood that suffer the most; no, it's those boys and girls of distinct talent who are paid small salaries weekly but who still get only bits—and very few of those. Break your heart over that one, you creative people! Morgan broke his. "What must I do to work?" he'd ask, bitterly. Finally Paramount signed him and he began all over again, the waiting for parts and the bitterness. Eventually Warners saw him, grabbed him, and in one year he'd made five pictures and has those three Musketeers of Warner Brothers, Cagney, O'Brien and McHugh, rooting for him. All through "The Fighting 69th" they cheered him on. "Look at him," Cagney would tell visitors, "an Adonis, a singer, and an actor all in one. He's terrific. He's going places." Cagney is right. Or rather Morgan has already gone those places in the romantic lead in "Three Cheers for the Irish" in which he wins Priscilla Lane. Not bad, not bad at all.

His *Scotch* dialect as the handsome big policeman in "Three Cheers for the Irish" comes naturally. His mother was Scotch, but his father *ban* a great *beeg* Swede from up in Wisconsin, a lumberman and banker. Their son fully expected to be a lumberman himself, until the bottom fell out of the business. During summer vacations from high school in Marshfield, Wisconsin, he'd go up into his father's lumber camps, and wield an axe. Luckily he had a voice to fall back on when his hopes of becoming a lumberman faded. With that voice he walked into a Milwaukee radio station, announced himself as singing a song, and did. He stayed right there as announcer and singer, and later went on to Chicago to do the same thing over the national networks. Later he sang with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra while studying at the Chicago Musical College. He has yet to sing on the screen but those who

know him say "Just wait till he does!"

Every morning before leaving for the studio he vocalizes a bit to the complete astonishment of his two-year-old daughter, and five-year-old Stanley, Jr. Daddy's own name is Stanley Morner.

When he was in high school he fell in love. That sweetheart is his wife. Six foot three, eyes that can laugh again, blond hair that doesn't grow so much as ripple, he's the triple threat man to many a movie hero. For Morgan has what it takes, and, brother, he's on his way.—S. H.

Young Lady of Talent—Streamlined—A la 1940

Ida Lupino, in her very early twenties, is a veritable storehouse for life's experiences. This is because her papa and her papa's papa and his papa before him were actors. No family of actors are so well known in England as the Lupinos. Stanley, Ida's father, is considered to be the highest-paid comedian on the British stage. However, this fact didn't induce the British stage to stagger Ida with gold on her first theatrical appearance. It paid her exactly five dollars, if you want facts and figures. In between that first five dollars and her role of *Bessie* in "The Light that Failed"—a perfect treasure of a performance—there is much to tell.

She was a good little girl who studied hard at one of London's best schools until she was twelve. Then Ida calmly announced that she would begin her theatrical career. Oh, she'd had experience, mind you. From seven on she and her sister Rita had performed in a small theater in their London home. Directed in scenes by their father, the youngsters had to learn lines and business perfectly in order to please a critical family.

No wonder that at twelve she felt capable of going out and getting the job of extra with a British film company. She kept at the work until she got leads with Ivor Novello and Carl Brisson and she finally arrived, in 1934, in Hollywood. That was a trying period for Ida. A young English actor named Louis Hayward called her "a fresh snit who thought she knew everything" which so enraged Ida that when he asked her to marry him she couldn't say no.

They were engaged four and one-half years, for Ida contracted infantile paralysis and marriage had to wait. She thought a lot during her illness and discovered the real Ida inside. She gave up all pretense of smartness which had been assumed only to hide the fright of a fifteen-year-old girl at the bigness of Hollywood. She worked for Paramount, and yearned for the chance that finally came in "The Light that Failed." *But she didn't waste time yearning.* She sat down and wrote music so lovely, the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra played her "Aladdin Suite." Later, Andre Kostelanetz played her music over the air. Today Ida is writing the music for a New York play for which Ralph Forbes is writing the lyrics.

She paints; is simply out of her mind, about lamp shades; can tell fortunes with cards; is psychic, and reveres this psychic thread between herself and her father in London. Each seems to know what the other is thinking.

Her oval face has piquant charm, her violet eyes are far apart, she's much too slim, has just completed one year of marriage with Louis, thinks he's marvelous and vice versa, loves to dance and hopes one day to make a dancing picture with Fred Astaire, is enthusiastic over \$16.75 dresses, looks severely smart in her clothes, and dotes on cats.

She may do a stage play before her next picture for Paramount. She'd be terrific.—S.H.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 63)

THE INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS—Universal

HIS involved mind-shattering monstrosity of a plot is absolutely fascinating. You see, Vincent Price is in jail, sentenced to be executed for the murder of his brother. A doctor, played by John Sutton, uses his brother's formula to make Price totally invisible. Thus Price escapes and the macabre quality of the film begins. The story leads from a cabin in the woods, to an inspector's office, to a coal escalator with that invisible man carrying on something disgraceful for someone who can't even reflect light. After Price has caught the real murderer, lost him again, gotten drunk and nearly gone crazy, the coal escalator sequence occurs and he is shot. Weak from loss of blood he staggers to the laboratory where his girl friend, Nan Grey, gives of her blood for a transfusion, and as soon as those fresh corpuscles get chummy with Price's transparent hemoglobin, guess what happens. Now you see him, now you don't, in other words. Price is very active and all the others, including Sir Cedric Hardwicke, are their usual capable selves.

H, JOHNNY, HOW YOU CAN LOVE—Universal

IN this slap-happy picture, traveling salesman Tom Brown rescues runaway heiress Peggy Moran on her way to New York and then the fun begins. At the point of a gun, gangster Allen Jenkins makes his getaway with them, and they all end up in a tourist camp. It's a crazy trip that ends well. Betty Jane Rhodes sings "Oh, Johnny, How You Can Love" and you'll remember it. Little Juanita Quigley, with her pranks and firecrackers, adds to the excitement.

HENRY GOES ARIZONA—M-G-M

FRANK MORGAN, in this, is a vaudeville performer who inherits an Arizona ranch when his half-brother dies. Frank goes to his ranch to discover the brother was murdered by a gang who wants the property. Virginia Weidler sort of bosses the ranch while all this is being worked out—and there you have it. The film had two directors, was rewritten several times, and might have been better for the two roles eventually excluded, which would have offered George Murphy and Ann Morris.

CALLING PHILO VANCE—Warners

IT will depend on your conception of dear old Philo, most elegant of private detectives, and on your personal preference in "who-did-its" (that's a little more PHOTOPLAY than "whodunits," don't you think?) whether or not you like this. After the slow beginning—it's hard to understand why the first reel or two was included at all—the piece perks up and has quite a lot of suspense as well as pace. James Stephenson does not lend the title character quite the savoir faire we've come to expect of Vance; half the charm of the old boy was the way he flicked a scented cigarette, polished off a chartreuse frappé, struggled into a Bond Street lounge jacket and crisply caught the murderer—however. Timeliness, at least in the opinion of the Brothers Warner, has been injected by making the mystery have to do with the selling of secret airplane plans to foreign

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?



Love in bloom—as demonstrated by W. C. Fields and Mae West in Universal's "My Little Chickadee"

GRADE yourself ten points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 92.

1. Two of these actors have portrayed Abraham Lincoln on the screen:
Basil Rathbone Walter Huston
Henry Fonda William Powell

2. This former star is now one of Hollywood's foremost interior decorators:
Norma Talmadge Lloyd Hughes
William Haines Gloria Swanson

3. Before he came to Hollywood he was a professional model:
Richard Greene Ray Milland
Leslie Howard Fred MacMurray

4. Only one of these actresses is a star; the others are featured players:
Binnie Barnes Anita Louise
Ann Rutherford Ann Sheridan

5. This producer guided both Deanna Durbin and Gloria Jean to fame:
Mervyn LeRoy Gene Markey
Arthur Hornblow Joe Pasternak

6. He met his wife when he was singing at the Coconut Grove:
Bob Hope Bing Crosby
Tony Martin Allan Jones

7. His new contract is a three-way one—he's now a producer and director as well as an actor:
Adolphe Menjou Warner Baxter
Richard Dix Ronald Colman

8. According to box-office records, she was the biggest money-making actress of the 1939-40 season:
Mae West Alice Faye
Shirley Temple Bette Davis

9. And he was the biggest money-making actor:
James Cagney Mickey Rooney
Clark Gable Spencer Tracy

10. He was once a circus trapeze artist:
Charles Winninger Randolph Scott
Chester Morris W. C. Fields

powers, and Philo's patriotism is surpassed only by his ingenuity. Henry O'Neill, Margot Stevenson and Edward Brophy carry on in rather hackneyed roles.

A CHILD IS BORN—Warners

PRODUCED once before as "Life Begins," the intimate drama of the maternity ward is brought to you again with Geraldine Fitzgerald as most important prospective mother. She is a lady convict, allowed to leave prison for her great experience; and as a background for her personal story is a tapestry of other ward cases, some glad, some angry, some dismally unhappy because of what is about to happen. This version is long and without enough pace to keep any but strictly sentimental female audiences spellbound. Spring Byington, Jeffrey Lynn, Gladys George and many others complete the cast.

★ THE EARL OF CHICAGO—M-G-M

AT least Hollywood has given out with one really new idea this month. "The Earl of Chicago" is not like any picture story you have seen before; it's an experiment, and that's news in this town. You'd expect Robert Montgomery to be mixed up in something of the sort and he is, playing the title role with obvious enjoyment. Story is that of a Chicago gangster who inherits a title and estates from an English ancestor and goes abroad to liquidate them; there he encounters tradition and legend, whereupon you are enabled to watch the conflict between the man as he is and the man he might have been. Edward Arnold plays the financial advisor Montgomery has double-crossed and who works slyly for revenge. There is no love interest. We think it's a grand film, with Montgomery's portrayal a piece of art and the entertainment value A plus. However, if you're superpractical you may not like it, because you may not believe it.

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME—RKO-Radio

THOSE who have been saying that Chuck Laughton can't even haunt a dream any longer must draw in their forked tongues before the impact of this impressive film. . . . He is the hunchback of Victor Hugo's imagination, emerging after a succession of boring incidents as the pitiful, colorful idiot of the bell tower, who found in his warped soul a quality called compassion, which made him one of the single lights feebly shining in the Dark Ages. His mask is overdone; after a first reaction of sheer misery you recall your courage, open your eyes and discover you don't believe it any more than you do a child's Halloween penny-cardboard-with-mustaches. Victor Hugo, of course, dipped a dreary pen into dismal ink and his portraits are necessarily grey in color; you must force yourself to wait until RKO's oversized budget catches up with itself—then, along about halfway, things begin to happen. Maureen O'Hara, brought here by Laughton, is pretty and Edmond O'Brien, Sir Cedric Hardwicke (villain) and all the rest give excellent accounts of themselves.

★ SWANEE RIVER—20th Century-Fox

WELL, of course, it's really the Suwannee River. . . . But the tune makes a

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good harmony selection anyway; it's been a long time since the "42nd Street" type of musical gave way to the biography-of-a-composer school, and now comes one of the best of the lot. It's the life of Stephen Foster, who wrote those songs your grandmother played on the pump organ in the front parlor. Don Ameche has the main role, Andrea Leeds contributes a romantic interest and Al Jolson, returning after a long screen absence, of course plays the minstrel man. Such songs as "Oh Susannah!" "Old Kentucky Home," "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair" and "Old Black Joe" are calculated to bring sighs of reminiscence to the more middle-aged audience. It does sound a little funny to hear the melodies played straight, after what Maxine Sullivan and Tommy Dorsey have recently done to them.

INVISIBLE STRIPES—Warners

WHAT happens to you when, as an ex-convict, you return to the living and find they don't want you any longer is here graphically portrayed, with George Raft wearing the invisible stripes. The story has many new twists and Jane Bryan; still, they've brought in the weak younger brother, William Holden, whom the embittered George must save from a life of crime. It's not a pleasant picture but none of Warners' prison films are. Raft is good, as usual.

★ ENTENTE CORDIALE—Max Glass

QUEEN VICTORIA'S wayward son "Bertie," who later became Edward VII of England, is admirably depicted in this admirable French film. Victor Francen does the best work of his fine career in his role of the elderly royal playboy, whose love for Paris and all things French eventually brought about the "Entente Cordiale"—the friendly alliance between England and France. It is a wise and witty picture, which manages to sidestep the stiffness that so often marks an historical film. This is far more than a pompous pageant of famous people. Victoria, as faithfully portrayed by Gaby Morlay, is a crotch-

ety, intrepid old woman. Joseph Chamberlain (father of Neville), Clemenceau, President Loubet of France, Lord Salisbury, appear as real people rather than shadowy figures of government. Here is a picture which should inspire you to reread your history books, and give you an evening's entertainment in the bargain.

★ RAFFLES—Goldwyn-U. A.

IT doesn't seem to matter how many times Hollywood makes a movie of "The Amateur Cracksman"—it's always swell drama and tense entertainment. This is the fourth try, with David Niven as the suave Raffles, Olivia de Havilland, his betrothed, and Dudley Digges as the inspector. You remember that Raffles is a champion cricketer, sports hero of the nation, except at night; then he accomplishes ultra-clever robberies. Upon meeting Olivia he decides to reform, but her brother, Douglas Walton, is in trouble—so Raffles goes after Dame May Whitty, the *Lady Melrose* of the story, and her emeralds. Everyone does a good job. The end is confusing, probably to please both moralists and those who want the hero to escape.

EVERYTHING HAPPENS AT NIGHT— 20th Century-Fox

THAT'S a nice, risqué sounding title, but there's nothing suggestive about the picture, or even particularly entertaining. The public is going to get mad any day now if Hollywood persists in taking the greatest ice skater in the world and keeping her in ordinary shoes. She skates only once. Furthermore, although completely charming, Miss Henie is not a really good dramatic actress. The plot, her routine triangle story, has the usual two men—Ray Milland and Robert Cummings this time—chasing her all over Switzerland's icy mountains. The entire production is glittering and pleasant and empty. Most people still go to Sonja's pictures to watch her fabulous genius on the ice, and probably will feel a little grumpy about this substitute.

CHARLIE MCCARTHY, DETECTIVE—Universal

THIS may turn out to have been a good idea. It's hard to say, when you like Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen's wooden Fortune, as much as we do. Unfortunately, the idea of a ventriloquist's dummy (or dummies, considering Mortimer Snerd's in it, too) carrying a weak murder mystery to success is too much to hope for. Of course, you can't quite expect to get away from whimsey when you are giving personality to a doll, but Charlie goes a little overboard here; it's not to be wondered at considering the plot. Constance Moore and Robert Cummings are among the film's witnesses to the antics of the debonair Charlie.

THOU SHALT NOT KILL—Republic

RELIGION is usually a taboo subject on the screen, particularly when it holds up Catholicism and Protestantism to view in relation to each other. This piece does. It deals with a Presbyterian minister in a small town who takes the confession of a murderer when a priest can't get there to do the job. Charles Bickford plays the minister, surprisingly enough when you remember his usual roles. We'll leave approval on this offering up to you and your attitudes on good taste.

BARRICADE—20th Century-Fox

THE up-and-coming reviewer, upon witnessing this interesting but confusing film, would check with the producing studio to find its history. This is exactly what we did. Apparently the picture was done in hunks, over a sixteen-month period, and consists mostly of retakes. No one can say it's a good picture, hodgepodge that it is; but Alice Faye, Warner Baxter and Charles Winninger do beautiful jobs with their material. The idea is that a forgotten American consul in China has his station used by brigands, a reporter in trouble, a girl running away from a murder conviction, etc. The consul has a lot of faith and ideals, and imbues his guests with good morals.

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

COAST GUARD—Columbia

Not a new plot, but entertaining. Randy Scott is a cocky pilot in the coast guard who wins Ralph Bellamy's sweetheart (Frances Dee) away from him, then gets himself into a situation from which Bellamy has to save him. Walter Connolly has a small role. (Dec.)

COVERED TRAILER, THE—Republic

The best Higgins Family film to date. Pa (James Gleason) wants to vacation in South America, but Ma (Lucile Gleason) bungles everything, as usual, and they have to sneak off in a trailer for their holiday. What with a bank robbery and false reports, things go rapidly from bad to worse. (Feb.)

★ DAY THE BOOKIES WEPT, THE— RKO-Radio

Good comedy, with Joe Penner at his best. He's a cab driver in love with Betty Grable. His pals send him to buy a horse and, of course he gets stuck. But when Betty discovers the old nag loves liquor—do they have fun! And so will you. (Dec.)

★ DAY-TIME WIFE—20th Century-Fox

The old secretary-wife-husband triangle, done very entertainingly. Tyrone Power is at his gay best as the erring husband, Linda Darnell registers as his wife, Wendy Barrie as his pretty secretary, Warren William complicates the plot, and Binnie Barnes helps to straighten it out again. (Feb.)

★ DESTRY RIDES AGAIN—Universal

This honey of a Western has Brian Donlevy as a frontier crime king, with Marlene Dietrich as his honky-tonk queen. Enter Jimmy Stewart in the title role, determined to clean up the town without shootin' irons. Festivities are also helped along by Una Merkel, Mischa Auer and Irene Hervey, but Jimmy, Marlene and Charlie Winninger are something terrific! (Feb.)

DISPUTED PASSAGE—Paramount

A forceful melodrama dealing with the struggle of a young doctor (John Howard) to choose between science and love for Dorothy Lamour, Akim Tamiroff plays an older physician who ruins the romantic setup. When Dottie marches off to China and Howard follows, Tamiroff must decide whether to stick to his guns or—(Dec.)

★ DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK—20th Century-Fox

Claudette Colbert and Henry Fonda are at their best in this saga of the heroism of up-state New York pioneers in their fights against the Indians. Edna May Oliver is superb in the role of the widow who takes Hank and his bride in when the Mohawks burn their home. Well worth seeing. (Jan.)

★ END OF A DAY—Juno Films

Poignant drama, this French film dealing with a group of aged Thespians living in the memories of past triumphs. Fine cast, headed by Victor Francen, Louis Jouvet and Michel Simon. (Jan.)

★ ESPIONAGE AGENT—Warners

Full of thrills, and sufficiently timely to make your hair stand on end. Joel McCrea is the Nemesis of spies. He marries one (Brenda Marshall) and when what she's done catches up with her, Joel resigns his post to help her run down the ringleader George Bancroft, Jeffrey Lynn and others complete the cast. (Dec.)

EVERYBODY'S HOBBY—Warners

A new family-cycle picture—with stamp-collector Irene Rich the mother of a family of hobbyists. Daughter Jean Sharon collects photograph records; brother Jackie Moran is an amateur radio bug; father Henry O'Neill is a camera fiend. Fun for juveniles. (Nov.)

FAST AND FURIOUS—M-G-M

A murder mystery built around a beauty pageant, with bathing beauties, a lion-taming act and villains bumping people off. Ann Southern plays Franchot

Tone's gum-chewing wife. Lee Bowman, Ruth Hussey and sundry beauties co-operate. (Dec.)

FIGHT FOR PEACE, THE—Warwick- Monogram

A medley of authentic newsreels and graphic cartoons issued for the purpose of promoting anti-war sentiment. Its fragmentary record of dying monarchies and flourishing dictatorships, from the cause of the First World War up to the eve of the present conflict is well worth seeing. (Dec.)

★ FIRST LOVE—Universal

What this lacks in suspense, it makes up in gaiety and charm. Deanna Durban plays a modern Cinderella; her Prince Charming is new Bob Stack; the servants, her collective Fairy Godmother. Leatrice Joy, as her screwy aunt; Helen Parrish, as the meany cousin; Eugene Pallette, as the uncle (and good), and Kathleen Howard, as the eccentric schoolmarm add to the film's liveliness. (Jan.)

FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY GREW—Columbia

Maybe you loved the *Peppers* when you were six, but this is a bit thick for adults. Edith Fellows, Clarence Kolb and Dorothy Peterson follow the script dutifully. All the *Little Peppers* are so virtuous, and this has the expected effect on a meanie when he is quarantined in their house. (Dec.)

FLYING DEUCES, THE—RKO-Radio

Laurel and Hardy are up to their old tricks—this time as enlistees of the Foreign Legion. It's all slapstick. Jean Parker and Reggie Gardiner add to the cast. (Jan.)

FOUR WIVES—Warners

The Lane sisters and Gale Page carry on the plot of "Four Daughters," but it isn't as good this time. Priscilla, widowed by John Garfield, discovers she's going to have his baby after marrying Jeffrey Lynn. Rosemary pursues newcomer Eddie Albert, and the others (including May Robson and Claude Rains) have their original roles. (Feb.)

GERONIMO!—Paramount

Nicely authentic in feeling, this is the story of the cruel Apache Indian chief who ravaged the frontier in bygone days. Ralph Morgan is the general who sets out to fight Geronimo (Chief Thundercloud). Bill Henry is his son from West Point. There isn't much personal story, but there's riot of action. (Feb.)

★ GONE WITH THE WIND—Selznick-M-G-M

So magnificent is this re-creation of the modern classic about the Civil War's effect on the South that it would take volumes to review it adequately. In brief: Full justice has been done the novel. Clark Gable IS *Rhett*. Vivien Leigh is magnificent as *Scarlett*. Olivia de Havilland does her best work as *Melanie*. Leslie Howard (*Ashley*) and the others fulfill all expectations. The whole film is overwhelming, even to the finest Technicolor yet. (Feb.)

★ GREAT VICTOR HERBERT, THE—Paramount

With *that* music—and plenty of it—how could it fail to please? Not a biography of the composer (Walter Connolly), but the love story of two of his characters, fictional characters played by Allan Jones and Mary Martin. They're both great, in voice and acting—as is young Susanna Foster. (Feb.)

★ GREEN HELL—Universal

Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is exploring the South American jungle for Inca treasure when Joan Bennett, widow of one of his men, arrives. Between her struggle over this one pretty girl in a group of tough men (grand actors all) and Indian hostiles, everybody has a most exciting time. (Feb.)

★ GULLIVER'S TRAVELS—Fleischer-Paramount

Sweet music and the still-pungent satire of the original Jonathan Swift classic are only two of the many virtues of this full-length animated color cartoon. Story, of course, is that of *Gulliver*, shipwrecked among six-inch-high *Lilliputians*, and how he settles their foolish little war—with a *Lilliputian* romance thrown in for good measure. (Feb.)

★ HARVEST—Marcel Pagnol

Depth of spirit and soundness of characterization highlight this French glorification of the simple life. Gabriel Gabrio is a farmer who remains faithful to the good earth and becomes almost a hermit, until Orane Demazis joins him and they prove what honest labor can accomplish. (Feb.)

★ HERE I AM A STRANGER—20th Century-Fox

Richard Greene and Richard Dix combine talents here and both are good. Greene, raised by his mother and stepfather, meets his real father. The piece is the emotional adjustment of the two. Gladys George plays the mother. (Dec.)

★ HERO FOR A DAY—Universal

Charley Grapewin, ex-football star and now a night watchman, is used for a publicity stunt by his alma mater. He becomes a male "Apple Annie." Meanwhile, Dick Foran carries the ball, and lovely Anita Louise falls in love with him. (Dec.)

★ HIS GIRL FRIDAY—Columbia

Ultra-modern version of "The Front Page," with Rosalind Russell as an ace reporter, divorced from editor Cary Grant. His attempts to keep her on the job with exciting assignments — and from marrying Ralph Bellamy — create complications, but it's the witty performances which put this over. (Feb.)

★ HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE—20th Century-Fox

A gay history of movieland, told in terms of drama and slapstick, rainbowed by Technicolor and gorgeously acted throughout. A would-be director, Don Ameche, discovers a would-be star, Alice Faye, and brings her to Hollywood. She falls in love with him, but marries Alan Curtis. The angle of their love serves as a plot on which to hang such milestones as the Keystone Kops and Bennett Bathing Beauties. See it. (Dec.)

★ HONEYMOON IN BALI—Paramount

This has color and glamour, and Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll on a South Sea Island. You see, Madeleine is a business woman content with her unromantic lot until earthy Mr. MacMurray comes along. Then Sex, à la Tropics, intrudes. You'll like Helen Broderick and little Carolyn Lee, too. (Dec.)

★ HONEYMOON'S OVER, THE—20th Century-Fox

Stuart Erwin and Marjorie Weaver are teamed in this unassuming but brisk and often amusing film. The two, as newlyweds, go into debt trying to keep up with the country-club set, with resultant situations straight from life. (Feb.)

★ HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER, THE—Roach-U.A.

A rich boy who turns reporter accidentally uncovers a gangster murder. Joan Bennett is his housekeeper's offspring and despite the fact she is a reformed moll, she gets the hero. Adolphe Menjou and John Hubbard try hard. (Dec.)

★ INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY—Warners

Smash-bang entertainment in which Pat O'Brien is cast as a cocky racing driver who wants to help his kid brother, John Payne, at the racing game, but gets mad at him when he falls for Ann Sheridan. There's an accidental killing when Pat gets drunk, and some wonderful racing shots. (Jan.)

★ INTERMEZZO, A LOVE STORY—Selznick International

This is art in the cinema. It's a love interlude in the lives of concert pianist Ingrid Bergman (new to our screen and strangely compelling) and violinist Leslie Howard. Edna Best plays the wife

whom Leslie leaves for his romantic idyl with Ingrid. There's charm to the story. (Dec.)

★ JOE AND ETHEL TURP CALL ON THE PRESIDENT—M-G-M

Joe (William Gargan) and Ethel (Ann Sothern) get pretty mad when their veteran postman gets fired, so they go right to Washington to protest. It's a bit dull in spots, but Lewis Stone is swell as the President and Annie's great, too. First of a new series? (Feb.)

★ JUDGE HARDY AND SON—M-G-M

This series gets better with each new chapter. Mickey Rooney finds himself in difficulties when he is too cocksure of winning a cash prize for an essay. But financial disaster is averted when he finds the missing daughter of his father's client. Martha O'Driscoll, a new character, is good, and you know what to expect from Mickey and Lewis Stone. (Jan.)

KATIA—Mayer-Burstyn

There's little dramatic punch in this story which traces the devotion of *Czar Alexander II* (John Loder) for his mistress, the *Princess Katia* (Danielle Darrieux), who finally becomes his wife; however, pictorially speaking, this French film is beautiful. Marie Helene Daste, as the ailing *Czarina*, dominates every scene she is in. (Dec.)

KID NIGHTINGALE—Warner

This singing John Payne really looks promising. Here he's a prize fighter who warbles when he isn't fighting. Walter Catlett, fight manager, takes him in hand and leads him at last to a chance at the championship. Jane Wyman furnishes the romantic interest. Action flies along at a fancy pace. (Dec.)

LAW OF THE PAMPAS—Paramount

Another *Hopalong Cassidy*, in which Bill Boyd is assigned to deliver cattle in South America, and uncovers two murders en route. There's romance in the person of Steffi Duna. Sidney Blackmer and Pedro de Cordoba help a lot. (Jan.)

LEGION OF THE LAWLESS—RKO-Radio

With the usual business about a lawless town, a horde of vigilantes, and a pretty girl (Virginia Vale), this latest George O'Brien Western turns out to be topnotch, full of pace and excitement. (Feb.)

LITTLE ACCIDENT—Universal

Baby Sandy's awfully cute, but not cute enough to carry this. Hugh Herbert is cast as a baby-columnist of a newspaper and finds Sandy abandoned in his office. This leads to a contest, in which Sandy is entered. (Jan.)

MEET DR. CHRISTIAN—RKO-Radio

If you like a homey film, this is your dish. Jean Hersholt plays the village practitioner who heals with word as well as pill. In the first of this series, he's trying to establish a hospital in the town. Marcia Mae Jones, Jackie Moran, Dorothy Lovett, Robert Baldwin and Paul Harvey support. (Jan.)

MUTINY IN THE BIG HOUSE—Monogram

Based on a Colorado prison riot of 1929, Charles Bickford plays a priest who sacrifices self for unfortunate criminals. Dennis Moore and Barton MacLane do especially good work. (Jan.)

NICK CARTER, MASTER DETECTIVE—M-G-M

—or, Dime Novel Hero Comes to the Screen at Last. Walter Pidgeon plays the title role and tracks down the missing rocket-ship blueprints, while Rita Johnson flies the plane for him, after a terrific gun battle in the desert. (Feb.)

NIGHT OF NIGHTS, THE—Paramount

Lugubrious Laugh-Clown-Laugh story with Pat O'Brien playing Pagliacci so his little girl, Olympe Bradna, won't know how low he's sunk. Pretty good until the last half, when it bogs down with its own pathos. (Feb.)

★ OF MICE AND MEN—Roach-U.A.

John Steinbeck's wormwood-and-sugar story remains gripping despite censorship. Burgess Meredith is *George*, the wandering ranch worker who befriends poor *Lennie*. (Lon Chaney, Jr.)—who doesn't know his own strength and winds up a murderer. They're swell, and so are Charles Bickford and Bob Steele. (Feb.)

\$1,000 A TOUCHDOWN—Paramount

There's no sense to this, but it's funny. Martha Raye's broke, sells her house to keep the college open, discovers Joe E. Brown, descendant of a long line of actors, so she turns the place into a dramatic school, starts a football team and puts claustrophobic Joe in it. Guess who wins. (Dec.)

ON YOUR TOES—Warners

Broadway's musical suffers as filmfare. Eddie Albert plays the hoover who writes a great American Ballet, joins up with a traveling Russian company and falls for the première danseuse, Zorina. The ballets are delightful. (Jan.)

★ OUR NEIGHBORS, THE CARTERS—Paramount

More small-town melodrama, with Mr. Average Citizen having his troubles keeping a family together. Frank Craven and Fay Bainter carry the burden of the story. Edmund Lowe, Genevieve Tobin and others carry on.

★ PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES—20th Century-Fox

Time: The last World War. Place: France. Plot: The Ritz Brothers, a vaudeville team, unable to get bookings because of their German name, join the army. In France they team up with Jane Withers, whose father, Joseph Schildkraut, is a spy. There's bombing and blasting—but little entertainment value here. (Dec.)

★ PRIDE OF THE BLUEGRASS—Warners

This is the story of a blind horse, but added to the pathos there's laughter and warm sentimentality.

Edith Fellows, James McCallion and Granville Bates are the troupers.

★ PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX, THE—Warners

You may feel that this is lacking in the fire that Queen Elizabeth's lusty to-do with Lord Essex might have inspired, but Bette Davis, as the evil-tempered, enamored-of-power Queen delights in her role, and Errol Flynn, as Essex, is magnificent to look upon. The grandeur of that court, the vital color of a nation not yet effete called for Technicolor. Donald Crisp, Olivia de Havilland, Vincent Price, Henry Daniell and Alan Hale add to the high quality of the production. (Dec.)

REMEMBER?—M-G-M

This has sparkling moments—but the trio, Robert Taylor, Greer Garson, Lew Ayres, deserves more. Bob is an advertising genius who steals Greer away from her fiancé, Lew. They marry, fight, divorce, but Lew doses them up with a drug that makes them forget. Whereupon the piece becomes a bedroom farce. (Jan.)

REMEMBER THE NIGHT—Paramount

Even Fred MacMurray and Barbara Stanwyck can't pull this out of the average class. He's a District Attorney. She's a wayward girl whom he exposes to an old-fashioned Christmas back home in Indiana with Mother, Beulah Bondi—after which the anticipated reform sets in. (Feb.)

RENO—RKO-Radio

Intended to be an epic of Reno when it was a silver mining town, Richard Dix brings this up to date by thinking up the "Easy Divorce" plan. His wife, Gail Patrick, takes advantage of it, as does his daughter, Anita Louise. Picture lacks pace. (Jan.)

RIO—Universal

The story of what happens to the trusted wife of a French convict has Victor McLaglen as the friend of Basil Rathbone, who is the French capitalist under conviction. Sigrid Gurie is the wife, and Robert Cummings the young American she falls for in Rio. There's a good escape sequence and some bloody killing. (Dec.)

ROARING TWENTIES, THE—Warners

Those mad, prosperous, Prohibition Twenties! The story starts when World War veteran Jimmy Cagney looks up a girl who has been writing to him and discovers she is Priscilla Lane. Circumstances draw him into the liquor racket, take him through the market crash, and into the depression when Priscilla finds happiness with his buddy, Jeffrey Lynn. Gladys George, Frank McHugh and Humphrey Bogart have supporting roles. (Dec.)

RULERS OF THE SEA—Paramount

A rousing story of the first Atlantic crossing in a steam-driven boat, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. playing the young mate who has faith in steam. Will Fyfe is superb as the Scotch inventor of steam motors. George Bancroft plays a die-hard sailing skipper, and Margaret Lockwood is appealing. (Dec.)

SCANDAL SHEET—Columbia

This is completely wacky. Otto Kruger is a newspaper publisher with a secret son (Eddie Norris); a girl friend (Ona Munson); and a penchant for homicide. He kills off one of his employees to get records of Norris' birth. (Jan.)

SECRET OF DR. KILDARE, THE—M-G-M

Lew Ayres is still the young assistant doctor, assigned this time to find out what's the matter with Helen Gilbert, an heiress. When Lionel Barrymore collapses (for the sake of the plot) Lew pretends he's more interested in the heiress' millions than in his work, so his chief will take a rest. Laraine Day is still the young doctor's sweetheart. (Jan.)

SMASHING THE MONEY RING—Warners

A piece about prison and convicts—and a particularly exciting jail break. Ronald Reagan plays G-Man; Eddie Foy offers comedy, and Margot Stevenson furnishes romance. (Jan.)

SUED FOR LIBEL—RKO-Radio

A murder picture with a new twist. Morgan Conway is acquitted of murder, Reporter Linda Hayes pulls a trick on a rival pressman by telling him the verdict's "guilty." Kent Taylor dramatizes the thing on the air and Conway sues. Linda and Kent dig into his past and find he's plenty guilty. (Jan.)

THAT THEY MAY LIVE—Mayer-Burstyn

A strong dose of propaganda—a World War veteran is convinced that his comrades have not died in vain. When the call to arms comes again, he turns to the War dead. They arise, mutilated and bloody and accuse the world of breaking its pledge for peace. Victor Francen is splendid. (Jan.)

★ THAT'S RIGHT—YOU'RE WRONG—RKO-Radio

Kay Kyser brings his College of Musical Knowledge to the screen with a better story and better support than radio stars usually get. The result is pleasant and Kyser proves to be a screenable personality as the band-leader whose group goes Hollywood on him. With Adolphe Menjou. (Feb.)

★ THE LIGHT THAT FAILED—Paramount

This new version of Kipling's novel is a four-handkerchief film. Ronald Colman, a successful artist, finds himself going blind from an old Sudanese battle injury, paints one last masterpiece of Ida Lupino—then she destroys it. Colman, Walter Huston (as his friend) and the photography are superb. (Feb.)

THOSE HIGH GREY WALLS—Columbia

This is a psychological study of a fear trauma. Walter Connolly is sent to prison for doctoring a wounded convict. And it's the prison physician, Onslow Stevens, who has the fear complex. Connolly gives his usual fine performance. (Jan.)

THREE SONS—RKO-Radio

It's the story of a man whose consuming interest is his department store, and who wants his boys to

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follow in his footsteps. Only they don't. There isn't much to keep you fascinated. Edward Ellis plays the father, Kent Taylor, Robert Stanton and Dick Hogan the offspring. (Dec.)

TOWER OF LONDON—Universal

English history turns out to be more gruesome than a modern horror film, with Basil Rathbone as King Richard, who spends his time killing off heirs to the throne, and Boris Karloff as his pet executioner. First-rate mellerdrammer, with a fine all-around cast. (Feb.)

★ TWO THOROUGHBREDS—RKO-Radio

Fine writing and beautiful acting prove once more what this studio can do with a simple, unpretentious story to make it memorable. Jimmy

Lydon gathers special honors as an orphan who finds a foal, then has to struggle with his honor when he discovers it belongs to people who later befriend him. (Feb.)

20,000 MEN A YEAR—20th Century-Fox

Not a story of Sing Sing, but of how Uncle Sam is training young men to fly. Randy Scott plays a washed-up professional pilot who takes a job as flying instructor, rescues some lost flyers and shares the fade-out with Margaret Lindsay. (Jan.)

TWO BRIGHT BOYS—Universal

Freddie Bartholomew and Melville Cooper, son and father, live by their wits, get in the clutches of Alan Dinehart, who uses them to make a grab at oil lands owned by Jackie Cooper and his mother, Dorothy Peterson. The boys do nice jobs. (Dec.)

★ WE ARE NOT ALONE—Warners

Paul Muni is an English country doctor who befriends a young Austrian dancer (Jane Bryan) at the outbreak of the last war. His wife (Flora Robson) takes the wrong pills and dies, and Paul and Jane are accused of her murder. An unpromising presentation of the James Hilton story, with fine production, direction, acting. (Feb.)

★ WHAT A LIFE—Paramount

An amusing picture in which Jackie Cooper, an adolescent trying to make adjustments peculiar to his particular age, walks away with a difficult assignment. Betty Field, Cooper's sweetheart; James Corner, his rival; John Howard and Kathleen Lockhart all deliver good performances. (Dec.)

Casts of Current Pictures

"BARRICADE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play and story by Granville Walker. Directed by Gregory Ratoff. Cast: Emmy Jordan, Alice Faye; Hank Topping, Warner Baxter; Samuel J. Cady, Charles Winninger; Upton Ward, Arthur Treacher; Ling, Keye Luke; Yen, Willie Fung; Mrs. Ward, Doris Lloyd; Mrs. Little, Eily Malyon; Winifred, Joan Carol; Russian Consul, Leonid Snegoff; Col. Wai Kang, Philip Ahn; Assistant Secretary of State, Jonathan Hale; Managing Editor, Moroni Olsen.

"BROTHER RAT AND A BABY"—WARNERS.—Original screen play by John Monks, Jr., and Fred F. Finklehoffe. Directed by Ray Enright. Cast: "Bing" Edwards, Eddie Albert; Billy Randolph, Wayne Morris; Joyce Winfree, Priscilla Lane; Claire Ramm, Jane Wyman; Dan Crawford, Ronald Reagan; Kate, Jane Bryan; Harley Harrington, Larry Williams; Colonel Ramm, Henry O'Neill; Mrs. Brooks, Jessie Busley; "Commencement," Peter B. Good; Sterling Randolph, Paul Harvey; Mr. Harper, Berton Churchill; Mrs. Harper, Nana Bryant; McGregor, Arthur Treacher; Cab Driver, Edward Gargan; Girl in Bus, Mayo Methot; Expressman, Billy Wayne; Major, Moroni Olsen; Hospital Official, Irving Bacon.

"CALLING PHILO VANCE"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Tom Reed. From "The Kennel Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Directed by William Clemens. Cast: Philo Vance, James Stephenson; Hilda, Margot Stevenson; Markham, Henry O'Neill; Ryan, Edward Brophy; Tom MacDonald, Ralph Forbes; Philip Wrede, Donald Douglas; Gamble, Martin Kosleck; Doris, Sheila Bromley; Dr. Doremus, James Conlon; Grassi, Edward Raquello; Du Bois, Creighton Hale; Hennessey, Harry Strang; Archer Coe, Richard Kipling; Brisbane Coe, Wedgewood Nowell; Ling Toy, Bo Ling.

"CHARLIE MCCARTHY, DETECTIVE"—UNIVERSAL.—Original story by Darrell Ware and Robertson White. Directed by Frank Tuttle. Cast: Edgar Bergen, Himself; Charlie McCarthy, Himself; Mortimer Snerd, Himself; Scotty Hamilton, Robert Cummings; Sheila, Constance Moore; Bill Banning, John Sutton; Arthur Aldrich, Louis Calhern; Inspector Daily, Edgar Kennedy; Court Aldrich, Samuel S. Hinds; Tony Garcia, Harold Huber; Felton, Milburn Stone; Gravy, Ray Turner; Dutch, Warren Hymer.

"CHILD IS BORN, A"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Robert Rossen. Based on a play by Mary McDougall Axelson. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Cast: Grace Sulton, Geraldine Fitzgerald; Jed Sulton, Jeffrey Lynn; Florette, Gladys George; Miss Bowers, Gale Page; Mrs. West, Spring Byington; Ringer Banks, Johnnie Davis; Dr. Lee, Henry O'Neill; Dr. Brett, John Littel; Mrs. Kempner, Gloria Holden; Johnny Norton, Johnny Downs; Miss Penty, Eve Arden; The Woman, Fay Helm; Mr. Kempner, Louis Jean Heydt; Gladys Norton, Nanette Fabares; Mrs. Banks, Jean Sharon; Mr. West, Hobart Cavanaugh; Dr. Cramm, George Irving; Mrs. Twitchell, Nella Walker; Mrs. Holt, Winifred Harris.

"CONGO MAISIE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Mary C. McCall, Jr. Based on the book "Congo Landing" by Wilson Collison. Directed by H. C. Potter. Cast: Maisie Ravier, Ann Sothorn; Doctor Michael Shane, John Carroll; Kay McWade, Rita Johnson; Doctor John McWade, Sheppard Strudwick; Captain Finch, J. M. Kerrigan; Horace Snell, E. E. Clive; Jallah, Everett Brown; Nelson, Tom Fadden; British Consul, Lionel Pape; Luemba, Nathan Curry; Farley, Leonard Mudie; Zia, Martin Wilkins; Varnai, Ernest Whitman.

"EARL OF CHICAGO, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Lesser Samuels. From a story by Charles de Grandcourt and Gene Fowler. Photo-play is adapted from the book "The Earl of Chicago" by Brock Williams. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Cast: "Silky" Kilmount, Robert Montgomery; "Doc" Ramsey, Edward Arnold; Gervase Gonnell, Reginald Owen; Munsey, Edmund Gwenn; Redwood, E. E. Clive; Gerald Kilmount, Ronald Sinclair; Maureen Kilmount, Norma Varden; Lord Chancellor, Halliwell Hobbes; Reading Clerk, Ian Wulf; Judson, Peter Godfrey; Guide, Billy Bevan.

"ENTENTE CORDIALE"—MAX GLASS.—Based on Andre Maurois' "Edward VII and His Time." Directed by Marcel L'Herbier. Cast: Edward VII, Victor Francen; Queen Victoria, Gaby Morlay; Alexandra, Arlette Marchal; President Loubet, Jean Perier; Lord Salisbury, Jean Toulout; Joseph Chamberlain, Jean D'yd; Lord Kitchener, Jean Galland; Lord Balfour, Andre Roanne; Prince Albert, Jaque Catelain; Delcasse, Jean Worms; Clemenceau, Jacques Baumer; Paul Cambon, Pizani.

"EVERYTHING HAPPENS AT NIGHT"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play by Art Arthur and Robert Harari. Directed by Irving Cummings. Cast: Louise, Sonja Henie; Geoffrey Thompson, Ray Milland; Ken Morgan, Robert Cummings; Dr. Hugo Norden, Maurice Moscovitch; Groder, Leonid Kinskey; Fred Sherwood, Alan Dinehart; Gendarme, Fritz Feld; Hilda, Jody

Gilbert; Cava, Victor Varconi; Hotel Clerk, William Edmunds; Bellhop, George Davis; Bartender, Paul Porcasi; Woodcutter, Michael Visaroff; Woodcutter's Wife, Eleanor Wesselhoft; Philip, Lester Matthews; Telegrapher, Christian Rub; Conductor, Ferdinand Munier; Featherstonehaugh, Holmes Herbert; Judge, Roger Imhof.

"FIGHTING 69TH, THE"—WARNERS.—Original screen play by Norman Reilly Raine, Fred Niblo, Jr., and Dean Franklin. Directed by William Keighley. Cast: Jerry Plunkett, James Cagney; Father Duffy, Pat O'Brien; "Wild Bill" Donovan, George Brent; Joyce Kilmer, Jeffrey Lynn; "Big Mike" Wynn, Alan Hale; "Crêpe Hanger" Burke, Frank McHugh; Lt. Ames, Dennis Morgan; "Long John" Wynn, Dick Foran; Timmy Wynn, William Lundigan; Paddy Dolan, Guinn Williams; "Mike" Murphy, Sammy Cohen; The Major, Henry O'Neill; Colonel Anderson, Harvey Stephens; Captain Mangan, John Littel; Private McManus, Tom Dugan; Private O'Reilly, George Reeves; Private Heffernan, Herbert Anderson; Private Turner, DeWolf Hopper; Private Ryan, George Kilgen; Lt. Norman, Frank Wilcox; Joe Moran, John Ridgely; Carroll, John Harron; Captain Boole, Frank Mayo; Healey, J. A. Hughes; Kelly, Tom Bennett; O'Brien, Elmo Murray; Chaplain Holmes, Charles Trowbridge.

"GRANNY GET YOUR GUN"—WARNERS.—Original screen play by Kenneth Gamet. Directed by George Amy. Cast: Minerva Hatton, May Robson; Nate, Harry Davenport; Julie Westcott, Margot Stevenson; Phil Westcott, Hardie Albright; Smokey, Clem Bevans; Riff Daggett, Clay Clement; Fitzgerald, William Davidson; Sheriff Quinn, Arthur Aylesworth; Tom Redding, Granville Bates; Charlotte, Ann Todd; Carrie, Vera Lewis; Frayne, Max Hoffman Jr.; Joe, Archie Twitchell.

"HENRY GOES ARIZONA"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Florence Ryerson and Milton Merline. Based on a story by W. C. Tuttle. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. Cast: Henry Conroy, Frank Morgan; Molly Cullison, Virginia Weidler; Judge Van Treece, Guy Kibbee; Sheriff Parlon, Slim Summerville; Ricky Dole, Douglas Fowley; Danny Regan, Owen Davis, Jr.

"HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Sonya Levien. Adaptation by Bruno Frank. From the novel by Victor Hugo. Directed by William Dieterle. Cast: Quasimodo, Charles Laughton; Frolo, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; Clopin, Thomas Mitchell; Esmeralda, Maureen O'Hara; Gringoire, Edmond O'Brien; Phoebus, Alan Marshal; Archbishop, Walter Hampden; King Louis XI, Harry Davenport; Fleur's Mother, Katharine Alexander; Procurator, George Zucco; Fleur, Helene Whitney; Queen of Beggars, Minna Gombell; Old Nobleman, Fritz Leiber; Doctor, Etienne Girardot; Olivier, Arthur Hohl; Beggar, George Tobias; Phillip, Rod La Rocque; Court Clerk, Spencer Charters.

"INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Kurt Siodmak, Lester Cole and Cedric Belfrage. Original story by Joe May and Kurt Siodmak. Directed by Joe May. Cast: Richard Cobb, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; Geoffrey Redcliffe, Vincent Price; Helen Manson, Nan Grey; Dr. Frank Griffin, John Sutton; Inspector Sampson, Cecil Kellaway; Spears, Alah Napier.

"INVISIBLE STRIPES"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Warren Duff. From an original story by Jonathan Finn. Based on the book by Warden Lewis E. Lawes. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Cast: Cliff Taylor, George Raft; Peggy, Jane Bryan; Tim Taylor, William Holden; Chuck

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 89 with these correct ones:

1. Henry Fonda, Walter Huston
2. William Haines
3. Richard Greene
4. Ann Sheridan
5. Joe Pasternak
6. Bing Crosby
7. Richard Dix
8. Shirley Temple
9. Mickey Rooney
10. Charles Winninger

"SHOP AROUND THE CORNER, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Samson Raphaelson. Based on a play by Nikolaus Laszlo. Directed by Ernest Lubitsch. Cast: Klara Novak, Margaret Sullivan; Alfred Kralik, James Stewart; Hugo Matuschek, Frank Morgan; Ferenc Vadas, Joseph Schildkraut; Flora, Sara Haden; Pirowich, Felix Bressart; Pepi Katona, William Tracy; Ilona, Inez Courtney; Woman Customer, Sarah Edwards; Doctor, Edwin Maxwell; Detective, Charles Halton.

"SIDEWALKS OF LONDON"—MAYFLOWER-PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Clemence Dane. Directed by Tim Whelan. Cast: Charles, Charles Laughton; Libby, Vivien Leigh; Harley Prentiss, Rex Harrison; Constantine, Larry Adler; Gentry, Tyrone Guthrie; Arthur, Gus McNaughton; Mr. Such, Edward Lexy; Mrs. Such, Mairé O'Neill; Hackett, David Burns; Temperley, Ronald Ward; Duchess, Romilly Lunge; Lady Selina, Helen Hays; Della Fordingbridge, Phyllis Stanley.

"SLIGHTLY HONORABLE"—WALTER WANGER-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Ken Englund. From the novel by F. G. Pressnell. Adaptation by John Hunter Lay and Robert Tallman. Directed by Tay Garnett. Cast: John Webb, Pat O'Brien; Cushing, Edward Arnold; Rus Sampson, Broderick Crawford; Ann, Ruth Terry; Alma Breher, Claire Dodd; Commissioner Joyce, Alan Dinehart; Mrs. Cushing, Janet Beecher; Sarilla Cushing, Phyllis Brooks; George Taylor, Douglas Dumbrille; Godena, Bernard Nedell; Miss Ater, Eve Arden; Miss Vlissigen, Evelyn Keyes; Commissioner Fromm, Addison Richards; Mader, Douglas Fowley; Senator Scott, Howard Hickman; Collins, Ernest Truex.

"SWANEE RIVER"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by John Taintor Foote and Philip Dunne. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. Cast: Stephen Foster, Don Ameche; Jane, Andrea Leeds; E. P. Christy, Al Jolson; Henry Kleber, Felix Bressart; Bones, Chick Chandler; Andrew McDowell, Russell Hicks; Old Joe, George Reed; Hall Johnson Choir, Themselves; Tom Harper, Richard Clarke; Marion Foster, Diane Fisher; Pond, Charles Halton; Ambrose, George Breakstone; Tambo, Al Herman; Mr. Foster, Charles Trowbridge; Henry Foster, George Meeker; Mrs. Foster, Leona Roberts; Morrison Foster, Charles Tannen; Erwin, Harry Hayden; Mrs. Griffin, Clara Blandick; Mrs. McDowell, Nella Walker.

"THOU SHALT NOT KILL"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Robert Pressnell. Original story by George Carleton Brown. Directed by John H. Auer. Cast: Reverend Chris, Charles Bickford; Allen Stevens, Owen Davis, Jr.; Mary Olsen, Doris Day; Gordon Mavis, Paul Guilfoyle; Mr. Miller, Granville Bates; Father O'Reilly, Charles Waldron; Julie, Sheila Bromley; Johnny, George Chandler; Lars Olsen, Charles Middleton; District Attorney, Emmett Vogan; Mrs. Stevens, Leona Roberts; Mrs. Olsen, Ethel May Halls; Doctor Holmes, Edmund Elton; Mrs. Kron, Elsie Prescott.

I fell in love

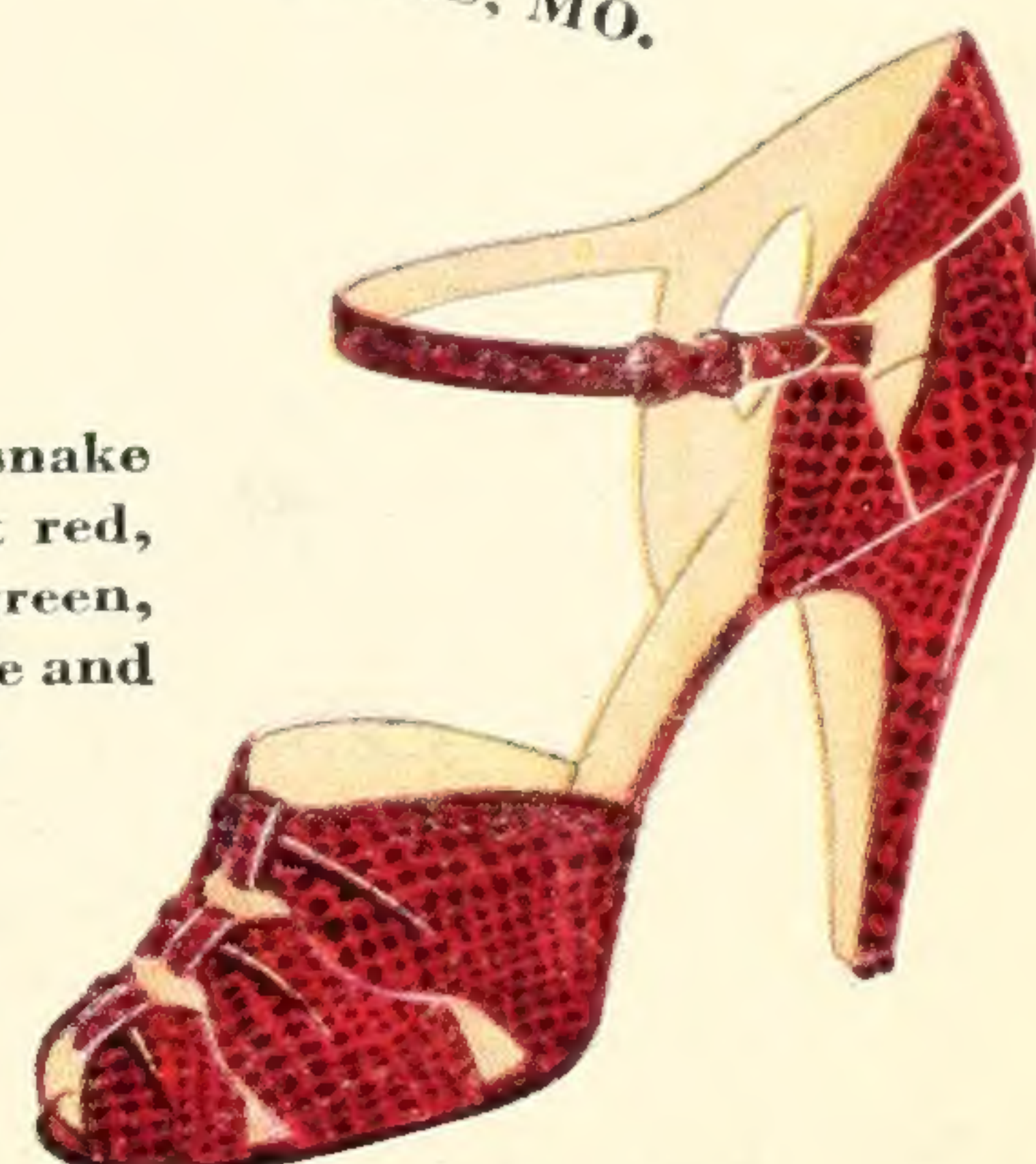
**with their
Parisian smartness**

says **VIRGINIA GILMORE**
featured with Gary Cooper
in "THE WESTERNER"

Paris Fashion
SHOES



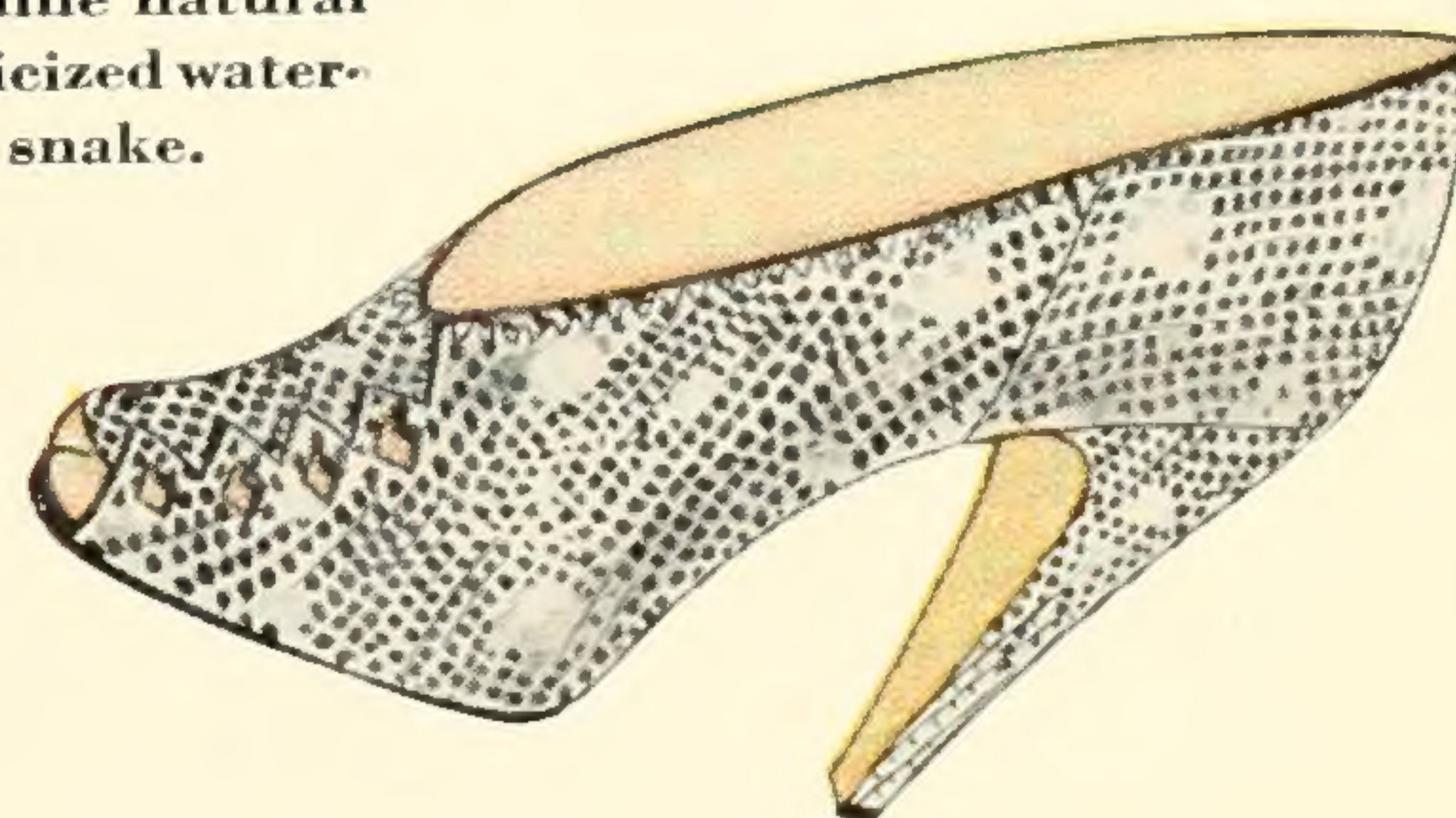
From lovely star to smart little extra,
the entire cast of Hollywood's fashion-
wise sing the praises of PARIS FASHION
SHOES. And women know that when
Hollywood chooses PARIS FASHION
SHOES . . . it is because they have the
fine workmanship, beautiful materials
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demands! Write Dept. P-8 for Style
Booklet and name of your dealer.
WOHL SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS, MO.



Genuine snake
in Scarlett red,
romance green,
honey beige and
blue.



Blue, black or
brown elasti-
cized Gabardine
with calf trim.



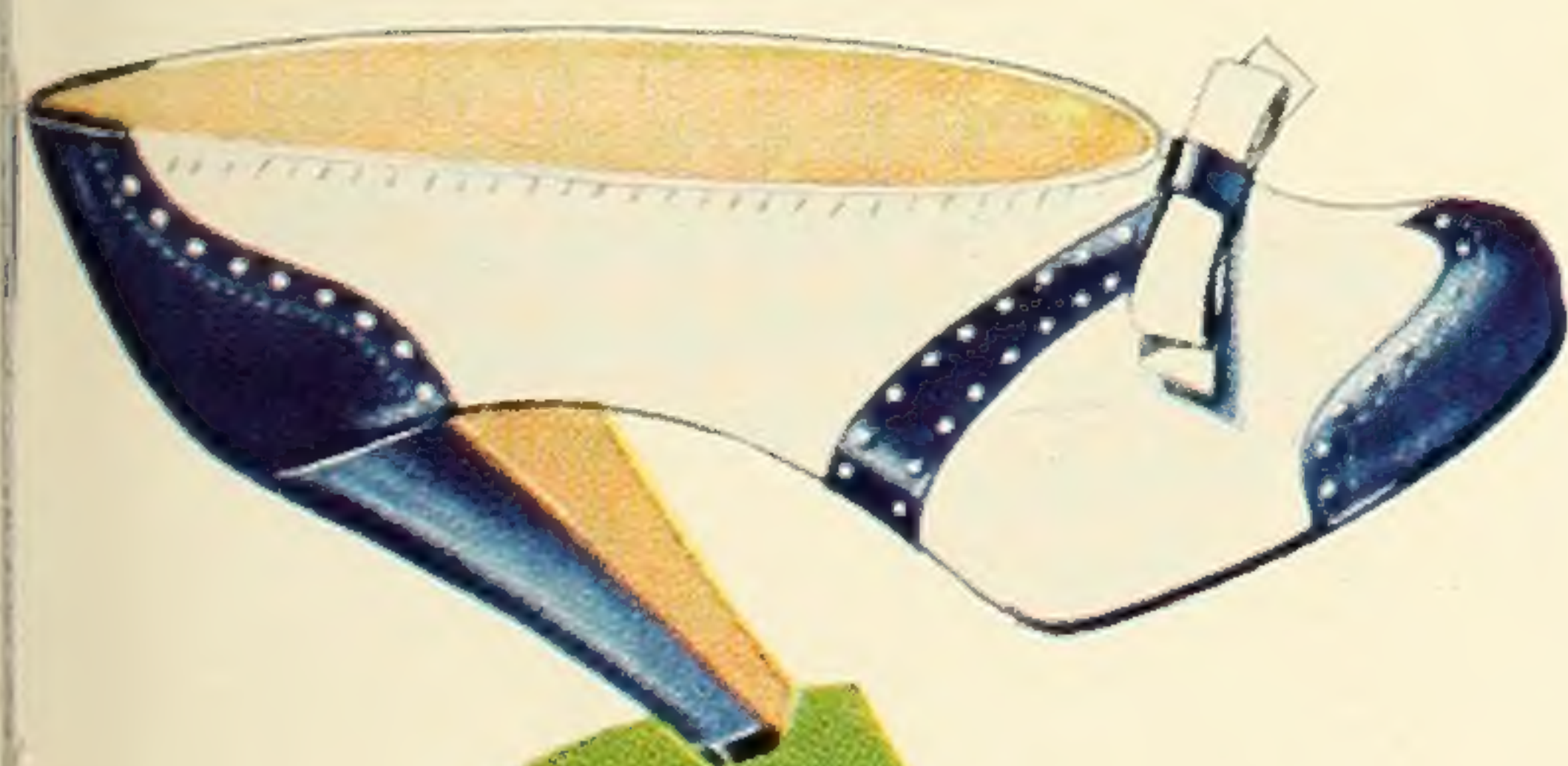
Genuine natural
elastized water-
snake.



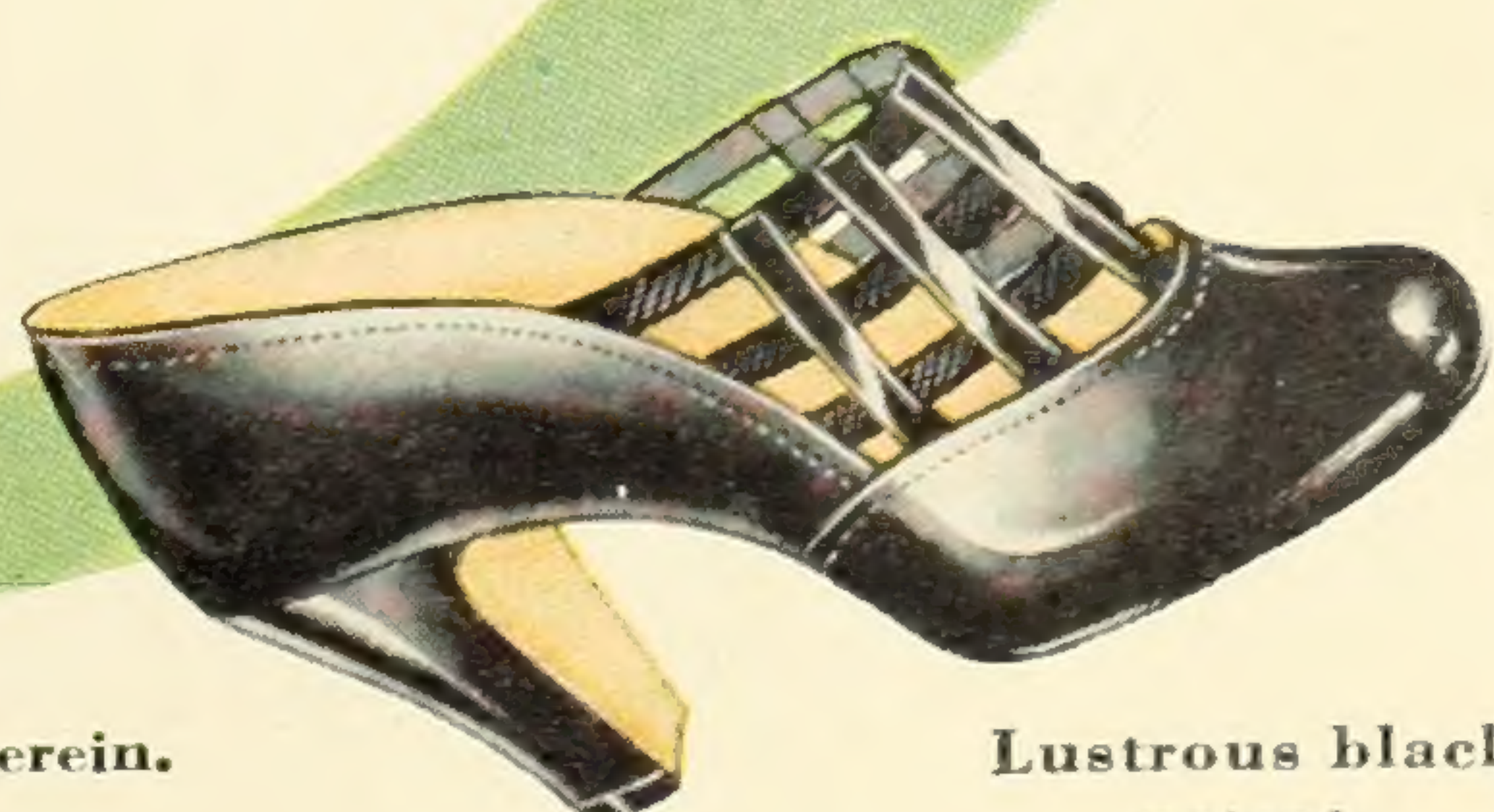
Beige, blue or
cognac alligator
calf and elasti-
cized Gabardine.

Paris Fashion
SHOES

\$3 to \$4



Blue and white or
brown and white
buck — calf trim.



Lustrous black
patent.

Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping as advertised therein.

Free!

"Spring Styles from
The Spring Movies."
Send for your free copy.



Above: ACTUAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH. A. B. Mize of North Carolina grew some of the finest tobacco he ever raised—thanks to U.S. Government methods.

Uncle Sam.

TOBACCO EXPERT !

"U. S. Gov't methods have made crops better than ever . . . and Luckies always buy the choicer grades," says James Walker, 19 years an independent tobacco buyer

Here's a 30-second interview with this veteran tobacco expert . . .

Q. "What are these methods of Uncle Sam's?"

Mr. Walker: "They're scientific ways of improving soil and plant food . . . that have helped farmers grow finer tobacco in recent years."

Q. "And that's what has made tobacco better?"

Mr. W: "The best in 300 years . . . even though crops do vary with the weather."

Q. "You say that Luckies buy the 'Cream of the Crop'?"

Mr. W: "They sure do. The best proof is that they're the 2-to-1 choice of experts not connected with any tobacco company—warehousemen, auctioneers and buyers. For my part, I've smoked them 10 years."

Try Luckies for a week. You'll find that the "Toasting" process makes them easy on your throat—because it takes out certain harsh throat irritants that are found in all tobacco.

You'll also find out why... **WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**



Have you
tried a
LUCKY
lately?